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THE
VOYAGES,²⁷

Travels *and* Adventures,

OF

WILLIAM OWEN GWIN
VAUGHAN, Esq;

WITH THE

HISTORY *of his* BROTHER
JONATHAN VAUGHAN,

Six Years a Slave in *Tunis*.

Intermix'd with the HISTORIES of
Clerimont, Maria, Eleanora, and Others.

Full of Various TURNS of FORTUNE.

VOLUME *the* SECOND.

L O N D O N :

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MDCCXXXVI.

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THE

VOYAGE

Travels and Adventures

OF



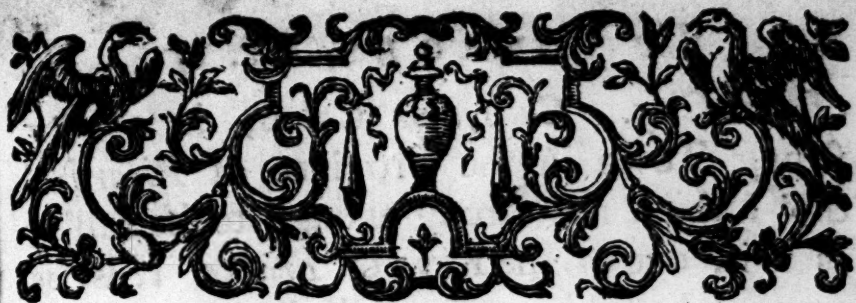
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VOLUME SECOND

LONDON

MDCCXIV



T H E
VOYAGES, TRAVELS,
A N D
M E M O I R S
O F
WILLIAM OWEN GWIN
VAUGHAN, Esq;



WE arriv'd at *Calais*, after a pleasant Passage of Six Hours, and took up our Lodging at the *Table-Royal*; where we were detain'd four Days, with the false Report of the Death of the *French King, Lewis XIV*; for the Governor kept the Gates shut, and wou'd not permit any Foreigners to go out

of the City. *Calis*, or *Calais*, is a very strong Town in the Province of *Picardy*; tho' I think not strong enough to be call'd, as it is, one of the Keys of *France*. It is, as near as I cou'd guess, a little bigger than *Dover*, but more populous. It wou'd, I believe, be a very poor Place, if it were not for the Resort of Foreigners; and a *Frenchman* told me, that when they were at War with *England*, their White Bread immediately turn'd to Brown; intimating, their Riches did not come from their own Nation.

The Cause of my Stay here, gave me no small Joy; for a Letter came to my Hands from my dear *Isabella*, which was left at the Post-House of *Dover*, and brought me by the same Captain I came over with to *Calais*. This prov'd a Consolation to me in all my Travels; for whenever I was melancholy, I had Recourse to that. The Letter was as follows:

WHAT shall I say? I have not Expressions enough to paint out my Passion. Thy Absence, and the farther thou goest from me, increase my Love and Anxiety. I look on the all-seeing Sun, and bless his Beams, because

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because it shines on thee. I worship the Winds, as the Indians do the Devil, for fear their Rising shou'd be prejudicial to thee; and the Number of 'em, with their Names, almost equals the Roman Catholick Saints, yet I am oblig'd to revere 'em all in gross, as they do. My Time is almost spent in reading the Accounts of Places where I suppose the Disposer of my Heart is to visit. I have found the Road to Dover, and din'd with you in Imagination, tho' Food is almost a Stranger to me. I saw your Horses brought out, and pursu'd the Way with you to Dover. I saw the Castle, the Pier, and view'd the fatal Vessel design'd to waft from me all my Peace of Mind.

I follow'd it as far as my poor Eyes cou'd see, and waited on the Beach, sighing to the Winds, till you arriv'd at Calais, as fatal to me for my Loss, as the Loss of That was to Queen Mary, the Sister to Queen Elizabeth, who, when she dy'd, told her Attendants, they might see Calais written on her Heart. If Death shou'd end my Days, thy Image wou'd be found on mine. To be a Day without seeing the Idol of my Soul, I have thought long; but Oh! to be absent for three times three hundred and sixty five Days, nay, perhaps for ever! what Heart, like mine, can bear the Imagina-

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tion? But yet the Day will come; two tedious Days of the Time are gone already. If Heav'n will be pleas'd to send you back, I shall be grown, by that time, well vers'd in Geography, for that shall be now my only Study; and I shall think it some Satisfaction in all my Grievs, to know the Situation, Climate, and Constitution of those Places my Love intends to visit. I cou'd dwell on this melancholy Subject for ever, but must take Leave of the dearest Object to the disconsolate

ISABELLA.

When our Embargo was taken off, we took Post-Chaises, and arriv'd at *Paris* in three Days; from whence, in compliance to my Uncle, I sent him the following short Account of my Journey.

My dear Uncle,

AFTER turning my Back to my Native Country (tho' my Mind was still there) we arriv'd safe at Calais; from thence (after being detain'd four Days by a false Report of the King's Death) we made three hard Days Journeys to Paris. From whence I shall send you this short Description, to let you see I intend to follow your Precepts exactly. Paris, the Capital

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tal of France, is situated upon an Island in the River Seine, which gives Name to a County, call'd, the Isle of France; tho' it is possible it may stand upon more Ground than London, yet I take the latter to be better inhabited than the former. Their publick Buildings far exceed ours in Number and Magnificence. The Louvre much surpasses that of St. James's or Whitehall before it was consum'd by Fire. As to their Cathedral Church of Notre-Dame, I can't make any Comparison with that of St. Paul's, till I see it finish'd; but I think this, a noble august Building, and the Magnificence of the Inside shews their Religion to be well drest, and gives a Lustre I am not able to describe. The Archbishop of Paris seems to be seated with more Grandeur than an Eastern King.

Here's Plenty of Wine, but no good Water: that I cou'd meet with. In the Chapel call'd The Holy Chapel, which is a fine Building, I was shew'd Part of the Crown of Thorns the Jews, in Derision, honour'd our Saviour with; and two of the Nails that fixt him to the Cross; but, I must own, my Faith was not quite strong enough to believe it, tho' I thought it prudent to keep my Thoughts to myself. The Monasteries are so numerous here, that one wou'd imagine the Laity were not the major Part; and most of the

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Holy Buildings are fit to be Palaces for the greatest Princes.

The Earth, in one of their Churchyards, as I am told, will consume the Interr'd in eight Days. The reverend Father Raimond, whom you commended me to, has been dead more than four Years: But his Brother, who has taken Orders since, who was also one of your Acquaintance, has done me many Services upon your Account. Last Night he took me to the Jesuits-College, where a Play was perform'd with the utmost Magnificence, and the Number of the Chorus Dancers surpris'd me. I counted forty-four in one Entry. In short, Sir, Paris has many curious Objects to delight the Eye, and captivate the Senses. I have sent you the Book of the Carroufels that were perform'd 1612, when the double Marriages of the King and his Sister, with the Prince and Infanta of Spain were celebrated. In the same Place King Henry II. in one of those Tournaments, was kill'd by a Wound in the Eye. I am inform'd by Monsieur Coypel the Ingraver, the Figure of every Person is exactly like whom it is design'd for. I have also sent you the Statue of Lewis the Thirteenth, of the same Composition, in every degree, that stands in the middle of the Palace-Royal, and, in my Judgment, it wants nothing

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nothing but Bulk, to be as fine as the Original. You will likewise find in the same Parcel all the Classics printed at the Louvre; tho' I was oblig'd to Father Raimond for your Favourite Terence; the rest I procur'd of a Bookseller. To-morrow, the good Father is to introduce me to Monsieur and Madam D'Acier, where I promise to myself much Satisfaction, if my want of Years will not make 'em look coldly upon me. I gave Monsieur Audran the Present you sent him; and, in return, he has sent you a Set of his Battles, from Le Brun, of the first Impression, which, by the by, Uncle, seem'd as if you had sent (as they say in Wales) Apple-Sauce to fetch a Pig; for they are hardly to be valu'd.

After telling you, the Dirt of Paris, like an ill Reputation, is hard to be got off, I shall conclude my little Account of that City, with telling you, the Monastery of Val de Grace, is, I think, one of the finest Buildings in Paris, which one of their Poets has thought fit to commend in the following Lines.

Urbs orbi similis, toto celeberrima Mundo,
Musarum sedes, Regina Lutetia, salve,
Francigenæ tu Metropolis pulcherrima Gentis:
Hospitio Regum grato Regisque ministros,
Excipis, & reliquas das jura suprema per urbes.

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From Paris, I shall lead you to Versailles, a Royal Palace, four French Leagues West of this famous City. I shall wave the Description of the Palace, and bring you into the Gardens, which I suppose are finish'd since you were in France. When you are enter'd, the Bason of Syrene stands full in your way ; and after that, twenty-two more fine Fountains, Water-Falls, and Cascades, that delight the Eye with an Exuberance of Variety. From these, you pass into the Labyrinth, a Place you can't well get out of, without a silver Clue, and yet 'tis the most delightful Place to lose one's self in, in the Universe. Æsop stands on one side of the Entrance, and Cupid on the other. And the Fables of Æsop are represented in Water-Works within the Labyrinth ; that is, 38 of them ; which you must take in Order. 1. The Owl, and other Birds. 2. The Cock and Partridges. 3. The Cock and Fox. 4. The Cock and precious Stone, which I think ought to be the first, as in Æsop. 5. The Pendant Cat, with several Rats. 6. The Eagle and Fox. 7. The Jay and Peacocks. 8. The Dunghill-Cock and Turkey-Cock. 9. The Peacock and Magpy. 10. The Serpent, Anvil, and File. 11. The Old Monkey and Young Ones. 12. The Battle of the Beasts. 13. The

13. *The Hen and Chickens.* 14. *The Fox and Crane.* 15. *The Crane outwitting the Fox.* 16. *The Peacock and Nightingale.* 17. *The Parrot and Monkey.* 18. *The Monkey turn'd Judge.* 19. *The Rat and Frog.* 20. *The Hare and Tortoise.* 21. *The Wolf and Crane.* 22. *The Kite and other Birds.* 23. *The Monkey crown'd.* 24. *The Fox and Stag.* 25. *The Rats in Council.* 26. *The Monkey and young Cat with the Chesnuts.* 27. *The Fox and Grapes.* 28. *The Eagle, Coney, and Beetle.* 29. *The Wolf and Porcupine.* 30. *The Serpent with many Heads.* 31. *The Cat and young Cock.* 32. *The Kite and Pidgeons.* 33. *The Dolphin and Monkey.* 34. *The Fox and Crow.* 35. *The Monkey and Crane.* 36. *The Wolf in the Statuary's Shop.* 37. *The Snake and Porcupine,* 38. *The Ducks and Spaniel.* *And all these Fables are as well express'd, as if you saw 'em pencill'd by the finest Painter; the Sight, I must own, gave me a Profusion of Delight.*

Nothing in the World can shew the Grandeur of the Monarch more, than this Palace and Gardens. And the Nobility, to imitate their Prince, have built handsome Palaces near Versailles, so that this Place, that was, fifty Years ago, a barren Spot, is now become a great Ci-

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2y; I mean, for the Multiplicity of the Buildings; tho' every thing is excessive dear, from the great Concourse of Nobility that surround their Prince. A French Gentleman that had been in England, told me, he wonder'd the Kings of England had not more magnificent Palaces, Gardens and Water-Works. I reply'd, we had finer Water-Works than any they cou'd boast of. Water-Works! return'd the Frenchman; where? I reply'd, in the City of London, where every House had a Sufficiency of Water, convey'd from the Rivers by Pipes. He confess'd indeed, that was a very great Work, and was certainly of more Use than theirs of Versailles.

When we return'd to Paris, Father Raimond carry'd me to a little Village call'd Mont Martire, or Mons Martyrum, where we din'd at the Abbey of Nuns of the Order of St. Bennet. This Hill and Village took its Name of Mons Martyrum, from St. Denis the Protector of France, who was beheaded before the Image of Mercury, in the Pagans Time. And the good People will have it, that the pious Saint walk'd three Mile with his Head under his Arm, and then let it drop; where since they have built a Town, after the Saint's Name. But I am apt to believe, their Heads that approve this
Story

Story are no more a Burden to their Shoulders, than the good Saint's was when he had it under his Arm. Father Raimond, otherwise Bigot enough to his Religion, seems to laugh at such Traditional Stories.

The same Afternoon we made a Tour to the Town of St. Denis, where we view'd the Cathedral, which is very magnificent; tho' the Repository of their Kings, to me, seem'd the chiefest Ornament. The Inhabitants tell you, this Church was never ill us'd, either in the Norman or English Wars; tho' most of the others in France, where the English or Normans came, suffer'd much. The Abbot of this Place has more Power than many Archbishops, and owns no Superior but the King, being Suffragan to no Archbishop. And tho' the Monarchs of France are crown'd at Rhemes, the Regalia is kept at St. Dennis, under the Care of the Abbot. They also Boast of more Relicks than any other Place in the Universe; as, the Head of St. Denis, put in a silver Nightcap, with fine oriental Pearl round it; a Nail of our Saviour's Cross; the Finger that St. Thomas put into our Saviour's Side; an Arm of St. Simon; the Head of St. Bennet; an Englishman that was with me the same time we saw these Rarities, told me St. Bennet must be a very monstrous Saint, for he knew of one of his

his Heads in Italy, and another in Spain ; but his Companion sav'd that, by telling him, he shed his Heads, as Stags do their Horns. I hope you'll pardon this merry Account, since it is not my own. Then there is a Cup that King Solomon us'd to drink out of ; but my merry Englishman affronted the Friar that shew'd us these Rarities, by asking him, if King Solomon drank it full always, for it was a very large one. A Pot that was at the Wedding of Cana in Galilee, where our Saviour turn'd Water into Wine ; Joan of Arc's Sword, which I think is bigger than that of Edward the Third's, in Henry the Seventh's Chapel in Westminster-Abbey ; Judas's Lanthorn, that he bore when he betray'd our Saviour with a Kiss ; and many more which we did not see ; for when our English Companion ask'd the Friar, how often the Horns had been mended, he grew outrageous, and wou'd shew us no more ; and Father Raimond was very much scandaliz'd in bringing such a Parcel of Hereticks to profane their Relicks, by looking on 'em.

*I am much pleas'd with my Tutor ; tho' he seems very reserv'd in giving me any Account of his former Condition or Family. Tho' an Accident happen'd a few Days ago, that makes me imagine there's something very extraordinary in
his*

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his Affairs. An English young Gentleman, a Traveller, did me the Honour to make me a Visit some few Days ago; and my Tutor coming in, seem'd in the utmost Confusion at his Sight, and went out of the Room (unperceiv'd by my Visitor) with a great deal of Precipitation. In a Day or two afterwards, when I inform'd him I was to dine with the same Person, he intreated me very earnestly to be excus'd; and told me, he had such Reasons for not seeing him, that if I was acquainted with 'em, I wou'd certainly pardon him in desiring not to be in his Company. I fancy, when we are a little more familiar, he will be more free, and let me into this Affair. I must confess, it puzzles me very much. I shall not give you any farther Trouble now, my dear Uncle; but be pleas'd to give my Respects to the amiable Family we last visited; and give me Leave to subscribe myself,

Your most affectionate Nephew, &c.

P. S. *I have wrote to my Father by the same Post. I thought it wou'd not be wrong to let you know it, for fear you shou'd give yourself any Trouble in communicating to 'em the Contents of this; and I shall always proceed in the same Method in my Travels; tho' I shou'd be*

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be glad to hear from you how the Family goes on.

I was oblig'd to leave *Paris* sooner than I intended, upon receiving the following Letter:

S I R,

I KNOW for certain your Life is in Danger, therefore wou'd advise you to quit the Place as soon and as secretly as you can. A Gentleman of my Acquaintance imagines the Coldness of his Mistress proceeds from the Esteem she has for you. I have in vain endeavour'd to convince him of the contrary. Perhaps I should not be in so much Fear for you, if he had Generosity enough openly to resent his ill-grounded Hatred to you; but I know him to be a Person as void of Honour, as of Courage, therefore every thing is to be fear'd from him. Take care of the Servant you have hir'd, for I have taken notice they are often together. It is possible there may be no Harm in their Intimacy; however, I think Caution is necessary. Therefore, if you please, I will borrow him for a few Days, and send him upon a Business that he may execute for me as well as an honest Man, if he shou'd prove a Villain. I wou'd not have you stir out to-day,
nor

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nor receive any Visits, if you can handsomely avoid it. I'll be with you in the Evening, and inform you farther.

Entirely yours,

RAIMOND.

The receiving of this Letter very much surpriz'd me; for all the Time I remain'd in *Paris*, I had not made any Acquaintance with the Fair Sex; and, bating the Visit I made to Monsieur and Madam *D'Acier*, I had not been in the Company of any Females. The Thoughts of leaving *Paris* very much rejoic'd my Tutor, who was never easy, upon the Account of that young Gentleman. I communicated the Letter to him, who was as much surpriz'd as I was. In the Evening Father *Raimond* came, and press'd me to be gone the next Day. He inform'd me his Acquaintance had courted a young Lady, and shew'd him a Letter from the very Person, where she herself inform'd him of all he knew, and was as pressing for me to be gone, as the good Father. Therefore I agreed to set out for *Marseilles* the next Day, in order to imbark for *Italy*, and my Baggage was to follow me. I sent my French
Ser-

Servant to the good Father, who took him home that Night; and the next Morning I pursu'd my Journey with my Tutor, and my *English* Servant, who might very well pass for a *Frenchman*, for he spoke that Language as well as *English*. I was very much surpriz'd and vex'd at this Accident, for having got acquainted with several Persons of the *Royal-Academy* at *Paris*, I had the pleasing Hope of cultivating my Understanding by their Conversation; for Study, and the Thoughts of my lovely *Isabella*, fill'd up all my Time.

In our third Day's Journey, near the Skirts of a Wood, we were attack'd by half a Dozen Robbers, who wou'd have certainly got the better of us, if, while we were engag'd with them, two *French* Gentlemen, with their Servants, had not arriv'd seasonably to our Rescue. We left two dead upon the Place, and the other four made their Escape. I return'd the *French* Gentlemen the Thanks they deserv'd for their Succour; for if they had not come to our Assistance, we must certainly have been murder'd; but, by the Providence of God, not one of us was wounded. The Gentlemen were bound for *Toulon*, therefore I resolv'd to accompany them to that Place, which lay as convenient (they inform'd me)

to.

to embark for *Italy*, as *Marseilles*. We thought it proper to push on, without taking any Notice of what happen'd to us, because it wou'd retard our Journey; tho' we might have receiv'd a Reward for the Death of the two Thieves. We all arriv'd safe at *Toulon*, without meeting any other Accident by the way; from whence I sent Orders to *Marseilles* for my Baggage to be brought from thence. But the *French* Gentlemen leaving me the next Day, I thought it proper to go to *Marseilles* myself. *Toulon*, the *Telo Martius* of the *Romans*, is a Bishoprick, and has a very fine Port, and very strongly fortify'd. The two great Moles, of 700 Paces each, that almost cover the whole Port, has not been many Years finish'd by the present King, *Lewis XIV.* tho' begun by *Henry IV.* When I arriv'd at *Marseilles*, which lies about 40 Miles from *Toulon*, I receiv'd a Packet of Letters from *England*, which the good Father *Raimond* took care to send, with another from *Paris* from an unknown Lady, that unravell'd the Meaning of my so suddenly leaving that City, the Letter was as follows:

S I R,

S I R,

I AM in Love, and have long been below'd by a Gentleman, that has taken it into his Head to be jealous of you, tho' I never had the Honour of conversing with you. I have seen you, I must confess, and had the Inadvertency to commend you before him, tho' without any farther Thought; for the Person I mention has laid such Hold of my Heart, it can never get from him. 'Twas I that us'd that Method with Father Raimond, to make you abandon Paris, which I hope you will forgive, for I shou'd never have brought to Temper the Heart of him whom I love more than myself, if you had continu'd here. The Design upon your Life was all Fiction, for the Man whom I adore has too much Honour to deal so treacherously with any Person. His only Fault is Jealousy, but that's a Sign of his Passion for me. As you came to Paris as a Traveller, I hope your sudden leaving it will not prove prejudicial to you. And remember, the Women of France are not so fond of Variety, as many Foreigners imagine: Tho' I believe you have too good Understanding to fall into that mean way of Thinking. I am so much a Stranger to you, that I hardly know whether you are vers'd enough in our Language to read
an

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an Epistle of this Nature, therefore it has given me some Trouble to have it translated into English; for which, I hope you will pardon me, who will ever have a good Opinion of your good Nature. The Servant too is honest, and to reward him for the Loss of so good a Master, I have taken him into my Service, and I intend to make him amends. I might have let you continue in Ignorance of this Adventure, but I cou'd not bear you shou'd have a hard Thought of the Person I esteem, tho' an utter Stranger to you; [and I shall think my self oblig'd ever to subscribe myself

Your humble Servant, &c.

I must own, I was a little uneasy to be made such a Tool of. However, I soon forgave the Lady, considering the Power of Love.

I was compell'd to wait a Fortnight for want of a Vessel to imbark in for Genoa, and therefore had Leisure enough to view this City. *Marseilles* is a City of the greatest Antiquity in *France*. It was founded by the *Phoceans*, a Colony from *Athens*, as *Strabo* tells me. It is one of the finest Ports of *France*, and the safest, for it was never known any Vessel ever perish'd there by Storm. It was a flourish-

flourishing City in the time of the *Romans*, who made Alliances with 'em, finding it not an easy Matter to overcome it. By the Means of its *Levant* Trade, it is esteem'd the richest City in *France*; and its Situation upon the *Mediterranean*, makes it so advantageous for Trade, that it will ever prove so. This City was free, till the Year 1481, when it submitted to the King of *France*, with the rest of *Provence*. It is so well Peopled, that it is difficult to walk the Streets, for the Multitude of Passengers backwards and forwards. The publick Buildings are very magnificent. Here the Gallies of the Crown are kept in admirable Order, under command of a strong Tier of Guns. The Churches and Monasteries are numerous, and beautiful, and the Clergy here seem more open and facetious, than in any other Place I have seen in *France*.

I embark'd for *Genoa* in a *Dutch* Vessel bound for that Place; but in the Dusk of the Evening, which succeeded the first Day of our Voyage, we were pursu'd by a Corsair of *Tunis*. The Fright and Confusion was very great, for our Vessel carry'd but Eight Guns, and Sixteen Men, besides Eight Passengers. The Master made many false Tacks,

in

en hopes to lose him in the Night ; but at the Dawn of Day, we discover'd him about two Leagues to Leeward of us, and the Wind ceasing with the Rising of the Sun, we had no Hopes to escape, for they made up to us with their Oars, which we were without. However, both Sailors and Passengers resolv'd upon their Defence, and the rather, because we observ'd a Vessel under the *French* Shore, who, by her Working, seem'd to endeavour to come up to us ; tho' some of the most timorous wou'd have it another Rover of *Barbary*. Notwithstanding, we made ready to receive them: But the Wind freshning a little, we chose to make all the Sail we cou'd for the Port of *Toulon*, not above Seven Leagues distant from us. But our Endeavours prov'd fruitless, for before Eight a Clock she came within Gun-shot of us, and ply'd us with her fore-chace Guns, tho' without any Damage, for not one of the Shot enter'd our Ship ; which they perceiving, left off firing, because it retarded their Course, and row'd hard to come along side of us, which they did in an Hour from their first Firing. When they came within Haling, they bid us strike that Moment, or every Man (when we were taken) shou'd be flung overboard. But we
gave

gave 'em no other Answer, than with our great Guns, and small Arms, which I believe they did not expect. But they return'd our Civility with Interest; and after plying it warmly on both Sides for half an Hour, they boarded us on our Forecastle; and those that understood their Language, declar'd we shou'd all fall a Sacrifice to their Revenge. The Knowledge of that gave us fresh Resolution to sell our Lives as dear as we cou'd; but an accidental Shot taking away our Colours, the Rovers thought we had struck to 'em, which gave 'em some Pause. But when they found we continu'd the Fight, even to Desperation, they fell on furiously again. But a lucky Shot from us, flew into their Powder-Room, and blew up their Quarter within two Foot of the Water. This gave us fresh Courage, and we clear'd the Deck of all that were alive on Board us. They cut off their Grapples, and fell a Stern, but still ply'd us with their small and great Shot. We made all the Sail we cou'd to get out of their way, and, by degrees, left 'em out of Gun-shot; but found our Ship shot thro' in several Places between Wind and Water, and we were forc'd to lie by to stop our Leaks. While we were endeavouring to find 'em out, it was a great Satisfaction

satisfaction to me to see the other Ship we saw
 under the Shore, get up with the *Corfair*, and
 engage her; they fought furiously about half
 an Hour, but at last overcame her; yet that
 Satisfaction was allay'd, by my being in-
 form'd our Leaks cou'd not be found; and
 the Water gain'd upon us, notwithstanding
 they labour'd hard at the Pump. The Ma-
 ster immediately made a Signal of Distress,
 and the Ship and Prize came to our Assist-
 ance. The Ship prov'd a *Spanish Gard de*
Coste. The Captain came on Board us, and
 very civilly offer'd me a Cabbin of his Lieu-
 tenant's, who was kill'd in the Engagement
 with the *Corfair*. I was much pleas'd with
 the Offer, and got my Things remov'd on
 Board. The Captain's Name was *Don Ju-*
an de Fonseca; his Ship from *Barcelona*, of
 30 Guns, where he was oblig'd to go to re-
 fit, for this was his second Engagement. In
 the first, he had sunk a Rover of *Barbary*,
 who went to the Bottom, without saving one
 Human Creature. Our Ship had made shift
 to stop her Leaks, but not so effectually as to
 pursue her Voyage; so, after a Consultation,
 the Master determin'd to [put into *Toulon* to
 refit. Therefore I resolv'd to accompany the
Spanish Captain to *Barcelona*, having satis-
 fy'd

fy'd the *Dutchman* for my Passage. I had much ado to make him accept it, telling me I had done him more Service than that came to, in the Engagement. Tho' I, my Tutor, and Servant, had the good Fortune to escape without any Wound in our Bodies, yet several Shot had pierc'd our Cloaths. The Stock of my Carbine was shot away, as I was charging it, without doing me any Hurt; and the Hat of my Tutor had part of the Brim shot away. We lost but three Sailors in the desperate Engagement, and five wounded, two of which were Passengers. Before Night, we parted with the *Dutchman*, and saw him, by the Help of a Telescope, enter the Harbour of *Toulon*, ere it was dark; and we pursu'd our Voyage for *Barcelona*, accompany'd with the *Algerine Prize*.

The Captain of the *Spaniard* lost nineteen Men in this last Engagement, and thirty-five in the former, besides thirty wounded in both, so that his Complement was so very much less'n'd, that if it had not been for the Help of the Galley-Slaves out of the *Corfsair* (who were most *Spaniards*) he cou'd not have work'd his Ship. The Captain of the Prize was a *Flemish* Renegade, who was intended

to be executed as soon as we arriv'd in *Spain*; but a Wound he received in the Groin prevented it, for he expir'd before we got into Harbour. The rest were *Moors*, therefore intended for the Gallies of *Spain*; their Complement was 280 Men, when they first set out a Roving, but they had lost 27 in the Engagement with us, besides 11 that were blown up with their Powder; and 59 with the *Spaniard*. Don Juan de Fonseca made me a Present of a very fine *Turkish* Scimitar, adorn'd with wrought Gold, which very much pleas'd me; and in Return, I made him, with a great many Intreaties, accept of a Gold Watch of *Tompion's* make; but I had almost affronted him, when I offer'd to satisfy him for my Passage to *Barcelona*, where we arriv'd without any Impediment. He did me the Honour to introduce me to the Governor, and said so many things in my Commendation, that made me asham'd to hear 'em. But the *Spaniards* are noted for Hyperboles. However, the Governor us'd me with a great deal of Civility, wondering a Person so young, shou'd begin his Travels so early; and order'd me an Apartment in the Castle; and in all the time I continu'd there, never press'd me to go to *Mas*, or once ask'd me

concerning my Religion, which I was very well pleas'd at; for he was assur'd I was a Protestant, by my Country.

Don Juan de Fonseca was hardly ever from me; and the Civilities I receiv'd from him, I shall never forget. I found nothing of the stiff formal *Spaniard* in him, nor indeed among any I had the Fortune to converse with; so that I imagine the general Character of the *Spaniards* we receive in *England*, is not altogether true. They are certainly cautious concerning their Women, yet not all out; so much as I expected; for I never was introduced into any Family, without seeing the Female Part of it; but they never stay long in Company; or indeed seldom look at any Strangers, but when they are spoke to, or just upon their Entrance into a Room, and when they take their Leave.

Barcelona (the *Roman Barcino*) is the Capital of the Province of *Catalonia*. It was built by *Barca* the *Carthaginian*, from whom it takes its Name. Though sometimes it was call'd by the *Romans*, *Parventia Colonia*, and *Julia Augusta*. It was taken from the *Moors* of *Spain* by *Lewis the Pious*, Emperor of *Germany*. It has two Rivers that wash the North and South Side, the neither of them

of any great Note. The Mole is a very fine one, tho' the Harbour being so full of Sand, will not permit large Vessels Entrance. The Buildings are very handsome, tho' it does not exceed *Marseilles* in any thing; and for Trade, it falls very short. I was advis'd by every Body to Winter at *Barcelona*, which I resolv'd to do to perfect myself in the *Spanish* Language. Nothing extraordinary happen'd to me while I was there; tho' Murders were committed almost every Night, which is reckon'd nothing there. One Gentlewoman was murder'd by her Brother, as she came from her Devotion at the Cathedral Church. This poor Lady, it seems, had an Intrigue with one of the Dons of the Place, and the Brother came as far as *Toledo* to punish the Stain of his Family, as he call'd it; and I never knew he was so much as imprison'd for it. Another Person of Note was shot thro' the Back, as he was making Water against a Wall: This Gentleman, it seems, had been too busy with another Man's Wife, as the Rumour went, tho' the Adventure was forgot the next Day.

The Death of one Gentleman gave me some Concern, having some Knowledge of him. He was a Person of good Extraction,

but his Family was fallen to Decay. He made his Addresses to a beautiful Lady, and gain'd her Affection ; but the Parents of the Lady got him a Post to the *West-Indies*, not out of Love, but to get him out of the way. However, the enamour'd Couple corresponded together by Letter for two Years. In the mean time, her Parents resolv'd to wed her, against her Will, to a rich *Spaniard* of Quality, that was in Love with her. The young Lady sent Word to her Lover, of her unhappy Marriage that was approaching, and attempted to make her Escape, but was prevented by the Infidelity of her Confidant. The Gentleman, understanding how Matters went, resign'd his Post in the *Indies*, and arriv'd at *Barcelona* ten Days after the fatal Marriage was consummated. The News almost broke his Heart ; and his Passion was so violent, that he cast many ways to get a Sight of his Mistress, and at last obtain'd it. They had several Meetings at a Friend's House of the Gentleman's ; but I was inform'd by a Person that knew the Affair, that all their Meetings were very innocent. At last, they were discover'd by the new Husband, who hir'd several Bravos, that did their Work so well, the poor Gentleman was murder'd as he was
just

just entring the Door where his Mistress waited for him. Some time after, the Husband met with the same Fate, as he came from visiting a new Mistress. Some suppos'd the Wife had a Hand in the Murder; but it was never found out; and the Lady went into a Monastery. Before I left *Barcelona*, I receiv'd a Letter from my dear *Isabella*, with several from my Uncle and Father; that of *Isabella's* was as follows:

MY LIFE,

I THOUGHT I never shou'd have heard from you more. And tho' I allow'd of the Difficulty of sending to England at all times, yet I began to have the utmost Uneasiness. But now I know the Reason of it, my Fears are redoubled. Your Tutor has wrote an Account to your Uncle, of your Engagement with a Corsair of Barbary, where he declares you were their Guardian-Angel. Consider, my Love, you have two Lives to answer for, that of your own, and (I hope) of your *Isabella's*; tho' yours is far more dear to me, than my own. If the Love you profess'd to me be not a Fiction, do not trust the Sea, but with the utmost Necessity. You have prov'd it an unconstant Element already, and more Dangers attend it, than Storms

and Shipwrecks; you may go from Barcelona to Italy, if you please, by Land; for I am now grown a Mistress in Geography, and Love was my Teacher. I thought that Face and Heart too tender to fight with any thing; therefore, as I am deceiv'd in that, I tremble to think you may deceive me in your Love. No question but France, Spain, and Italy, have Beauties enough to put the strongest Faith to a dangerous Trial. But if your Love shou'd cease, don't put an end to Pity; keep it a Secret; for shou'd I once know you false, 'twill end the Life of your

ISABELLA.

P. S. I am concern'd to let you know, that I am persecuted afresh by him you have often call'd your Rival; but be assur'd, while I have my Faculties, you shall never have any Rival in my Heart, which is, and ever shall be entirely thine.

This Letter was the only Joy I receiv'd, all the while I was at Barcelona; tho' I was disturb'd at the Account of my Rival's renewing his Addresses. The Governor ask'd me if I had not gain'd a Mistress, since my Arrival; and when I answer'd him in the Negative, he seem'd surpriz'd! Sure, said he,

he, you must have a very insensible Heart, not to feel the Charms of Love in so warm a Climate, where it is almost the chief Business of the Nation. But alas! he knew little of my Soul, which felt the Pangs of Love in a much colder Climate than *Spain*. I receiv'd so many Civilities from this Gentleman, that very much perplex'd me, because I had nothing extraordinary to make him a Return; and, to add to the Obligations I had to him, when I left *Barcelona*, he gave me Leave to redeem a Slave from the Galleys, which is esteem'd the greatest Honour can be done to any Stranger: Tho' I did not take so much Time to examine the Demerits of the Criminals, as a Nobleman did; who, having the same Honour done him, ask'd all the Slaves the Crimes that brought them into that Condition; but every one of 'em, to the last Man, told him, they were either put in by Malice, or Mistake: But the last Man told him frankly, He cou'd not say but he was put in very justly, for taking a Purse in *Tarragona*, without the Consent of the Owner. The Duke, upon this, gave him a Stroke with his Cane, You Rogue, said he, what do you here, among such a Parcel of honest innocent Fellows? Get about your Business! The Per-

son I redeem'd, was both old, and unhealthy, and therefore I thought him the properest Person among 'em, that he might have the Satisfaction of ending the Remainder of his Days in Freedom.

I observ'd a gloomy Melancholy had seiz'd my Tutor, and tho' I strove all I cou'd to divert him, yet I found it to no Purpose; neither cou'd I prevail upon him to know the Cause of his Sorrow; he only answer'd me, that it was his natural Disposition. But I saw too much of him, not to know his Disease lay in the Mind; yet had Hope, Time, and the various Climates we shou'd visit, wou'd cure him; but hitherto his Malady increas'd. One Day, when I was retir'd to my Closet, to write some Letters to *England*, he came into the Room, not knowing I was there, and for some time sigh'd and wept bitterly; at last, he broke out into something like the following Complaint. Sure never wretched Mortal ever felt the Pains and Disappointments that I have undergone! They are too great to bear! All-seeing Heaven, that inflicts these Punishments upon us, creeping Things, sure will forgive us, if we seek a Remedy by Death, for nought but Death can cure my Misfortunes. As he was going

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on with his Complaints, I purposely made a Rumbling in my Closet, which he hearing, was going down Stairs; but I prevented him, by opening the Closet-Door, and call'd him back. Well, Governor, said I, will you still persist in Grief, and yet tell me you have nothing troubles you? I am sorry you betray a want of Confidence in me, whom I would have you reckon among the Number of your Friends, and you may command every thing in my Power as such. Sir, answer'd my Governor (in much Confusion) I am convinc'd of your Goodness to me, and therefore have, in a short Narrative, written the Account of my Misfortunes, which I intended for your Perusal after my Death; and, when you have consider'd 'em, I am well assur'd you will not blame me for cutting off my Cares with my Life. I shall blame you for nothing, I reply'd, but your persisting in that melancholy Thought. Consider the Task you have undertaken, that of returning me safe to my Uncle: Also remember, Time works many strange Cures of the Mind, as well as the Body. In common Calamities, I own, reply'd my Tutor, Time is a very good Physician; but when the Malady is lodg'd in the Soul, and no Balm to heal it on

this side the Grave, Time only makes the Burden too heavy to be born. However, I own there is a Duty incumbent upon me, on your Account, and I will lay aside my Resolution of Dying, till you have perus'd this fatal Account of my unfortunate Life, and then, I doubt not, but you will, out of Compassion, dismiss me to the peaceful Grave. When he had done speaking, he put into my Hands the following Relation.



THE
HISTORY
OF
CLERIMONT.

MY Family is not of the meanest, tho' I was born to suffer unheard-of Misfortunes, thro' an unhappy Passion. In my Youth, I was brought up in the Roman Persuasion; but being left to the Care of an Uncle, a Clergyman of the Protestant Religion, he

he soon wip'd away the Notions I had receiv'd from my Infancy, of the *Roman* Faith. But as it little concerns my wretched Life to relate any thing farther of my Minority, I shall step at once into my melancholy Story.

After leaving the University, my Uncle took me to dwell with him, intending, as soon as possible, I shou'd take my Degrees, in order to procure me a Living; but in the mean time, Fate was at work. Riding one Summer-Evening to take the Air, the Sun so powerfully shone upon me, that I was constrain'd to go to the Skirts of a Wood, for Shelter from his fiery Beams. The Place being inviting, I got from my Horse, and laid me down upon the Grass, setting myself to read, and insensibly fell asleep; but was awak'd with the Neighing of a Horse in the neighbouring Wood, which I found was my own, that had slipt off his Bridle, and left me; taking the Bridle in my Hand, I went to catch him, but, being a Horse of Spirit, he led me from Place to Place, not suffering me to come near him. I was so much fatigu'd in following him, that I was constrain'd once more to sit down, and let him graze in my Sight. In a few Moments I heard the Neighing of another Horse, in the adjacent Thicket, which

which mine soon answer'd, and gallop'd that way the Noise proceeded from. I was oblig'd once more to rise, and follow him, and at last came up with him, where I found him playing his Pranks with another Horse, and a Gentleman whipping him, to get 'em a-funder; but with the Bustle, the other Horse got loose also, and away they ran together, kicking and biting each other, so that each of us fear'd the Loss of his Horse. As I was going to follow 'em once more, I heard a Female Voice call to me, *For Heaven's sake, Sir* (said she) *if you're a Man, succour a distress'd Woman, who is in danger of losing her Honour, and her Life.* Tho' I did not set up for a Knight-Errant, Curiosity and Humanity made me turn back, where I perceiv'd a Woman ty'd by her Hair to the Stump of a Tree, all bloody; the Sight very much surpriz'd me; but as I was going to release her, the Gentleman that was pursuing the other Horse, cry'd out to me, Villain! if thou offerest to set her at Liberty, this Moment is thy last. Turning about, I saw him within ten Paces, with his Sword drawn, running upon me; I had no Weapon, therefore thought it adviseable to desist, and expostulate with him; but he wou'd not hear Reason, nor tell me the

the Meaning of this Adventure. I was in a very great Dilemma, between his Threats, and the persuasive Rhetoric of the suffering Lady; but at last resolv'd, notwithstanding the apparent Danger, to release her, if possible; but as soon as he perceiv'd my Intention, he ran at me with his Sword, crying, Nay then, take thy Death first. Having my Bridle in my Hand, I struck at him with a good Force, and, by good Providence, struck his Sword out of his Hand; and as he stoop'd to take it up, I repeated my Blow upon his Head, and the Bridle being a Curb, I stun'd him with the Stroke, so that he lay speechless, grovelling on the Earth, and I run to free the Lady. But finding some Difficulty, and not regarding the Man, he was got up; and running once more upon me with his Sword (which I shou'd have secur'd) wou'd infallibly have dispatch'd me, if the Lady had not cry'd out; yet I cou'd not avoid being run thro' the Side, tho' no more than a Flesh Wound; he then seiz'd me, and we struggled together a long time; but he being very strong, and I weak with my Wound, he got me down, and with the Fall, the Sword flew out of my Side. I grasp'd him close about the Neck, so that he cou'd hardly breathe;

but

but he must have made an End of me, if the Lady had not releas'd herself, with the Assistance I had given her before, who took up his Sword, and run him into the Leg, the Pain of which made him let go his Hold of me, and I got up again, snatch'd the Sword from him, which he had drawn out of his Leg, and struck him so forcibly over his Head, that I once more sent him breathless to the Ground. I was just going to run the Sword into his Body, in my Heat of Passion; but I consider'd immediately, it wou'd look like an Action of Barbarity to stab a defenceless Man, therefore I desisted; and in a few Moments after, I fell speechless by him, with Loss of Blood; but was brought to my Senses by a violent Pain in my Leg, that the barbarous Wretch had given me, in wounding me several times with his Penknife, as I lay incapable of Defence.

He did his utmost to reach my Breast, but he was so feeble with his Wounds, that he cou'd not get any farther. I rose in a violent Passion, and wrench'd it from him, intending to put an End to his Life; but my feeble Strength cou'd not obey my Fury; therefore I seated myself as far from him as I cou'd, expecting my last Moments, for the Lady was fled,

fled, and little Hopes of Succour appear'd,
 we being in a Wood above a Mile from any
 Road. I had nothing now to do, but make
 my Peace with Heaven. While I was me-
 ditating, I perceiv'd five Men with the
 Wretch's Horse, coming towards us. As
 soon as he perceiv'd 'em, he cry'd out, with
 all the Transport his Strength wou'd allow of,
 Now, Villain! thy wretched Fate approaches.
 Here, said he, to one of the Fellows, take
 that Villain, that has in this manner basely a-
 bus'd your Master, and hew him to Pieces.
 Notwithstanding I thought Death was near,
 without any farther Violence, yet I was re-
 solv'd to defend myself as well as I cou'd,
 therefore snatch'd up the Sword that lay near
 me, and put my Back against a Tree, for
 without that Support, I had not Strength to
 stand; the Villains, one and all, came furi-
 ously towards me, but I kept 'em some time
 from wounding me, by means of the Sword,
 thrusting the most eager of 'em into the Throat.
 But finding my Strength failing me, I made
 one Effort before I fainted, and thrust my
 Sword into the Body of their Master, who
 was endeavouring to rise, falling upon him at
 the same time, for want of Strength. That
 Moment, several Country Fellows came rush-
 ing

ing upon the Servants of the inhuman Villain, and drove 'em out of the Wood, wounding several of 'em; two of 'em came to me, and supported me, while another that was a Surgeon, examin'd my Wounds. Have Courage, said he, Sir, your Hurts are not dangerous, tho' your Loss of Blood makes you faint. I thank'd 'em for their seasonable Assistance, which was surely sent from Heaven, for one Moment longer must have brought me inevitable Death. Sir, said the Surgeon, the Lady whom you rescu'd, sent us to your Assistance, who will be here immediately to return you the Acknowledgments due for such a signal Service.

After my Wounds were dress'd, the Surgeon went to examine the Wretch that lay speechless, with his Sword in his Body; upon drawing it out, he gave two or three Groans, and open'd his Eyes, staring wildly about him for some time: When he found how Matters went, What, said he, does that Villain live still? Yes, I reply'd, Heaven guards the Good; and the Title of Villain properly belongs to thee, who wou'd oppress Virtue, and wrong the Innocent; and thy Treatment of her and me has been so barbarous, that if thy Crimes do not draw the Punish-

Punishment of Heaven upon thee, I will seek thee out, and endeavour to chastise thee in a manner, that shall shew thee I have not forgot I'm a Gentleman; tho' thou art of the Brute Creation, and only bearest the outward Form of Man. I'd give, reply'd the Brute, half my Estate, to have it in my Power to scourge thy Presumption. He wou'd have said more, but the Probing of his Wounds made him faint. Before they had made an end of Dressing him, the Lady arriv'd, attended with several Servants. Thank Heaven, said she, the Preserver of my Life and Honour lives. How shall I shew my grateful Acknowledgments? I reply'd, I had done nothing but what every honest Man wou'd have done, or ought to have done.

The Surgeon interrupted our Discourse, by informing the Lady, it wou'd be dangerous for me to talk much. But I cou'd not avoid speaking with my Eyes, for I found my Heart insensibly leaving me. The Charms of the Fair One were too powerful to be withstood, tho' ruffled and disorder'd by this unlucky Accident. After the Surgeon had dress'd the Wretch, the Cause of this Disaster, he ask'd the Lady what must be done with him. Leave him, said she, to consort with his Fellow-Creatures,

Creatures, the Beasts of the Field, for Human Society will disown him. Immediately after, the Countrymen return'd, bringing along with them three of the Servants they had taken, all of 'em very much wounded. There, said the Lady, take your villainous Master, and shut him in some dark Cave, for 'tis not fit he should breathe common Air, with honest Men; and you (continu'd she) must be Brutes like him, to serve such a Monster. The Servants made their Excuse, as well as they cou'd, urging their Master's Commands, and promising, for the future, never to be Partners in his Crimes, if they continu'd with him. Well, reply'd the Lady, learn to be honest, and Heaven will forgive you: Take the Wretch, your Master, and bear him where I may never see him more; perhaps he may also repent, since he finds his Punishment comes from Heaven. The ablest of the Fellows got upon his Master's Horse (which was brought along with mine by the Countrymen) and his Master was laid along before him, hardly sensible of what they did. But I was so weak and faint, they were oblig'd to cut Boughs and make a Hurdle, on which I was laid, and carry'd to a fair House about two Miles from the Wood; yet, notwithstanding my Weakness, I found
a secret

a secret Pleasure in being under the same Roof with a Woman, that had intirely robb'd me of my Heart.

My Wounds made me keep my Chamber several Weeks; tho' I had the Happiness of seeing my Fair One twice a Day, during my Illness; and my Passion increas'd with my Strength. One Day, before I left my Chamber, I begg'd her to inform me how a Woman of her Condition, cou'd be brought into such a dangerous Adventure? Sir, said she, by base Treachery, which I will inform you in a few Words as possible.

This Wretch, (for I cannot call him Gentleman, tho' blind Fortune has bestow'd her Favours upon him in a lavish manner) long courted me in vain; tho' my Father, who is now abroad, press'd me very much to accept him for a Husband, blinded by his vast Riches, yet my Heart disdain'd him. When my Father went into *Spain* to settle his Affairs, I forbid him the House, and order'd the Servants, whenever he came to visit me, to shut the Doors against him. This Treatment put him in such a Passion, that he broke my Windows, and endeavour'd to come in by Force, threatening to murder all my Family. Such impudent Proceedings oblig'd me to have my Country Neigh-

Neighbours in my House as a Guard from his insolent Fury ; this was not only troublesome, but expensive. However, tir'd with his Attempts to no Purpose, he left off his Persecution, and I began to recover my former Tranquillity. Near four Months past, without my once hearing of him ; and when I did, I was inform'd he was making his Addresses to a Lady on the other Side of the Country. The News was infinitely pleasing to me, and I durst once more venture abroad, as usual.

One Day, my Woman that had been my Servant from my Infancy, begg'd I wou'd be Godmother to a Grandchild of hers, whose Parents liv'd in a Village about five Miles from my Dwelling. I cou'd not refuse such a trifling Request, tho' it was an Office I did not take any great Delight in. When the Day came, I was oblig'd to go on Horseback, attended with one Man-Servant, and my Woman ; for my Coachman was ill of a Fever. When we came within a Quarter of a Mile of the Wood, where Heaven sent you to my Assistance, my Woman call'd to mind she had forgot some little Presents I had intended for the Mother and the Child ; therefore she sent the Footman, in a Hurry, back
for

for 'em, while we propos'd to ride on softly, till he overtook us. As we came within a few Yards of the Wood, my Horſe gave a Start at ſomething, and looking towards the Wood, I perceiv'd, to my dreadful Surprize, the Villain that brought me to the Diſtreſs you reſcu'd me from. He flew out of the Wood, and, on the Inſtant, ſeiz'd my Horſe by the Bridle: Come, Madam, ſaid he, we may now converſe together, without ſcaling Walls to come at you. Fear had ſo ty'd my Tongue, that I cou'd not give him any Anſwer; but when I found him leading my Horſe to the Wood, I jump'd off, and ran towards the Plain as faſt as my Fear wou'd permit; but to no Purpoſe, he ſoon overtook me, and bore me by Force into the Wood, maugre all my complaining Sighs.

When he had hurry'd me about a Furlong, I perceiv'd five or ſix of the Villain's Servants; they immediately ſeiz'd me, and put me before him on [Horſeback, he ordering them at the ſame time to catch my Horſe, and wait at a certain Place in the Wood, till he came to them. The Barbarian then carry'd me to a more unfrequented Part of the Wood, where he proceeded to fill my Ears with his nauſeous Courtſhip; but ſtill threaten'd

en'd to use Force, if I did not immediately comply. I try'd by all the Persuasion I was Mistress of to prevent his horrid Purpose, telling him, Time might produce strange things; and if he wou'd forbear any Violence, I wou'd give him leave to visit me as usual. No, no, Madam; that's only a Wile (reply'd the Monster) to get out of my Power; but I'll do the Deed, and then leave you to determine whether you will send for me, or no. When I found Intreaties wou'd not prevail, I call'd Heaven and Earth to my Assistance, but to no Purpose. He then proceeded to Violence, using the most horrid Imprecations that he would satiate his most abominable Lust, and then murder me to conceal the Deed.

I resisted as long as my weak Strength wou'd permit; but he at last overpower'd me so far, as to bind me to the Root of the Tree where you found me; and, no doubt, had fulfil'd his damnable Purpose, if your timely Assistance had not sav'd me. When I found my Deliverer in such imminent Danger (pursu'd the Lady) I took up his Sword with an Intention to have kill'd the Villain; but using the Weapon with fearful Aukwardness, wounded him only in the Leg; and,

per-

perceiving you faint, ran out of the Wood to seek for Succour; by good Fortune, I met the Surgeon, and my Servant returning, who got together some of my Father's Tenants, that were Hay-making in the Meads near the Wood.

As we came to your Succour, I saw my Woman lie upon the Ground, bleeding; I ran to her Assistance; but she cry'd, Good Madam, trouble not yourself with a Wretch that has basely betray'd you; but Heaven has punish'd me for my Perfidy, and all I ask is Forgiveness from That and you. She inform'd me, that my intended Ravisher had given her 500*l*. to betray me to him in the Manner I have related. I ask'd her, how she came thus wounded? She answer'd me, by the Hand of Heaven; as she was waiting till the odious Deed was finish'd, a Horse came galloping out of the Wood, and running furiously upon the Beast she was on, the Creature, in a Fright, ran away with that Swift-ness, she could neither stop him, nor get from off his Back, till he threw her down; her Foot hanging in the Stirrup, she was dragg'd till the Stirrup broke, and left her in the Condition I found her in. I was surpriz'd at this Treachery, because I little suspected it, tho'

it

it was obvious enough; yet the Hurry of my Spirits never gave me Leisure once to think upon any thing but your Safety.

The Surgeon, however, was about to dress her; but she push'd him from her, telling him, his Art was vain, for she was that Moment expiring; and accordingly, she breath'd her last, begging Forgiveness of me and Heaven. Maugre the Resentment I had against her, I cou'd not help shedding a few Tears for her Loss.

The rest of my Story you are sufficiently acquainted with, since you hazarded your Life to save me from the Ravisher, who, as we are inform'd, is expired of his Wounds; and tho' I am a Creature so far from wishing the Death of any one, that I wou'd give all I am worth to save an innocent Person's Life; yet I can't help being pleas'd at his Death, since it frees me from the Apprehension of Suffering, from his Brutal Temper, which I am assur'd never will be chang'd.

To make my Tale as short as possible, I will freely declare to you, dear Sir, that I gain'd her Heart; tho' she protested, she wou'd never wed till the Death of her Father, without his Consent; but that I almost despair'd of, considering the Disparity of our Fortunes.

Fortunes. Besides, he was accounted the most penurious Wretch on Earth. This gave a Damp to the Joy I receiv'd, when she gave me an Assurance of her Heart, tho' she vow'd she would suffer a thousand Deaths, rather than give her Hand to any one, but her Deliverer, as she was pleas'd to call me.

During my Cure, no Man ever thought himself so happy as I did, lov'd, and ever in the Presence of her I lov'd, tho' we conceal'd our Passions from all the World. But my Wounds being heal'd, Decency requir'd I shou'd be gone, tho' our Separation was equal to the Pangs of Death. All our Consolation was in our Intercourse of Letters, and sometimes meeting as by Accident.

A few Days after our Parting, the Father to my Fair One arriv'd from *Spain*. She sent me a Note, wherein she advis'd me to make him a Visit, and endeavour to insinuate myself into his Favour. I waited on him accordingly, but was very much surpris'd at my Reception; instead of giving me Thanks for the timely Assistance I gave his Daughter, he seem'd very much out of Humour with me; and in an odd, stiff, formal manner, told me, The World had been censorious upon his Daughter on my Account, and there-

fore desired I wou'd never enter his Doors again. I found, to my Grief, there was nothing to be done with him, in favour of my Love; therefore took my Leave, with a Heart full of the greatest Sorrow. Yet, notwithstanding the Danger, we continu'd our Correspondence tho' with a thousand Fears.

I kept nothing a Secret from my good Uncle, who perswaded me to forget my Passion; but that was the only Thing I cou'd not obey him in. The Knowledge of it, gave him a great deal of Uneasiness; tho' he was so just, to pity me, and hop'd Time might work a Cure.

One Day, as I was going in Disguise to the Place where I was to receive a Letter from my Love, I saw in the Road, a Country Fellow grovelling in the Dust; when I came up to him, he inform'd me, with a great deal of Pain, that his Horse had thrown him, and, with the Violence of his Fall, had broke his Leg. He intreated me to give him some Assistance. Tho' my Time was short for my own Affair, Compassion wou'd not suffer me to leave a Man in such Distress and Anguish; therefore I caught his Horse that was grazing near, and mounting him, led him to a neighbouring Village, where I procur'd a skilful Surgeon

Surgeon to attend him ; but before I took my Leave, he begg'd to speak with me in private. When every body had left the Room, Friend, said he (for I was drest in a Country Habit) I have one Favour more to beg of you, which is, to take that Letter ; carry it as directed, and for your Pains there's half a Crown ; but you must do it with all Secrecy. Tell the Person you give it to, of my unfortunate Condition, and, upon Return with the Answer, I shall reward you, by giving you another Half Crown, with many Thanks for the Favour. As a Crown was a very extraordinary Reward, for one in my Habit, to go half a Mile, I durst not, for fear of some Discovery, refuse it ; therefore took the Letter, with Promise of a quick Return ; neither was it out of my way, for it was directed to a Person that kept a Publick-House, in the Road where I was to pass.

As I pursuing my little Journey, I call'd to mind the Person to whom the Letter was directed, who had formerly been a Servant to the Father of my Mistress ; for she once propos'd a Meeting at his House, but better considering, we found a Place more convenient, and less to be suspected. I therefore began to be jealous of some ill Design,

which possess'd my Fancy so strong, that I resolv'd to open the Seal in such a manner, that the Arms (which further'd my Suspicion) shou'd not be defac'd, if the Contents were innocent of any ill Intent. The first Public-House I came at, I went in, and open'd my Letter, where I found to this Effect :

S A M,

I SEND the Bearer to you, to consult how we shall get that scornful Minx into my Custody. The Vessel, and all things are in Readiness, and the false Report I have caus'd to be spread of my Death, will favour my Design. I have likewise sent three trusty Rogues to dispatch that Fellow who rescu'd her out of my Hands before ; for I must have my Revenge, as well as Love, satisfy'd. 'Tis but within these few Days, I learnt where he liv'd. To-morrow Night I shall come in Disguise, the back Way, to your House, and bring the other 500l. with me : Take care of Privacy in my Reception, and send your Things to my Retreat, that I may put 'em on Board. I hope you have overcome that Scruple of parting with your Wife, which so much possess'd you when I last saw you. Be sure to keep thy Tongue within thy Teeth, for if Women are big with a Secret, they are in Pain till

they are delivered, I'll assure you, you may rely on Tom the Bearer; therefore conceal nothing from him. I send you this Letter as his Credentials, because you never saw him before, as my Ambassador. He is faithful, for I have try'd him.

Yours, &c.

You may judge my Surprize, when I had read this villainous Writing, and found my Mistress, as well as myself, in such imminent Danger. My Thoughts were in such Confusion and Disorder, that I cou'd not determine with myself how I shou'd proceed in this Affair. At last I resolv'd to deliver the Letter as directed, to see what farther Inlet I cou'd receive in the dangerous Affair. I there'ore made the best of my way to the House, where I fortunately met the Man alone. He chang'd Colour in the reading of it, several times, examining the Seal very circumspectly (but that he shou'd have done before he open'd it) tho' the nicest Observer, even he that sent it, cou'd not have discover'd the Letter had been open'd. However, I cou'd find by his odd Questions, he was not over-well satisfy'd with the Bearer, observing my Face, as if he wou'd look me thro'; I began to suspect he might find me

out in my Disguise, not being well assur'd but he might have seen me when I was brought wounded from the Wood, senseless. However, at last, he began to be a little better compos'd. He took some pains to persuade me to drink something, but I inform'd him I had Business a little further, therefore was oblig'd to return immediately. He then made me promise to call as I came back ; telling me, he would go along with me to the Person that sent me, to which I agreed, and went on to meet my dear Mistress.

When I told her the Story of the Letter, she cou'd hardly give Credit to it, believing her intended Ravisher had been in the Regions of Death : But at last, being convinc'd he was still living, she resolv'd not to stir abroad, for fear he shou'd put his wicked Designs in Practice ; desiring I wou'd do the same, tho' I had not inform'd her of my Danger. The Grief we felt at Parting, almost overcame us, and it was with some Difficulty I cou'd bring my Countenance to dissemble my Sorrow, when I call'd upon the Innkeeper.

After staying some time, we set out together ; but I cou'd plainly perceive his Mind was very much disturb'd. In crossing a Meadow, we observ'd a Kite had pounc'd a poor Pidgeon,

Pidgeon, and flew up into a Tree in our way as we pass'd. I ran as fast as I cou'd, and with Stones frighted him from his Prey. The Pidgeon, not quite dead, flutter'd about the Tree, and at last fell at our Feet, which I took up. Thus it is, said I, in the World, Power, Rapine, Violence, and Lust, which stop at nothing to compass their wicked Desires, tho' they prey upon Innocence and Virtue, yet they often meet with their Reward in this World, as well as the next. That Kite that left the innocent Pidgeon in that Condition, has every one for its Enemy; while the poor Pidgeon is pity'd. But Birds are instigated by Nature, to what they do; the Kite was compell'd by Hunger and Necessity to seek his Prey; but vicious Man preys upon his Fellow-Creature out of Wantonness or Revenge. Your Reflexion, reply'd the Innkeeper, seems something above your Condition, and I will freely declare, very much surprises me; therefore beg the Favour to be answer'd one Question, sincerely. I told him I wou'd. Why then, said he, do you know any thing of the Person that gave you the Letter, or any thing relating to the Contents? Or do you know the Gentleman who sent that Messenger? Tho', I must own, I abhor an

Untruth, yet I thought it wou'd not be convenient to declare what I knew; therefore answer'd in the Negative. The Man was some time before he spoke, looking stedfastly upon me all the while. At last he broke Silence, to this Purpose: Friend, I know not your Condition, yet do verily believe you are not what you seem; but be that as it may, I have in this short Acquaintance, such a strong Opinion of your Wisdom and Integrity, by your Countenance and Discourse, that I shall discover a very important Secret to you, upon this Condition, that you will never disclose it, give me your Advice, and not endeavour to prejudice me. I reply'd, his Confidence in me, oblig'd me to be his Friend. Come then, said he, let us go out of this Path, for Hedges and Ditches may have Ears, as well as Walls, as the Saying is.

When we came to a convenient Place, we sat down, and he related to me all the Passages of what I knew before, concerning the Family of my Mistress, and my own Adventure; how the Wretch who sent him the Letter, had prevail'd upon him to betray the young Lady, his former Mistress, for 500*l.* into his Hands, and fly with him into the *West-Indies*, where he had a large Estate, and shou'd

thou'd be shrouded from the Law. Now, I must own, the Money has a prevailing Power, and my Poverty pleads for the Gentleman; besides, I have a Wife, that has of late given me Proof how much she strives to send me to Heaven, by adorning my Brows. But yet I have a Conscience for my Monitor, that every Moment tells me, I am about a wicked Deed. And this Letter I have receiv'd, which you was the Bearer of, has stagger'd my Resolution; for I find, by the Contents, an innocent Gentleman is to be murder'd, for doing a noble and a generous Action; therefore, the first thing I shall desire of you, before you give me your Advice, is, to promise me you will go to such a Place (naming my Uncle's House) and inform the young Gentleman, his Nephew, of the Danger he is in; for tho' I have no Knowledge of him, yet I know his Uncle to be a Person who is an Honour to the Habit he wears, and has the Goodwill of every Body. When I had read the Letter, I affected to be very much astonish'd at such a Design, in a Kingdom famous for the Goodness of its Laws, where such Crimes are punish'd with Death, and told him the Danger he run, in such a vile Proceeding; the Usage he must expect from such a Villain, when he

had him once in his Power, and the Reward might be taken from him, nay, perhaps Death might be his Payment, from such a barbarous Wretch, that he might have the fewer to maintain.

He allow'd all I said for Oracles, yet he was still hankering after the 500 *l.* It wou'd be a Piece of Justice, cry'd the Innkeeper, even to bite him of it. I cannot deny but it wou'd, I reply'd, but I think that impracticable. I wish we cou'd contrive, reply'd he, to let him run away with my Wife, I then shou'd get 500 *l.* and be rid of a base Woman that has made me a Cuckold. The Letter seems to intimate (said I) that you had some Scruples in parting with her. That's true, reply'd the Innkeeper, for when he first mov'd me about this wicked Business, I had only a Jealousy of her Falshood; but since I have prov'd it, I despise her as much as I lov'd her; yet I have even conceal'd my Knowledge of her Falshood, tho' I was an Eye-witness of it. I began to inquire further into the Affair, and found he had Reason enough to get rid of his Wife; therefore we spent some Time in Conference about bringing this Affair to bear, but cou'd not think of any probable Means. Come, cry'd the
Inn,

Innkeeper,, since we can't think to any Purpose, let me intreat you to go and prevent the young Gentleman's Fate. The young Gentleman, said I, is safe enough, for to let you into a Secret, in return of yours, I am the very Person, in this Disguise.

The Innkeeper was Thunder-struck, at what I told him, and seem'd willing to be rid of his Companion; but I brought him to himself by good Words, and some Money which I gave him, as I told him, for his Intention to save my Life. I own, said he, it seems a Mark of Providence, in my meeting with you, and therefore I abhor myself for my wicked Intention, and shall never set my Mind at rest, till I have gain'd Forgiveness from Heaven and you. We were interrupted in our farther Discourse, by a Person that cross'd the Meadow with a Fishing-Rod in his Hand; tho' he was so intent to get over the Hedge, to the River that ran near it, that he saw us not. That is, said the Innkeeper, the Villain that has seduc'd my Wife! my Blood rises at him; I have a good mind to run after him, and push him into the River. Hold, said I, why did not you shew your Resentment, when you caught him in the Act, and revenge yourself? Because, said he, my Blood.

Blood was froze with Horror, and I had not the Power to stir. Well then, I reply'd, let him alone now, for I have something in my Head that may be of Service to you, not only to get rid of your Wife, but to secure the 500*l.* too. Did your Wife ever receive any Letters from him, to your Knowledge? I believe not, reply'd the Innkeeper, for when he comes a Fishing, he generally lies at our House; so that they have Opportunities enough, of Conversation, without writing to each other. Why then, said I, contain yourself a little; go to the Angler, and tell him your Wife has betray'd herself to you, and forbid him your House. Or if you don't like that Method, take any other to prevent his coming to your Habitation; but don't use any indirect Means. Well, reply'd my Host, I'll take your Advice about the Calmness of my Mind; tho' I shan't proceed in the other Affair, quite according to your Direction, for I think, after owning myself a Cuckold to my Cuckold-maker, nothing shou'd follow but his Destruction.

I staid about half an Hour, inly ruminating upon my unhappy Condition, before he return'd. I have don't, cry'd my Host, I believe he won't come to my House in haste.

I hope

William Gwin Vaughan, Esq; 61

I hope you have not murder'd him, said I? No, no, I proceeded in another manner. By reading a Letter he carelessly dropt once, I found he ow'd a considerable Sum of Money to a certain Person in *London*, who threaten'd to trouble him. Remembring the Person's Name, I went up to him as he was Fishing, and told him, I was glad I had met with him, for there were Officers to arrest him at our House, at the Suit of such-a-one. He seem'd surpris'd, as not doubting the Truth; and begg'd I wou'd stand his Friend in his Concealment; therefore I have sent him to a Cousin of mine, that keeps an Inn about Ten Miles off, with a Promise to come and inform him when the Officers are gone. You have done well, said I; and now I'll inform you of my Design.

You shall write a Letter, in answer to that I brought you; where you shall mention, that you shall have the Lady in your Possession, ready for him to take her away to-morrow. The Letter I will indite for you, which you shall transcribe. And then I'll write another, as from the Angler to your Wife, to tell her that you have discover'd your Jealousy to him, and forbid him your House; but that, if she consent to fly with him

him to-morrow Night, he will come, attended with some Friends, and bring her to a Place of Safety. Very well, reply'd my Companion, I understand you; and so put my Wife upon the Gentleman, instead of the Lady! a rare Contrivance, if it succeeds. Come, said I, let us go to a House, and write the Letters, that we may lose no Time. I wrote to the Villain, that does not deserve the Name of Man, in this manner:

S I R,

I Receiv'd yours, and have succeeded to my Wish. I have found, by an extraordinary Accident, that your Mistress is in Love with the Person who rescu'd her from you in the Wood, and she is to come to-morrow Night, to be conducted to him by some of his Friends, from my House. Therefore you must not speak a Word, when you take her away, till we are safe on Board. Come early, for fear we shou'd meet with those Persons she expects; tho' I hope your Emissaries will prevent him, by cutting his Throat. And don't forget my Reward, for I am not Heroe enough to venture my Life for nothing. Be assur'd, if I have the Money, the Woman is yours.

Ay,

Ay, marry, cry'd mine Host, as he was writing it, this will do. What I wrote to his Wife, you have as follows :

MY DEAR,

THE Cuckold, your Husband, met me to-day, as I was angling, and forbid me the House, having discover'd our Intimacy one Night, in the Arbour in the Garden ; therefore, if you will fly with me to-morrow Night, I will send some trusty Servants to conduct you to my own Habitation, where you shall command my House as your own ; and if we can, by any Contrivance, dispose of your Hornify'd Spouse, it shall be your own Fault, if you are not my lawful Wife. Take no care of what you leave behind you, for I will provide everything for you, rich, and of the best. Send your Answer by the Bearer, whom I can trust ; but send it in Writing, seal'd with the Seal I gave you (those Words were put in at my Host's Request, to strengthen the Contents) and be ready ; but don't speak a Word, till you see me, for one of the Persons I have employ'd to conduct you, imagines it is a rich Heiress I have stole, one that he knows, and if you speak, will discover you by your Voice. Rest contented, and be happy in the Embraces of your constant

L. M.

Right

Right still, cry'd my Host. But who will be the Bearer? I told him, I wou'd carry it myself; while he went on to the maim'd Fellow that brought the Letter, and sent him away, hurt as he was, to his Master. We agreed to part, but I promis'd him I would come after him, and consult farther.

When I arriv'd at my Host's, I found his Wife trick'd up like a Dutcheſs; and, to give her her Due, ſhe ſeem'd an agreeable Woman. She took the Letter, with ſome Confuſion, which ſomething alarm'd me, for fear ſhe might know his Hand. She went into another Room, and return'd immediately with a Bottle of Wine, and a cold Chicken, and put Half a Guinea into my Hand. Friend, ſaid ſhe, if my Husband ſhou'd come and catch you, and ſuſpect, there's Money to pay your Reckoning; if not, it is to pay you for your Trouble. I thank'd her as much like a Countryman, as I cou'd. Upon which ſhe went out, and ſtaid ſome time. When ſhe return'd, ſhe gave me a Letter. Give that, ſaid ſhe, with my humble Service to the Perſon that ſent you, and tell him, It's very well.

When I had got my Commiſſion, I made what Haſte I cou'd to my Landlord, and found

found him helping up the Countryman upon his Horse, and the Surgeon cursing and swearing at the Folly of the Fellow, to get on Horseback in that Condition. However, go he must, the Fellow said, if he dy'd by the Way. But the Man of the House sent one to attend him to his Master's, and we staid till the Fellow return'd, which he did in three Hours, telling his Master, he had conducted him safe home. In the mean time we examin'd the Letter I brought from my generous Landlay; which was to this Effect: *That she wou'd fly to the World's End with him, and live upon Roots and Water, to enjoy his sweet Company, and leave that despicable Wretch her Husband, whom she loath'd as much as she lov'd him, &c.* A brave Wife, by my Troth! cry'd my Landlord.

When I gave him the Half-Guinea she made me a Present of, he said, it was well there were not real Bailiffs at his House for Mr. Angler; for his Wife, by her extraordinary Bounty to the Letter-Carrier, wou'd certainly pay her Lover's Debts, if she cou'd any way raise the Money. My Thoughts now began to return homeward; but my Companion told me, he wou'd not leave me, till he saw me safe at my Uncle's, for fear the
Wretches

Wretches shou'd discover me. I thank'd him, and accepted of his Company, because I was to shift my Disguise by the way, and consequently might be murder'd in going from thence to my Uncle's, for he knew not of my Transformation; neither shou'd I have gone home till our Designs had been accomplish'd, if it had not been that my Uncle wou'd have been frighten'd at my Absence. Therefore we agreed to go both together, and my Landlord to lodge in the Neighbourhood of my Uncle, and both return the next Day to wait the Issue of our Project.

When we came to the House where I was to dress, the Person told me, there were three Men had been with him, to know where my Uncle liv'd; and ask'd several Questions concerning me; but, said he, I did not like their Turn of Discourse, therefore gave 'em no Intelligence, so they proceeded on their way. I told him, he had acted wisely, for they were Wretches that had a Design upon my Life. If so, said he, looking out, be upon your Guard, for here they come, up the Lane. I had not pull'd off my Disguise, therefore ventur'd out of the Door, keeping my Hand upon a Brace of Pocket-Pistols I always carry'd about me, since my Rencontre with that
Wretch;

Wretch ; one of 'em rid up to me, and ask'd me, if I had seen Mr. Such-a-one ? naming my Name. Mr. *Glerimont* ! said I, speaking in a Country Manner, yes, he'll be here presently ; I wait for him, by his own Order. I am glad on't, reply'd the Fellow, for I have some earnest Business to communicate to him, and was inform'd at his Uncle's, that he had not been at home since Morning ; therefore, with your Leave, we'll wait here till he comes. With all my Heart, said I ; if you please, you may alight, and put up your Horses. No, reply'd the Fellow, our Horses are hot, therefore we'll ride softly up and down to cool 'em ; and when he arrives, if you'll come and acquaint us, I'll give thee something. Thank ye, Master, said I ; I'll be sure to do it. Upon this they rode off. I watch'd 'em some time, and found they were very busy in Consultation. In the mean time, I instructed the Man of the House to go to the Constable, and bring a sufficient Force along with him. But before he went out, they all three return'd, and alighting from their Horses, they desir'd I wou'd put 'em into the Stable, for they were now cool ; telling me, they would accept of my Offer, and wait there till Mr. *Glerimont* came. Well, Gentlemen, said I, for his sake, you

you shall be welcome to what the House affords. Come, sit down. The Fellows seem'd a little shy; however, they sat down at last, and began to be very free with the Liquor we gave 'em; and we ply'd 'em so close, that in two Hours, we did not want the Constable's Assistance to secure 'em, for they were all three drunk to a Degree.

When the Constable came, I order'd him to keep out of Sight, till I sent for him. I began then to examine the soberest of 'em, asking him, what Business he had with Mr. *Clerimont*? Not, said I, but if I look into your Hand, I need not ask the Question; for I am so skill'd in Palmistry, that I can tell things past, present, and to come; that is to say, in plain *English*, reply'd the Man, you are a Conjuror. However, to try your Skill, there's my Hand, do your best, and spare not. This Hand, said I, has receiv'd in part, or will receive shortly, the Price of innocent Blood. The Man, drunk as he was, seem'd to be in the utmost Confusion; yet endeavour'd to hide it, by pulling back his Hand. It is in vain to conceal it from me, said I; you, and your Companions, are hir'd to murder that *Clerimont* you so earnestly enquire for, and the Con-

stable

stable is now in the House to apprehend you.

This, spoke with a confident Air, made him turn pale; for his other two Companions were fast asleep. But still, he put it off as a Jest, till I call'd in the Constable. Here, Constable, said I, take these three Rogues into Custody, and see 'em well secur'd till to-morrow. They came here with an Intention to murder me, I having sufficient Witnesses to prove it against them. And are you that *Clerimont*? cry'd the Fellow I had been talking to. Yes, said I. Now let me know what is your Business with me. Turn every body out of the Chamber, reply'd he, and I will convince you, we had no such Intention. I told him, I thought it was impossible. However, after searching 'em for Arms, and finding none, I order'd the Room to be clear'd. Sir, said the Man, how you got your Intelligence, is a very great Mystery to me; but we three were certainly sent from such a Person to murder you, for the Reward of 100*l*. a Man; and after we had made an end of you, we were to imbark with him for the *West-Indies*. We receiv'd 20*l*. a Man, as Earnest of the rest, but resolv'd not to commit so barbarous an Act upon the Innocent; there-

therefore we intended to acquaint you with the real Truth, hoping you would cause the Report to be spread of your Murder, about your Neighbourhood, for a few Days, till we had receiv'd the Reward, and our Master had imbark'd. I own, you may hardly find Faith to believe me; but it is Truth, as I hope for Heaven. You may perceive we have no Arms about us; and if you please to examine our Pistols, at our Holsters, you will find they are as empty as my Master's Heart is of Humanity.

I immediately sent to examine their Pistols, and found 'em uncharg'd, as he declar'd. This Proof gain'd on my Belief. Well, Sir, said the Man, I hope you think what I have said is Truth. But the more to strengthen it, Pray awake my Companions, and examine them. Now what Discourse we had together, was spoke so low, that if the other two Men had been awake, and sober, they cou'd not have understood us. Therefore I caus'd 'em to be rous'd from their drousy Humour, while I went and put on my own Cloaths. When I came in, I order'd the Person I had been talking with, to tell 'em he had seen me. Well, and have you broke the Matter to him? said one of 'em. Yes, he reply'd, and

I do

I do intend to comply with his Request. We are glad on't (return'd the other two) then our Fourfcore Pounds apiece is all snug. I found, upon a further Examination, the Fellows were honest: Nay, one of 'em told me, it was not altogether the Lucre of the Money that prevail'd upon him, but to save an innocent Gentleman's Life; for, said he, if we had not undertaken it, some others might, that wou'd have gone through with their Work.

The Difficulty I now labour'd under, was which way to cause the Report of my Death, without alarming my Uncle; therefore took this Method, which was approv'd of by the three Men. I put on my Disguise once more, and gave 'em the Cloaths I put off, which we mangled and blooded in several Places, and order'd 'em to tell the Wretch who sent 'em, that they found me hunting in a Wood alone, and there murder'd me, and the Place being private, not likely for any one to find me immediately, they had stript me, and brought my Cloaths as a Proof that my Business was done effectually. They all three gave me many Thanks, and promis'd me, in a few Days, to let me know their Success, for they were resolv'd to leave their
Master

Master secretly, as soon as ever they had receiv'd their Reward, not caring to live any longer with such a barbarous Wretch. Upon this, we parted, and my Host and I went to our Repose. The next Morning, I dispatch'd mine Host to regulate Matters with my hated Rival, and design'd to follow. I told my Uncle, I intended to go see a Relation about Twenty Miles off, and shou'd not return till the next Day ; for I did not think it proper to acquaint him with the Motive of my Journey. I went in my usual Disguise, but durst not go to the Landlord's House, because his Wife wou'd know me for the Letter-Carrier ; therefore chose to ride into a neighbouring Wood, till it was dark, where I entertain'd myself with a Book I brought along with me. But I was very much surpriz'd, an Hour before Night, to see the Wretch, and two more along with him, enter the same Wood. I began to have some dreadful Apprehension, for fear they shou'd find me out, therefore leading my Horse further into the Wood, and tying him fast, fetch'd a Round, and came almost at their Backs ; yet tho' I was so near 'em, they cou'd not come to me immediately, by reason of the Interposition of a thick Copse of Hazels, which

which kept me from their Sight. Now my Revenge is satisfy'd (cry'd the Villain) my Heart feels lighter, and it looks like an Omen of future Contentment, in possessing that ungrateful Maid. I must own, I do love her, and wou'd wait a Year with Patience, if at the end she wou'd reward my Love.

You were very patient (reply'd another) when, not long since, you attempted to ravish her, and no doubt, had don't, if the Person who has paid his Life for his Presumption, had not prevented it. 'Tis true, reply'd the Barbarian, the first Fire of my Passion, I own, was the Flame of Lust; but I now begin to fancy, if I cou'd gain her Heart, I shou'd revel in Bliss, for a whole Year at least, without being cloy'd. But how tedious do the Moments pass, continu'd the Villain! Oh, how I long for Night! How will the trembling Slut be bit, when, instead of flying to the Man she loves, she'll find herself in the Embraces of one she detests! This Wood will once more be the Bawd to my Designs. As soon as ever we have left the Shore, I'll proceed to the Enjoyment of the scornful Dame.

I must own, this Declaration made me shudder; and I had once resolv'd to draw my

Pistols, and shoot the Villain thro' the Head, if the Consideration of our Project had not hinder'd me. I waited, with as much Impatience as my Rival did, till the Moment came of our Decampment. As soon as they were mounted, I took Horse, and follow'd; but my Horse hearing other Horses before him, neigh'd several times, which caus'd my Leaders to stop; however, as there was but two, and I in my Disguise, I resolv'd to push on, and come up with 'em. As I came even with the Wretch and his Companion, they ask'd me where I was going? I told 'em, to such an Inn; naming the Place where they were bound. This Fellow, said the Russian, may hinder our Design, therefore we must prevent him; tho' this was spoke in a Whisper, yet I heard it plain, and began to repent of my Forwardness in following them; I therefore put Spurs to my Horse to get out of their Reach.

Hold, hold! cry'd the Master, not so fast, I want to speak with you; I have a Job for you to do, which I'll pay you well for; 'tis only to go to the Harbour, which is not above three Miles off, and inquire for the *Speedwell Galley*, that lies moor'd to the Wharf; bid 'em immediately unmoor, and pre-

prepare for Sailing, and send the Boat ashore to wait my Coming, which won't be above two Hours; if thou wilt do this, there's a Crown; and if you'll wait till I come, I'll give thee another. Thank you, Master, said I, with all my Heart, if your Worship will bespeak a Bed for me at the Inn, as you pass by. Ay, that I will, reply'd the Wretch, and a good Supper beside. I gave him Thanks, turn'd my Horse's Head to go back again, and resolv'd to do as he desired; for then I shou'd see the End of our Project.

When I came to the Harbour, I found the Boat's Crew ashore, waiting for their Master. When I had executed my Commission, the Coxen cry'd, What, is the Devil in my Master? Does he think my Memory so short, that I shou'd forget his Orders in five Hours? I fancy so, said I, for he paid me well for my Journey; and yet but in part, for I am to stay till he returns, for the rest of my Reward. I think the open Air is a little too cold, to stay in't three or four Hours together; therefore, if you'll go with me to an Alehouse, I'll spend part of my Wages upon you. A few Words struck up the Bargain, and away we went.

When the Company were pretty well warm'd with their Liqueur, I began to ask 'em a few Questions concerning their Master, intimating, that we had been in Treaty about my entring into his Service. Why, reply'd the Coxen, you had better *stand still, and walk Horses*, as the Saying is. I own he's good at Promising, but the worst at Performing, I believe, in the whole Dominions of *Great Britain*. How comes it to pass then, said I, that you'll serve such a scurvy Master? Why you know, Master, reply'd the Coxen, we Sailors are very blunt honest Fellows, therefore, as I believe it is not in your Power to hurt me, I'll tell you the Truth. We are all marry'd, or have Settlements, upon his Plantations in the *West-Indies*, therefore 'tis our Interests; and as he brought us out with him, we must wink at his Rogueries, that he may carry us to our own Plantations again; otherwise I'd leave him this Instant; for I dare swear, he's upon some ill Design this Moment. In return to your Confidence of me, I reply'd, I can assure you 'tis so; nay, and such an Action, that not only may endanger his Life, but the Lives of those that assist him in't. Upon this, all the Company began to look upon one another, with Countenances

nances full of Fear. 'Sblood! if I thought that, cry'd one, the Devil might assist him, for me. Some bawdy Business, cry'd another, I suppose; I don't care to hazard my Life for any Whore, but my own. I'd venture my Life, said another, in an Engagement, in hopes of Plunder; but I'll see him d——'d before I'll have any thing to do with his dirty Work.

In short, every Sailor had something to say upon the Occasion; and I found, by their Sentiments, they were all honest Fellows, or seem'd so; and the more they drank, the more they seem'd resolv'd to oppose him in any ill Design. I let 'em into some part of the Story, in order that they shou'd stand the poor Wretch's Friend, that by Mistake might be brought among 'em; for I did not doubt, but when he found out the Trick that was put upon him, his Brutality and Disappointment wou'd push him on to murder the Woman. This was the only Motive that induc'd me to enter into Conversation with 'em; therefore, I intended to take my Leave, but was prevented by a loud Knocking at the Door. Immediately after, enter'd the Wretch, swearing abominably at the Coxen, and Sailors, in not being at the Boat to wait his Coming.

The Sailors began to grumble, and told him, they were not his Slaves, nor wou'd be us'd as such. I don't know where this Dispute wou'd have ended, if the three Fellows that were hired to murder me, had not follow'd their Master, and desir'd to speak with him in private. What is it you want with me, you troublesome Vermin? cry'd the Brute. You know what we want, reply'd one of them; and therefore we expect to be satisfy'd before you go on Board: You know very well, we were to have the Reward when our Business was finish'd; and not keeping your Word with us, makes us imagine you intend to forget the rest of the Money, if we don't put you in mind of it. You Villains, cry'd out their Master, if you mention one Word more of that Affair, look to yourselves! you know, you good-for-nothing Rascals, that it is in my Power to hang you all; therefore no more Words, or an Halter shall be your Reward; you have been too well paid already. A Halter our Reward! cry'd the Fellow, and what shou'd be his Reward, that put us upon such an Action? Why, you Caitiffs, you know very well (cry'd their Master) I only order'd you to Bastinado the Rascal, not to murder him: And, you Clods!

if

if I had Time to stay, I wou'd find out Means to help you to the Gallows. Come, Rogues (said he to the Sailors) and fly to the Boat this Instant. Better Words, cry'd the Sailors, or you shall to Sea by your self: Zounds! we know you can't do without us, and therefore we'll be better treated; and tho' most of your Governors of Plantations are bad enough, yet there's one gone to take your Place, that we may expect Justice from, without paying for't. What the Devil! I suppose there's a Conspiracy in my Absence, reply'd the *quondam* Governor: Who has put Rebellion into your Heads? not you, my honest Friend, I hope? speaking to me. The three Fellows not observing me before, seem'd very much surpriz'd at the Sight of me, and one of them cry'd out in a Transport, Good God! Mr. *Clermont*, what brought you here? Ha! *Clermont*, said the Wretch, is the Villain then living still? I own I was very much surpris'd at this Discovery, but was brought out of it by his furious Approach, with his drawn Hanger in his Hand; however, I had Presence of Mind to pull my Pistols out of my Pocket, and aim'd one at his Breast, telling him, if he offer'd to come one Step forwarder, I'd shoot him dead at my Feet.

The Sight of my Pistols made him stop short, and call to his Men to seize me ; some of 'em, not thinking what they did, were going to obey his Orders. Gentlemen, said I, hear me two Words, and I'll deliver myself into your Hands : Upon saying this, they stopt, and I inform'd 'em, in short, of their Master's implacable Hatred to me. When they had heard my Story, they one and all cry'd out, they wou'd stand by me with their Lives. Upon this, he suddenly sat down, and was some time before he open'd his Mouth. A general Silence follow'd ; but our Eyes were busy, looking at each other. At last he open'd in this manner : Sir, can you forgive me for my past black Designs against your Life ? I own, this Contrition, at this Exigence, looks like Falshood ; but upon the Word of a Man of Honour, I repent from the Bottom of my Heart, of all my base Actions ; when I look back on 'em, it is with Horror ! How amiable a Figure do you make, cloath'd in Innocence and Virtue ! And how like a Fiend of Hell do I look, cover'd with such hateful Crimes ! but Repentance, I hope, may wash my Stains away ; and I shall think I am in the first Road to Virtue, if you'll vouchsafe me your Pardon

and

and Friendship: My Servants, that I find have sav'd your innocent Life, shall receive the Reward they expected, for the Humanity that their Master wanted: My Seamen shall find me, for the future, such a Commander as they can wish for; and when we arrive in our own Country, their Rewards shall exceed their Expectation.

Very well, reply'd the Coxen, half drunk, I have heard your Worship talk at this rate, before now. Ay, ay, cry'd another, we know his Tongue is well hung, he promises as well as e'er a Gentleman in the Universe, and performs as ill. I must confess (said the intended Ravisher) the Character my own Servants give me, is enough to startle a Stranger: But what other Motive, but Repentance can make me declare myself in this manner? I find myself a new Man, and only wonder at my former Self. All the while this Dispute lasted, I was inly ruminating how I shou'd proceed. I was in very great doubt of his Sincerity; for I observ'd, in all his Discourse, he turn'd his Eye very often upon the Door, as if he expected some of his Men from the Ship to take his Part; at least I thought so. Beside, I wanted very much to confer with my Landlord, who I knew

wou'd accompany his Wife, tho' unknown to her: therefore I told him, I would go out to recompose my Spirits, and return immediately again. Very well, he reply'd, you are at your own Liberty; and it will be my utmost Wish, that when you come back, you will forgive one that will ever think it his highest Happiness to be esteem'd your Friend. I made him no Reply, but went out, and found my Landlord, who was waiting at the Door, with four or five more, all in Disguise, and mask'd, attending his good Wife, who seem'd very impatient. I told him what had happen'd; and ask'd him Advice how I should behave myself. Damn him (he reply'd) don't trust him, for if you do, he'll certainly deceive you. But, however, conceal yourself somewhere about the Houſe, till I go in and feel his Pulse; for I muſt get rid of Madam, ſome how.

I conſented to his going in, for I conclud-
ed it was the only way to try his Sincerity;
for if he really repented, he would reſtore his
pretended Lady to her Liberty. Therefore
I retired to wait the Event. However, upon
ſecond Thoughts, I judg'd it the ſafeſt Courſe
to get my Horſe ready, for fear of things.
Juſt as I was leading him out of the Stable,

I per-

I perceiv'd my Landlord and the Gentleman coming towards me, and, I must confess, did not know what to think of it; but they stopt, as soon as they were got out of hearing of the People about the Door. Why it is a terrible Business, I own (said my Landlord) to be disappointed in your Revenge, for I'll engage he's two Miles off, by this time; for he mounted immediately, and flew away like Lightning. Damn him! reply'd my false Penitent, I wish his Horse may break his Neck. Not impossible, cry'd my Landlord: But since he's gone, let's proceed to Business. Your Men, you may depend on't, will soon return to their Duty, now Mr. *Clermont* has left 'em. Therefore, give me my Reward, and I wish you Luck, and a boon Voyage. There it is (putting a Purse in his Hand) all in Gold. I hope your Worship (reply'd my Landlord) has not put a Trick upon me? No, on my Word, return'd the Villain, you are the only one I intend not to deceive; and if you'll send me Word you have murder'd *Clermont*, I'll send thee the next Return after it, a hundred Hogsheads of the best Sugar in my Plantations. My Thoughts were very much confus'd before, but in hearing this, I forgot all Patience. I drew a Pistol from my Pocket,

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Pocket, and running up, cry'd, No, Villain, Heaven has reserv'd me to punish such a mortal Devil as thou art. I discharg'd my Pistol at his Head; and, seeing him fall, mounted my Horse, and flew away like Lightning, in earnest. I rid six or seven Miles before my troubled Thoughts return'd to Reason; and then, when I began to think, I condemn'd myself for being so rash; and thought of the Crime I had committed, in killing a Wretch with all his Sins about him.

I did not go home that Night; neither should I have thought of reposing myself, if my Horse had not put me in mind of it, by seeming jaded; but being far from any House, I drove him into a Meadow, and sat under a Hedge till Break of Day. When I got home, my good Uncle saw visibly the Discontent was increas'd in my Countenance; but I wou'd not wound his Peace farther, by telling him what had befallen me; I only feign'd some slight Indisposition, therefore staid at home three or four Days, but under terrible Inquietudes; and what increas'd my Apprehensions, I heard nothing from my Mistress for several Days beyond the usual Time. The only Consolation was, that no Intelligence came concerning

cerning the Death of the Wretch I suppos'd I had kill'd ; for I was well assur'd, if I had been call'd to an Account for it, the fatal Inquiry wou'd have broke the Heart of my pious Uncle.

I was almost afraid to go to my Landlord's (as I call'd him) tho' I had no Reason to doubt his Honesty ; and wonder'd I had not seen him in so many Days. Therefore, after many Irresolutions, I ventur'd to visit him in my Disguise as usual. When I came to his House, they told me he was ill of a Fever. I ask'd a Countryman that was drinking at the Door, concerning him. I don't know, says the Countryman, the Man's a Fool, I think ; he takes it much in Dudgeon, that his Wife has made him a Cuckold ; and you know, Sir, it's many an honest Man's Fortune. Now I think, he has Reason to be out of his Wits with Joy, that he has got rid of a devilish Wife. By this Fellow's Discourse, I understood every thing had succeeded to his Wish ; but I trembled to think in what manner, I fear'd he might have murder'd her, to break his Marriage Bonds, and was very uneasy to know the Truth. While the Fellow and I were talking, a Maid-Servant came to me, and ask'd me, if I was not the Person
that

that brought a Letter to her Master some time ago? I was something surpris'd at the Question; and did not readily give her an Answer. If you are the same Person, said she, (perceiving I said nothing) you need not be afraid; my Master only order'd me to bring you up Stairs, if you should come here at any time. I follow'd her to her Master's Chamber, without opening my Lips. I found him on his Bed, and seemingly very weak. When the Door was shut, he arose.

Well Sir, said he, my Ends are accomplish'd, tho' in such a manner, that has given me very great Uneasiness; for, notwithstanding I had all the Reason in the World to despise my Wife, yet her deplorable End, tho' it shews the Judgment of the Almighty upon wicked Persons, has cast me into such a dreadful Melancholy, that I believe I shall never shake it off. When you, Sir, fired your Pistol at the base Villain that deserves the worst of Deaths, the Report frighted the Horse my Wife rode on, to such a Degree, that he ran away with her, and plunging into the Sea, threw her off. We try'd all Means to save her, but she sunk to the Bottom; and we never more saw her. It was suppos'd the Tide of Ebb carry'd her into the main Ocean.

Well,

Well, but Landlord, said I, how did you proceed with the Men, after the Villain was kill'd? Alas, Sir! reply'd my Landlord, you was not so lucky to make an end of him; for one of the Balls only graz'd upon the Top of his Forehead; and it is not improbable but the other might wound the Horse my Wife rode on, which made him so outrageous.

When the Wretch got up again, and found the Smallness of his Hurt, he was for pursuing you; but was prevented by the unfortunate Accident of my Wife. He mourn'd very much the Loss of his Mistress, as he thought; and I own it was some good Luck to me, that she was not discover'd to be otherwise, for he is of such an implacable Temper, I don't know how far his Revenge might have carry'd him; for after we had try'd in vain to find out the unfortunate Wretch, he was still upon a Project of making an end of you; but I wrought him into such a Belief that I wou'd certainly do it for him, that he gave me Twenty Guineas for the Job, as he call'd it. His Men, indeed, grumbled much; but the three Servants that were hired to murder you, would not be prevail'd upon to go on Board, till he had

had satisfy'd 'em according to his Promise. He made many Excuses, telling 'em, he had not Money enough about him; at last, he gave 'em Twenty Guineas a-piece, and assur'd 'em he would give 'em the rest, when he had them on Board. But, notwithstanding his fair Promises, when their Horses were embark'd, and every thing ready to go off with the Boat, the three Men were no where to be found. They search'd in vain for some time, and were oblig'd to set Sail without them. I suppose his Uneasiness was, for fear they shou'd discover his damnable Intrigues.

As soon as the Ship was out of Harbour, I got upon my Horse, and came home; but was very much surpris'd to find the Horse, that run away with my Wife into the Sea, and suppos'd to be drown'd, at home before me. All this is what I wanted to declare to you, and wou'd have waited on you, but my Melancholy and Indisposition prevented me.

I told him he ought to consider, that a bad Wife was a good thing to get rid of; and, tho' I was as much concern'd for the Manner of it, as he cou'd be, yet it was very probable, when the Villain had found out the
Trick.

Trick that was put upon him, but his Brutality would have drove him to give her the same Death, or an Usage worse than Death. I own it, reply'd my Landlord, and since it seems to be the Hand of Heaven, I ought to be satisfy'd; but even what I have gain'd by it, seems at present to give me very little Contentment; and I should have been willing to have forgiven her, if I thought she could have return'd to her Duty; but I hope Time will wipe off this Score of Melancholy. However, if I can be of any Service to you in your Amour, you may freely command me.

I was very much rejoic'd at this kind Offer, and told him, it was the only thing he could oblige me in, since I knew he had the Liberty of going to the House of my Mistress, unsuspected; I therefore freely declar'd to him the whole Progress of my Love, and the Uneasiness I was in for not hearing from my Fair One. Well, said he, notwithstanding my Weakness, if you'll give me a Letter of Credence, I'll promise you an Answer to-morrow; and I shall think I am doing a good Work, in endeavouring to join two Bodies, whose Souls are united in Heaven. I was in such a Transport at his Manner of Speaking, that I embrac'd him with the Ardour

dour of a sincere Friend, as indeed, he always prov'd himself such a one to me; and I think sincerely, in such low-born Souls, such Honesty is almost a Miracle. I sat myself down immediately to write to my dear *Eliza*.

IF you would know the Torment I endure, in not seeing or hearing from you, think a Person on the Rack, with his Torturers inflicting every Torment that mortal Life can bear, and that is but a faint Idea of what I suffer. The Bearer of this, I am not ashamed of calling Friend, notwithstanding the Disparity of our Conditions. Ease my tormented Soul with a Line from that Hand which only can relieve the Pain I undergo. I have something to relate to my dear *Eliza*, of what has befallen me since I last saw those lovely Eyes, that is something surprising. Do not thou keep me upon the Rack of Despair any longer, but contrive with the Bearer, to give me a Meeting once more, if you wou'd save the Life of

Yours eternally,

CLERMONT.

When

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When I had finish'd my Epistle, I read it to my Landlord, who said so many things above his Station, that I was surpris'd at his manner of expressing himself. He took my Letter, and assur'd me he would bring me some Answer, if he ventur'd his Life for it. I took my Leave of him, and resolv'd to return the next Day, in hope of a favourable Answer. When I offer'd to reward him for the Trouble he was undertaking, he absolutely refus'd it, and was almost angry with me for proposing any such thing. No, said he, be assur'd I am no mercenary Messenger; and tho' I have transacted an Affair with that Wretch, that looks like Guilt, I will never, while I live, harbour a mean Thought, but hope to convince you, that a Person without Birth or Education, can pursue Virtue, as well as those who have that Advantage of us.

I return'd the next Day before Noon, but my Landlord was not come back; the Disappointment gave me the utmost Uneasiness. At last, he came, and gave me a Letter, which I knew by the Superscription, came from my adorable *Eliza*, tho' wrote with a Pencil; the Contents were short, as follows:

My

My dear CLERMONT,
I am, and ever will be your

ELIZA.

My dear Friend, said I to my Landlord, I am infinitely oblig'd to you for the Pains you have taken; but am surpris'd, though pleas'd, at the Shortness of her Answer. Sir, said my Landlord, I have a wonderful Story to relate to you, and I doubt not but 'twill surprize you, as it did me. But first read that Letter which I receiv'd just now from one of the Servants that was hir'd to murder you.

Mr. CHEESEMAN,

I WOU'D have you be on your Guard. Meeting the Coxen of my quondam Master's Ship (I own, I was much surpris'd to find him in England, whom I thought many Leagues off) he inform'd me, that going out of the Harbour, the Morning that our Hurly-burly happen'd, the Tide being ebb'd more than they imagin'd, they struck upon a Sand-Bank, where they were oblig'd to wait for the next Tide of Flood to carry her off; during that Time, the Corpse of the Woman, whose Horse carry'd

carry'd her into the Sea, was found, which being taken up, prov'd to be your Wife, and, by several Letters in her Pocket, it was suppos'd that you, with the Confederacy of Mr. Clermont, had contriv'd to impose upon my Master; be it which way he will, he fancies so, and has vow'd bloody Revenge upon you both; therefore I send you this, by the Desire of the Coxen, that you may provide against one, whom no Law has Fetters strong enough to bind from doing Crimes too bad to name. Take the Advice of

Your Humble Servant,

RICHARD CROSS.

The Reading of this Letter, I must own, very much alarm'd me. Now, said my Landlord, I will relate the History of my Journey. When I came to *Eliza's* Father's House, whose Servant I was, and whose Tenant I am, I went with the Pretence of paying him his Rent, tho' not due this Week; but guess my Surprize, when, as soon as I enter'd, I saw that execrable Villain, the Captain, walking in the Garden with my old Master. I knew it was not my Business to be seen by him, tho' I was then ignorant of the

the Affair related in the Letter from Mr. *Cross*; therefore watching them, till they came into the House, I went into the Garden a back Way, to consider, as well as my troubled Thoughts would let me, what I should do. The Respect I had for you, prevented my Returning without delivering your Letter, tho' I knew I staid in the Mouth of Danger. While I was beating my Brains to no Purpose, I saw my young Mistress *Eliza* come into the Garden, overwhelm'd with Sorrow. I took my Opportunity to speak with her, and gave her your Letter, which she receiv'd with the utmost Joy.

She inform'd me that the Wretch, the Captain, had been there three Days, and her Father was so much rejoic'd to find him alive, that by report was thought dead, that he resolv'd to force her to be his Wife, in a few Days; but she bid me assure you, she would sooner lay violent Hands upon herself, than ever consent to give her Hand to such a Monster of Mankind. We had not time for much Conversation, for that Moment her Father sent for her in; she only took the Opportunity of writing with my Pencil upon the blank Leaf of your Letter, that Line I brought you. Immediately after, I saw 'em
all

All three come into the Garden, so thought it high time to make the best of my way.

During this short Relation, my Mind felt the utmost Inquietudes; all the Passions incident to Human Nature, took their turns within my Breast; but at length Revenge got the better, and I came to a firm Resolution of making a sure End of that barbarous Wretch, the Cause of all my Misfortunes. I communicated my Thoughts to my Landlord, who very strongly dissuaded me from it, but to no purpose: When he found his Reasons had no Force upon me, he offer'd me his Assistance. We were some time before we cou'd form a proper Method to accomplish my Design; but, at length, we fix'd upon sending him the following Letter.

S I R,

I AM inform'd, for certain, that your Coxen, with the rest of your Men have resolv'd to run away with your Ship; and I am assur'd, nothing but your speedy Appearance can prevent them; every Person but myself is in the Conspiracy; and I am seemingly so, that I might have this Opportunity of letting you know their Villainy. No matter for my Name, but you shall know me when you see me, by my wearing an old

old gold-lac'd Hat, which no one on Board has but myself. I would have you come alone, for I'll take care to prevent their Design till I see you, if you are expeditious; for I have a secure Method, with your Assistance only, to put an end to their farther Villainy, without Danger. Therefore, pray Sir, communicate this Affair to no one Person till I see you.

Your obedient Servant, &c.

This Letter we convey'd to him the same Evening, and follow'd the Messenger, as imagining he might take Horse immediately. I let my Landlord into my manner of Proceeding, and order'd him to retire, as soon as he shou'd see the Wretch appear, with an Injunction on him, if I shou'd be kill'd to bury me as privately as possible, and let my Uncle have a Letter I had wrote to him, wherein I had inform'd him of every thing that happen'd to the present Moment.

Our Letter had the desired Effect; for at the Dusk of the Evening, my Landlord acquainted me the Groom was getting his Horse ready, and he found he intended to go alone, according to the Purport of the Letter. Therefore, full of the Spirit of Revenge, I rid on about two Miles before,
where

where I waited for him upon an open Common that lay in his way. I never gave myself Time to think, all this while, what might be the Consequence of such an Action. In a Quarter of an Hour, I saw him enter the Common. I rid up to him, and bid him stop. At my manner of Proceeding, he took me for a Highwayman, for he told me very calmly, he had nothing about him worth my venturing my Life for. No, Wretch, said I, I come for thy Blood, who has often endeavour'd to spill that of the unhappy *Clerimont*. *Clerimont* ! cry'd he, in a Transport, the only Man I wish'd to have met with ; and tho' I have an Affair of Consequence upon my Hands, yet I will stay to put an end to thy detestable Life. I had no time to ask him what Arms he carry'd, not intending to take any Advantage of him ; for as soon as he had done speaking, he fir'd a Pistol at me ; it was so well aim'd, that I heard the Balls whistle thro' my Hair. I was not long behind him, but return'd him one in Exchange, that shot his Horse stone dead ; the sudden Fall of his Horse, prevented his getting clear of the Beast ; therefore I alighted from mine, and disengag'd him from him. Tho' such impious Villains deserve no Humanity,

manity, said I, yet I can never forget I am a Gentleman. He made me no Reply, but drawing his Hanger, ran furiously upon me, aiming a Blow at my Head, that would have ended all my Misfortunes, if I had not receiv'd it on my left Arm. I found the Stroke had wounded me very much, therefore, before he cou'd redouble his Blow, I shot him thro' the Head; he gave a Groan, fell down, and expir'd.

I had then lost all my Resentment, and ran to help him up; but I found the Top of his Skull shot away, and his Brains upon the Ground; for tho' it was Night, the Moon was up, and I cou'd not help standing in a fixt Posture, to view the horrid Act (as it was then represented to my Fancy) my Hand had done. But my friendly Landlord rous'd me from my Thoughts, that I might take care of my Safety, for he told me, he heard the Galloping of Horses in the Lane that led to the Common, the way we came; therefore we mounted our Horses, and rid away, he leading a full Speed, and I following, not knowing well what I was doing, so full of Trouble were my Thoughts. After my Wound was dress'd, I went home, and conceal'd nothing from my Uncle, who was under terrible

ble Apprehensions. We learnt afterwards, the Horses we heard were the Father of my Mistress, and several Servants, who follow'd the unfortunate Wretch, as imagining some extraordinary Business, by the Change of his Countenance, when he read the Letter I sent him. They took up the Body, and bury'd him privately in the Chapel, that very Night. Searching him, they found the Letter that was the Cause of his sudden Departure; and tho' I had disguis'd my Hand, yet my dear *Eliza* guess'd the Letter came from me, and that Imagination gave her insupportable Uneasiness.

The next Day her Father, with all his Servants, rid to the Port, to examine concerning the Affair; and *Eliza*, knowing they could not return till the next Day, sent to my Landlord to be inform'd concerning the Tragical Affair. Before he went to her, he sent to give me Notice where he was going; tho' a dreadful Melancholy had seiz'd me, and the Pain of my Wound was troublesome, I immediately put on my Disguise, and follow'd him to *Eliza's*. I met him returning, but prevail'd on him to go back with me, and, if possible, to procure me a Meeting with my dear Mistress. He comply'd with my

Request, and my Landlord having related every Circumstance of my Affairs before, I receiv'd this Consolation from my Mistress, that she cou'd but barely blame me for my Conduct, in the Danger I expos'd my self to.

We parted with mutual Vows of Constancy, but with sad Presages of what besel us afterwards.

It was about this time your noble Uncle fixt his Eyes upon me for your Tutor ; tho' I must own I had no Inclinations that way ; for I was yet sed with Hope, Fortune would still befriend me in my Love.

A full Month past on, without hearing any thing from my dear *Eliza*. My Landlord was forbid ever entering the Doors of her cruel Father, and no Reason given for such Treatment, tho' it was not hard to guess. We understood *Eliza* was under the strictest Confinement. I was almost distracted with this cruel Proceeding, but had no other Remedy than Patience.

One Day, as I was walking in our Courtyard, ruminating on my sad State, a Footman brought me a Letter ; the Superscription I soon knew to be my dear *Eliza's* ; he told me it requir'd no Answer, and disappear'd in
a Moment.

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a Moment. I broke open the Seal with trembling Fingers, and, to my Astonishment, found what follows:

S I R,

I S E N D you This to tell you, that Fortune will have us intire Strangers to each other; therefore it is my only Request to you, that I may never see you more.

E L I Z A.

I will omit to tell you the many different Passions I felt at the Perusal of this cruel Epistle; but I fixt a Resolution to see the Ingrateful, if it cost me my Life; for, before her Eyes, I intended to put an end to it, if I cou'd ever get a Sight of her.

Near her House, the *Severn* stream'd along, which you well know enrich'd the neighbouring Towns with her Water-Carriage. I put myself in the Habit of a Bargeman, and, addressing myself to *Eliza's* Father's Gardener, told him, if he pleas'd to allow me my Provision, I would work with him till the Return of the Boat I belong'd to (which is a thing very common in that Country, the Bargemen going to work at any Farming Affair, till their Boat is tow'd up with Horses,

F 3

where

where there is a Tract for 'em ; when there is no Tract, Men supply their Places.) I was admitted, and the second Day saw *Eliza*, and made myself known to her, tho' I had not the Opportunity of speaking to her. She was confin'd in a Room two Pair of Stairs, next the Garden. I thought, by the Signs she made me, she was still faithful, which I was confirm'd in the next Morning. Busying myself as near to her as I cou'd, she threw a Handkerchief down, which I took up, unperceiv'd by any one ; in it was the following Letter :

My dear CLERIMONT,

THE Letter you receiv'd, my cruel Father dictated, and forc'd me (with Threats of severest Vengeance on you) to write. Be assur'd, my Heart shall be ever yours ; and if I cannot reward your faithful Passion, I will resign myself into the Arms of Death, to avoid the Embraces of any Person living, but those of my dear Clerimont. My Father is making all the Search imaginable after the Murderers, as he calls 'em, of his Friend ; therefore be careful of yourself, and preserve your Life for her, who shall be ever your

ELIZA.

P. S.

P. S. *I farther beg you will not hazard your self in this manner ; tho' it is the greatest Joy I can be capable of knowing, to see you ; but I conjure you wou'd depend on my Conduct, and trust to Time to cure those Wounds of Absence.*

This Letter made me shake Hands with Life again, which I had almost number'd among my greatest Enemies. I immediately left my new Employment, and went home to my Uncle's, who was ever pressing me to accept of that Office, which I now can call my only Consolation. I found Means to let my adorable *Eliza* know his Solicitation on that Account, who also perswaded me to it, giving me her Faith to be ever constant. But I believe I shou'd never be prevail'd upon to be so far from the Object of my Love, if *Eliza's* Father had not resolv'd to prosecute me for killing that unfortunate Wretch ; and my Uncle was inform'd he had suborn'd Witneses to rob me of my Life ; therefore (after settling a Correspondence between my Uncle, my Landlord, and my lovely *Eliza*) I bound myself to your Commands. I have receiv'd several Letters from all three, which came in your Packets, that gave me an Account of the

Welfare of my Mistress; among other things letting me know, after my Absence, she had her full Liberty as before. But when you have read this last Letter, I hope you will forgive me, if Death shou'd release me from that Duty which I paid you to my last Moments.

My dear Nephew,

M*Y Hand trembles, not thro' Age, but Concern, when I am forc'd to give you the melancholy Account of the Death of your Mistress Eliza: Her cruel Father wou'd force her to wed a Person, whose Courtship was hateful to her upon your Account; to prevent which, the Morning of her detested Nuptials, she took Poison, and expir'd at the Altar. My dear Child, arm yourself with that divine Weapon, Patience; and with the Assistance of Heaven, combat those dreadful Ills that assail thee. Man was born to suffer; and I think it no Crime for one of my Cloth to repeat a Line out of a Play, tho' upon this sad Occasion:*

———— *Who wou'd Fardles bear,
To groan, and sweat under a weary Life;
But that the Dread of something after Death,
The undiscover'd Country from whose Bourn
No Traveller returns, puzzles the Will:*

And

*And makes us rather bear those Ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.*

*But I hope, my dear Nephew will bear all
with an Angel's Patience, which is the hearty
Wish of*

Your affectionate Uncle.

I must own, I was very much affected with the Story; and the more, because it resembled my own Fortune. The Reflexion gave me much Uneasiness. I sent for him, and we mingled our Sighs and Tears together.

Now, pray Sir, said my Tutor, think, after the Load of Grief which is fix'd upon me, whether Death is not the only Friend that can shake it off. I strove to comfort him, with the little Eloquence I was Master of, but bid him have Recourse to his Uncle's last Letter, and that wou'd teach him, Life was not given us to dispose of as we pleas'd, that was a Sin never to be repented of. And must I then bear this Load of Life (he reply'd) perhaps till grey Hairs appear upon my Head? No, no, Sorrow sure will do its Office. Let *Friendship*, my dear Governor, said I, supply the Place of *Love*, and that, from me, you may intirely depend on. He at last resolv'd

to suffer all, he told me, purely to oblige me.

I now began to be in terrible Anxieties on my own Account, for in my last Letters from my Uncle, he mention'd nothing of my dear *Isabella*. I remember'd, with Grief of Mind, I had left behind me a very powerful Rival, endow'd with Wealth and Title, the Pride of the Female Sex; but then, I thought *Isabella* had none of her Sex's Frailties, and I wou'd sooner believe the Legend of the wonderful Images of the *Portugals*, than think she cou'd prove false *. We embark'd on Board of one

* In the Church of *Bouças* (a Village near the City of *Oporto*, in the Capital of the Province *Entre Douro e Minho*, in *Portugal*) is plac'd a Crucifix bigger than the Life, averr'd to be wrought by *Nicodemus*. It was cast up by the Sea, and when it was first found, wanted an Arm. There were many curious Workmen employ'd to make the Image compleat; but as soon as the Arm was fix'd on, it immediately flew off again, to the Amazement of the Artists: In short, there were as many Arms made, as would have serv'd another *Briareus*, or a *Chinese* Idol, to no purpose: But at last (as the good Fathers are truly traditionally inform'd) one was found floating on the Sea, and being apply'd to the Image, stuck so fast, without the Assistance of the Statuary, that it cou'd not be taken off again; and tho' the Body and Arm were found at some Years Distance, it prov'd to be the true Arm.

one of the King of *Spain's* Gallies for *Genoa*, in order to view some Part of *Italy*; for I found it impracticable to go by Land, as my lovely *Isabella* advis'd me in her Letter. But before I left *Spain*, I sent my Uncle, my Father, and Mistrefs, an Account of every thing that befell me, and where I was bound next.

My poor Governor was still inconsolable, tho' he strove to appear chearful, in Complaisance to me; but I found his Malady had struck him to the Soul, and I fear'd Death would lay his Icy Hands upon him; yet I had hope, Variety of Objects might help him sometimes to forget his Grief. And indeed, his Fortune having something resembling my own, made me doubly suffer with him. I had forgot to ask him who the Person was, we saw at *Paris*, that gave him so much Uneasiness; and when it came into my Memory,

At *Santarem* (a Town in the Province of *Estremadura* in *Portugal*) is another wonderful Image of our blessed Saviour, an Infant, that has outgrown several Niches made purposely for it; and tho' first a Child, when erected, yet they protest it now is full six Foot high, and has almost out-grown the last Nich; and if it shou'd proceed in thriving at this Rate, it is to be fear'd the Roof of the Church must be remov'd, to make room for it.

for-

forbore to ask him, for fear I should recall his Sufferings up afresh; but when we arriv'd at *Genoa*, we found that young Nobleman there, where he avoided him as before. He then inform'd me, it was a distant Relation of his, of the *Roman* Persuasion, that had often done him ill Offices upon the Account of his being a *Protestant*; and farther, to make him hate him, had begun to make his Addresses to his dear *Eliza*, purely in Contradiction to him. Upon that Account, I resolv'd to make but a short Stay there.

The City of *Genoa*, no doubt, is very ancient. Some will have *Janus* the Founder; tho' I can't but think the Word *Janua* implies a *Gate*; and it was certainly, in the Time of the *Romans*, one of the Gates to *Italy*. It was undoubtedly a City of great Power, when *Rome* flourish'd; for *Livy* tells me, *Liguria* (*Genoa* being its Capital) revolted against 'em, when *Rome* triumphed over *Africa*, *Asia*, and *Greece*; their Armies prest the *Romans* to that Degree, that they offer'd Vows to *Jupiter Stator*, to stop the Progress of the *Ligurians*; but at last, more by Policy than Force, it was made a Province of *Italy*.

Of all the Countries in the Universe, *Genoa* seems the most abandon'd by Nature; but certainly the most assisted by Human Industry; for, notwithstanding the Barrenness of the Situation, among high Cliffs, and fruitless Mountains, one of the proudest Cities of *Europe* raises her aspiring Head. There's not one Foot of Earth in their noble Gardens, but stands 'em in as much as an Acre in *Wales*. This proud City suffer'd much in the Reign of *Lewis XIV.* by a hostile Fleet sent to punish the *State* for some Misdemeanors, which forc'd them to a disadvantageous Peace. The Duke is invested with a Regal Crown, at his Inauguration; for the Island of *Corfica* being part of their Dominions, they give it the Title of a Kingdom.

At this City I receiv'd a Packet from *England*, brought me by a young Gentleman of the sweetest Countenance I ever saw; tho' the Letters he gave me, almost distracted me. That from my Uncle, was as follows:

My dear Child,

DISPOSE thyself to hear the most uncomfortable News Fortune cou'd prepare for thee. Thy dear Father is no more. My Tears flow so fast, I can hardly write thee the
fol-

110 The VOYAGES, &c. of

following Account. That pernicious Woman, the Complication of all ill Women in one, has deceiv'd both thee and me. Last Week, my dear Brother (thy Father) sent a Messenger to me, desiring me to come to him without Delay. I found him almost expiring. When I enter'd the Room where he lay, the first Object I perceiv'd, was the vile Woman's Son John, stretch'd dead upon the Ground. The Sight very much surprizing me, thy Father, faintly, call'd me to come near: That, said he, is the first Part of the Punishment due to my cruel Murderess. This Morning (continu'd your Father) that Wretch, my Wife, sent me my Tea, as usual, when she wou'd not favour me with her Company; and the unfortunate Boy, bringing an Excuse from his Mother, that she cou'd not Breakfast with me, I detain'd him to keep me Company. It was not long before the Mother follow'd him, and inquired, in the utmost Confusion, whether he had drank any of the Tea? The Boy resolv'd her, he had drank two Dishes. I found, by her extravagant Exclamations, there was something extraordinary in the Affair, and soon found we were both poison'd. In my Rage, I drew my Sword, and made her partake of the same bitter Cup, more than once, then lock'd her in that Closet, where I have heard no Stirring

William Gwin Vaughan, Esq; III

ring these three Hours; perhaps the Period of her wicked Life is come, for I find my own approaching. Dear Brother, I have very little to say, the rugged Hand of Death has seiz'd me. Pray keep this Story secret, if 'tis possible; and be a Father to my dear Boy. He wou'd have said more, but the Pangs of Death stop'd his Tongue, and his Eyes clos'd for ever. The mournful Sight drove me into such a furious Passion, that I drew my Sword in order to sacrifice the Author of our Misfortune; but when I open'd the Closet-Door, there was not any Body to be found. Searching about, I perceiv'd some Linnen ty'd to the Foot of your Father's Escritoire, which hung out of the Window; going to see how she had made her Escape, I perceived her Body lie breathless under the Window, upon the Ground, with her Brains on a large Stone, the only one, I believe, in the whole Garden. The Linnen, I find, broke about a Foot below the Sash she went out at. She has suffer'd by the Hand of Heaven, 'tis true; but we have lost a Brother and a Father by her Wickedness, who impos'd upon our easy Natures. Come, my dear Son (for I now must call you so) and comfort me for this irreparable Loss; nothing but your Sight can assuage my Grief. Come, and take Possession of a Fortune that can over-balance

lance that of Isabella's; let us mingle our Tears together, to moisten the Ashes of your good Father's Grave. But grieve not too much, my Child, for fear you should endanger that Life, which is intirely wrapt up in yours. I have conceal'd our Misfortunes as much as possible, and the Coroner, my Friend, has brought in the Affair, Accidental Death; and the World is impos'd on in such a manner, that they imagine there was not any Design in the melancholy Story. The Relation has so much dispirited me, that I have hardly Strength to subscribe myself

Thy dear Uncle and Father, &c.

P. S. All thy Brothers are gone to Eternity before thy Father, except thy Brother Jonathan, whom we have not heard any News from these Seven Years, and we may reasonably suppose, he rests in Peace in the Grave.

This Letter put me out of Love with Life; and my good Governor gave me that Comfort, he had formerly receiv'd from me; but had it not been for the Consideration of my Uncle, and my divine Isabella, I believe I should have call'd Death to my Aid. The Letter I receiv'd from her, gave me some Consolation; it was wrote in such a touching manner

manner for my Loss, with the Lamentation of her whole Family, and her Dependance on my Life and Love, that I resolv'd to live, if it was but to thank her for her Tenderneſs; tho' I muſt own I felt the utmoſt Concern in the Loſs of that conſolative Epiſtle. It was three whole Days, before I inquired for the young Gentleman that brought me the Packet. But what was my Surprize, when my Governor brought him to ſee me, and at the ſame time told me, in that young Gentleman I beheld his amiable *Eliza*! I forgot all my Sorrows at ſo unexpected a Rencontre, and my Heart overflow'd with an inexpressible Joy on the behalf of my Governor. I cou'd hardly believe my Senſes. What, cry'd I, dead, and reviv'd again! I muſt own, reply'd the charming *Eliza*, my Story is a little Romantic: But the Obligations my Lover has receiv'd from you, ſhall prevail upon me to relate that Part of it, which you are a Stranger to; and tho' I ought to bluſh at this Transformation, I am ſure you will forgive me, when you know it proceeds from Love.

After our Ill-fortune had ſeparated us, a Gentleman of a great Eſtate, related to *Clerimont*, renew'd his fulſome Addreſſes to me, and tho' of a different Religion, my Father

gave his cruel Consent, and the Day was fixt for our Nuptials: By the Advice of a Female Acquaintance, I drank a Sleeping-Draught, which depriv'd me, seemingly, of all the Faculties of Life. When the intended Bridegroom came, he was very easy under his Disappointment, and said to one of his Servants (loud enough to be heard by my Father) Pox on't! this had been lucky enough, *Dick*, if she had staid till the Day after our Wedding. Very true, reply'd the Servant, the Wedding-Sheets and the Shroud, are the best Linnen can be put on a Woman. And the sooner she changes, return'd the Master, the better. Then, with a Horse-Laugh, without taking any Leave, they rid away.

My Father was very much incens'd at his brutal Behaviour, and, as I found afterwards, repented his Usage of me. He prepared a magnificent Funeral, but I spar'd him the Trouble, in coming to Life again; and, I must own, never receiv'd any Testimony of his Tendernefs before: He caress'd me with all the Love expected from a Parent, vowing never more to force my Inclination; and spoke several favourable things of my dear *Elerimont*. But, alas! the Funeral he had taken such Pains to furnish out for me, prov'd

in some sort for himself; for, two Days after my Revival, leaning over a Balcony, to give some Directions to the Workmen in the Garden, it gave way, and he fell, never to rise again in this World.

The fatal Accident (notwithstanding I was a free Woman, and Mistress of a plentiful Fortune) gave me unspeakable Discontent; for by his Behaviour to me, I began to revive the Love and Duty which his former Severity had almost kill'd. After I had perform'd the Funeral Rites, I began to think of my dear *Clerimont*; and being inform'd by his good Uncle, he had wrote him an Account of my supposed Death, took a Resolution of undeceiving him myself; therefore embark'd for *Barcelona* in a Ship of my own (since my Father's Death) as a Passenger, unknown to any one, after settling my Affairs at home. I soon found you out, and had the Pleasure of seeing the deep Melancholy growing in the Face of my Lover. I embark'd with you for *Genoa*, without discovering myself, or ever appearing before him, but in the Night, to observe his Sighs. Going to the Post-House here, I found that fatal Packet directed for you, and took that Opportunity to wait on you; tho' had I understood the Contents.

tents of it, I should not so readily have brought it. Last Night I reveal'd myself to *Cleriment*, for I cou'd no longer bear his Sorrows; and to-day he has brought me to pay you the Thanks suitable to your Goodness; but, as I have not Words sufficient, I beg you would take even my Silence for the Force of Eloquence working in my Mind. That shou'd be my Task, reply'd my Governor; but I am as incapable as you; for I find the Torrent of Joy pour'd so unexpectedly in upon me, has made such a Revolution in my Soul, that my Body is not able to bear the Transport: Therefore, dear Sir, think yourself, what a grateful Heart wou'd say, and imagine my Thanks.

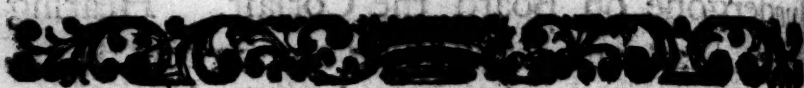
The good Fortune of these happy Lovers, was the Balm to the extreme Sorrow I felt. I was resolv'd to return for *England* with my Governor and his Mistress, in the first Vessel of our Country that was ready; but at last, it was agreed to travel by Land, for the better Conveniency of *Eliza*.

While we were providing for our Journey, a Galley of *Genoa* arriv'd, with a Corsair of *Barbary* she had taken, after a bloody Resistance. There were six and Thirty Slaves redeem'd from a wretched Captivity they had under-

undergone on Board the Corfair. Hearing there was one *Englishman* among 'em, I resolv'd to relieve him, and carry him home along with me, after his hard Sufferings. My Governor went, according to my Desire, and brought him to me. At first Sight, I was struck with a Tendernefs I cou'd not give any Account for ; but after a little Conference, I found it was my Brother *Jonathan*, who had been absent above Eight Years. I never consider'd, I had met with one that wou'd take some part of my Fortune from me ; but the Joy I receiv'd in relieving an only Brother from Misery, gave me the utmost Satisfaction. He gave me his History in the following manner.



THE



THE
HISTORY
OF

Mr. JONATHAN VAUGHAN.

YOU were so young, my dear Brother, when I left my Father's House, in order to make a Campaign in *Flanders*, that I believe you can hardly remember it. My Brother *Richard*, and I, were both Cadets at the Siege of *Namur*; and tho' we behav'd our selves, perhaps, with Courage enough, we gain'd nothing more than several dangerous Wounds, that confin'd us to our Quarters longer than we desir'd; for our glorious Monarch, King *William*, took that Place, held before as impregnable, while we had the Mortification of being under the Surgeon's Hands.

When we had Strength enough to go to the Field, the Campaign was ended; and our
Money

Money falling short, we cou'd not provide Neecessaries to embark for *England* with the King, without making Figures below our Birth; we wrote to our Father, laying before him our Neecessities, and had 50 *l.* paid us by a Banker of *Amsterdam*. With this small Pittance, we had the disagreeable News of my Father's Second Marriage; and a scurvy Hint, that Money wou'd not be so ready for the future. This put us almost out of our Senses, for 50 *l.* would not go far, with a couple of young Fellows just coming into the World, that were oblig'd to live like Gentlemen. However, to make the best on't, we discharg'd our Servants, sold our Horses, with some part of our unnecessary Equipage, and rais'd our Bank to a Hundred Pistoles; With this small Stock we embark'd for *Ireland*, where we were inform'd our King intended to be at the Head of his Troops, early the following Spring; for it was strongly reported, the Rebels had gather'd together a formidable Army there. But meeting an *Englisch* Vessel in the Channel, this News was contradicted. They gave us an Account of the Assassination-Plot, and that every thing was quiet in *Ireland*. This put an end to all our Hopes of getting Employment; therefore we intended

intended to Land in *England*, and steer our Course homeward ; but Providence intended otherwise.

The fifth Day after we put to Sea, we discover'd the *Lizard*, and a *French Privateer* at the same time. We had but ten Men, besides seven Passengers, and four Guns ; therefore made all the Sail we cou'd to avoid 'em, but to no purpose ; we fought 'em briskly for half an Hour ; but losing three of our Sailors, and two of our Passengers, among whom our poor Brother *Richard* lost his Life (whose Death had almost ended mine) we surrendred, and were carried Prisoners to *St. Malo's* *. By good Fortune, I had conceal'd the best part of our Money in the Waistband of my Breeches ; and the Captain seeing my Grief for the Loss of my dear Brother, prevented my being search'd, restoring me all our little Equipage, and us'd me with a tender Friendship. When we landed,

* *St. Malo, Maclovipolis, Aletha, Maclovie*, is a Sea-Port in the Province of *Bretagne* in *France*. It is built upon a small Island, join'd to the main Land by a large Bridge. Tho' the Town is not large, it is well-peopled, strong, and rich by Traffic. From this Port, in time of War with *England* or *Holland*, many Privateers are sent to infest the *English* Channel.

I was not imprison'd with the rest of our unfortunate Men, but was almost compell'd to live with the Captain. I freely own'd to him the Money I conceal'd, but he would not touch a Penny.

I wrote several Letters to my Father, wherein I acquainted him with my hard Fortune, and the Death of my poor Brother; begging him to relieve me from my Misfortunes, by paying my Ransom, which I had agreed with my Captain for Three Hundred Crowns: I cou'd have satisfy'd him with what little Money I had, but he refus'd it, telling me, he wou'd stay till it was sent me by my Friends, that he might have more of my Company. I receiv'd but one Letter to the many I sent, and that gave me Hopes I shou'd have the Money I wrote for, by the first Opportunity; but I waited in painful Expectation near a Twelvemonth, to no purpose and my little Stock was almost spent; besides, my Cloaths were pretty well wore out, and I began to fear I shou'd want common Necessaries.

My Captain continu'd very kind to me, notwithstanding the Reason he had to the contrary; nay, offer'd me my Freedom on my bare Word, but my Heart wou'd not let

me accept it. At last, he press'd me to go to Sea with him ; but I told him, Whatever Obligations I had to him, I hop'd he wou'd excuse me, if I refus'd to fight against my own King and Country. I might have enter'd into the Service of a Nobleman, but my Spirit wou'd not permit me. I must own, I had a Longing Desire to signalize myself by the Sword, and an Opportunity happen'd some time after, that seem'd to favour my Design.

The *French* fitted out a Fleet of Ships to bombard *Tunis* *, under the Command of the Chevalier *Fourbin*, a Gentleman well experienc'd in Maritime Affairs. I was recommended to the Captain of the *Superbe* by my Friend, who receiv'd me very cordially.

When we arriv'd at *Tunis*, we bombard'd it for six Days, and almost reduc'd it to Ashes. There were several Merchant-Ships

* *Tunis*, is a City and Sea-Port upon the Coast of *Barbary*, govern'd by a *Bey*, or *Dey*, tho' subservient to the Emperor of *Constantinople*. It is large, strong, and very well Peopled. Their chief Riches consist in their Corsairs, who generally take all the Vessels of what Nation soever, tho' perhaps at Peace. It is seated in a Plain, near the Lake *Barbasueco*, nine Leagues from the Ruins of the ancient *Carthage*.

within the Bar, that the Corfairs had taken from several Nations; one, we were inform'd was richly laden. With our Captain's Consent, I took fifteen Men, well arm'd; and in the middle of the Night we row'd into the Harbour, under the Mouths of their Cannon, cut her Cable, and brought her off. But the Ship's Sails being taken off the Yards, we were oblig'd to tow her away with our Long-Boat; the whole Bulwarks thunder'd upon us incessantly, and at last an unlucky Shot tore to pieces our Long-Boat. What became of the rest of the Men, I know not, for never having learnt to swim, I soon lost my Senses.

By the Beams of the Morning-Sun, I began to open my Eyes, and perceiv'd I was cast upon a Ridge of Sand, that the Tide of Ebb had left uncover'd, under a Rock at the Back of the Town, yet out of Sight, either of the Ships or Harbour, tho' I cou'd hear the *Moors* Voices above me. I was very faint, and found it difficult to rise; but I recover'd some Strength, when I had disgorg'd the vast Quantity of Sea-Water I had swallow'd. By good Fortune, I had a small Brandy-Bottle in my Pocket, that was of great Service in reviving my Spirits.

I began to walk, but, to my great Grief, found I had above two Miles to go, upon the Sand, before I cou'd come to an Opening of the Country ; and, to add to my Misfortune, the Tide was flowing very fast, so that if I did not make haste, it wou'd overtake me before I cou'd get away. Judge then, my Distress ; if I staid where I was, I must have inevitably been drown'd ; and if I went on, I had no Hopes but of being a miserable Slave.

I walk'd as fast as I cou'd, tho' Heaven knows, with a heavy Heart : Yet, sometimes, I thought as I was an *Englishman*, it might be of some Advantage to me ; and therefore form'd a Story in my Mind, that I hop'd wou'd prevent my falling into Slavery.

When I had got off the Sand, I perceiv'd the Country about me was chiefly Gardens ; but being fatigu'd thro' Heat, and Weakness, I was oblig'd to sit down under a high Wall of Reeds, design'd for a Fence to a Garden behind me. Under this Shade, my Sorrows and Reflexions brought Sleep upon me, whether I wou'd or no, for I strove to resist it ; but was soon (I believe) awak'd by Dirt and Weeds that were thrown upon me out of the

Gar-

Garden behind. The Surprize made me cry out, upon the Instant I heard People call out to me, as I suppos'd, in the *Moorish* Language, tho' I cou'd not understand 'em. I got up, and walk'd on, and immediately was met by four *Moorish* Gardeners, as I imagin'd by their Implements. I went submissively up to 'em, tho' I perceiv'd they were in some Consternation, by their Faces. We talk'd together, tho' we could not understand one another. At last, one of 'em went from the rest, and return'd in a few Minutes with two more ; one of 'em seem'd to be their Master, by his Habit ; and the other was a *Spanish* Slave. I understood enough of that Language, by the help of my *Latin*, to let him into the Knowledge of my being an *Englishman*. When their Master found that, an *English* Youth, about thirteen or fourteen Years of Age, was sent for. This Boy, as I was inform'd afterwards, was taken in an *English* Vessel when he was about nine Years of Age, going to *Maryland* with his Parents, who both dy'd with Grief at their Misfortune, and the Lad was prevail'd upon to turn *Mabometan*. I told him I was an *Englishman*, taken Prisoner by the *French*, and made my Escape from 'em in the Night, in one of their Boats, a-

lone; but being unacquainted with the Coast, was thrown upon the Sand-Bank. The *Moor* order'd me to be ask'd, if I understood the *Mathematicks*, or *Navigation*; or whether I had any Friends at *Tunis*? I reply'd, as to the *Mathematicks*, I had no Knowledge of them, as being design'd for the Land-Service. But I hop'd every *Englishman* wou'd be a Friend to their wretched Countryman, in Distress. I added, I did intend to apply to the Consul at *Tunis*. But the *Moor* inform'd me, the *English* Consul, and most of their Merchants, had abandon'd the City, on account of its being bombarded by the *French*.

In short, I found by all his Discourse, he intended me for one of his Slaves. It wou'd avail me nothing to reason with him, therefore I was forc'd, through a fatal Necessity, to accept of my Chains as chearfully as I could. I was taken into the House through the Garden, with some seeming Civility, and had a comfortable Supper, if my Sorrows had not spoil'd my Stomach; tho' I eat and slept alone, upon a Bed made of Rice Straw. But alas! Reflexion brought ten thousand Daggers to my Heart, and Rest was almost a Stranger for many Days.

My

My Master never troubled himself about the Siege. Yet I had the Curiosity to inquire of the *English* Lad, how things went, and had some Pleasure to hear, that the Ship we got out of the Mole, was safe in the *French* Fleet.

My chief Business, at first, was to look after three *Arabian* Horses, that belong'd to my Master; and I happen'd to do my Business so well, that he gave me some Encouragement; and his Son (about Seventeen) would be never out of my Company.

In three Months Time, I made a very good Progress in the *Moorish* Tongue, I could make shift to talk with my Master in his own Language. I begg'd the Favour of him to let me see the City of *Tunis*, but he would not let me stir out of his House. The *French* Fleet did not stay long after my unfortunate Accident; but I learnt by the Boy, they had reduc'd the City almost to Ruins. The Reason of my Master's not permitting me to go into *Tunis*, was (as I suppos'd) for fear I should meet with some Merchants that might procure me my Freedom.

Understanding I could play a little on the Flute, he procur'd me several very good ones, with which I had the Misfortune to please him

more than I desired. But alas ! What is Musick to a Wretch that every Moment long'd for Liberty ? or with what Fancy could I touch the Instrument, when my Thoughts were ever fixt upon my hard Fate ? However, I was the more esteem'd by him ; and I must confess, if all their Slaves were us'd as I was, they could have nothing to trouble them, but their want of Liberty. But Liberty's the Salt of Life, and nothing can relish without it, or supply its Place.

My Master liv'd a luxurious, idle Life, as all the *Moors* do, that have not Employments. All his Time was spent in Eating, Drinking, Praying, Sleeping, performing the Ablution *, or visiting his Wives : They were five in Number ; but I can't describe their Beauty, never having an Opportunity to see their Faces ; but their Shape and Air seem'd very inviting. I often saw some of 'em at a distance, in the Garden, with their Faces veil'd, for none of the Slaves are allow'd to speak to

* The Ablution, is a Washing which the *Turks* and *Moors* perform, after they think themselves polluted by the Conversation of Women, Sleeping, doing the Effects of Nature, touching a Christian, or a Drop of Wine spilt on their Garments ; nay, some are so superstitious, never more to wear those Garments.

them,

them; or even to come near enough to do it, would be an unpardonable Crime.

I began now to think, all Hopes of seeing my own Country were over with me; for I cou'd not find the Means of sending a Letter to my Father in *England*. All the Consolation I had in my Misery, was, that my Master never importun'd me on the Account of my Religion. I spent four Years in my terrible Servitude, for I always thought it so, notwithstanding my favourable Usage. In the beginning of the fifth Year of my wretched Slavery, my Master dy'd, and his Son took Possession of his Father's Fortune. I began now to feel the Hopes of Freedom revive in my Soul again, for the young *Moor* seem'd to have some Friendship for me. But alas! I found, to my terrible Consternation, he was possess'd with the most hateful Passion Man can be guilty of. He soon alter'd his Usage of me, when I let him know, I would rather suffer Death, than comply with his infamous Desires. I can hardly mention it without Blushing. His ill Treatment, upon that Account, plung'd me into Despair; for, to be reveng'd on me, he not only put me upon the most servile Offices, but I often suffer'd the

Bastinado *. I believe, if I could have procur'd any Weapons, I should have cut him in pieces, and put an end to my own Anguish by a voluntary Death.

The young *English Mabometan* often gave me some Consolation, by mingling Tears with me; but alas! that Tenderneſs was all he could give me, and that very ſecretly. My Miſeries increas'd upon me, and I begg'd the Youth to procure me a Doſe of *Opium*, that I might ſink into an eternal Sleep, and loſe my Life and Miſery together; but I could not prevail upon him.

My new Maſter of a Month after the Death of his Father, was oblig'd to take a Journey to look after the Eſtate that was left him. I knew not how far he was to go, but I was inform'd, his Affairs would keep him in the Country Forty Days at leaſt; ſo I reſolv'd, in that Time, to make ſome Attempts to eſcape, tho' I loſt my Life.

* The *Baſtinado*, is a Number of Blows, with a thick Cudgel, on the Soles of the Feet, which ſometimes makes the Sufferer incapable of walking many Days. The *Moors* not only puniſh Slaves that way, but *Mabometans* alſo, when they are guilty of Theft, and not able to return what they ſtole.

When he was gone, I had little Business to do, and was well us'd; for even the *Moorish* Servants were concern'd for my barbarous Treatment. When they had an Opportunity, they would come to hear me play on the Flute, and always bring something to make merry with.

One Evening an old Woman came to me, before the rest of the Servants, and gave me a Letter, which I open'd, and, to my Surprise, found the following Words in *English*:

S I R,

THO' I write to you in English, I am a Moor by Birth, and Daughter to the illustrious Fontimama (that was the Name of my old Patron.) While he was alive, I was contented with my Condition; but since the Angel of Death has taken him from me, my Brother grows most insupportably tyrannous. In short, I have heard your Story, and pity'd you, before I was capable of Love; but now I have seen you, tho' in Disguise, last Night, unknown to you, or any one but the Bearer of this, I must confess myself absolutely yours, if we can join our Hands in the holy Bands of Wedlock.

I know

I know you'll be surpriz'd, when I tell you, tho' all my Friends are Followers of Mahomet, yet I am a sincere Christian in my Heart, without Baptism; and my manner of being one, I shall let you know. Mustapha, the Name of the English Youth that lives in our House, taught me to speak your Language before I was seven Years old, by the Command of my late Father; as also to write your way. When I had learnt all that Mustapha cou'd teach me, my Father procur'd me many Books in the English Tongue: I read the mall; some I translated into Morisco, to divert my Father; among them were several Books of your Holy Law (though unknown to any one) which I perus'd at first out of Curiosity only, but found so much sound Truth, and pure Divinity, that I began to abhor the Absurdities of the Alcoran, and by degrees, I hope I am come to a State of Salvation, thro' the Blood of your Prophet, that suffer'd on the Cross to save his Followers, that truly believe in him. The sensual Paradise I abhor, painted by Mahomet only to beguile his voluptuous Adherents.*

* The *Turks* and *Moors* write from the right Hand to the left.

William Gwin Vaughan, Esq; 133

I have found several Stories in your Books of the Forwardness of Moorish Women ; but, believe me, dear Englishman, I hope I shall never carry any thing but virtuous Inclinations in my Heart, which ever shall be yours.

P. S. *I will take an Opportunity, in the Absence of my Brother, to converse with you, for I would willingly have you owe your Sense of the Obligation to something else than bare Hopes of your Freedom, which we will concert when I see you ; and, let your Condition be what it will, I hope to bring a Dowry (I mean a worldly one) that is lawfully my own, to keep us above Want. Think favourably, and*

Adieu, my Soul.

Imagine, dear Brother, the Pleasure that fill'd my Mind at the Reading of this Letter; but I must own they proceeded from the Hopes of my Liberty, for Love had never yet laid hold of my Heart.

In the Evening, when the Servants came about me as usual, they were amaz'd to find me so merry. I sung several *Moorish* Love-Songs, that I had learnt among 'em, for their Language is very Poetical ; and several *Eng-lish*

lish ones, that touch'd upon my own Circumstances, which very much delighted 'em. In short, we spent the Evening in Pleasure and Mirth.

I went to rest with a Mind far more at Ease than usual ; but had not slept long, before I was awak'd with a gentle Rapping at my Cell Door. When I open'd it, I perceiv'd the *old* Matron that brought me the Letter. Come, said she (in the *Moorish* Language, very softly) put on your Cloaths, and follow me from *Mabomet's* Hell, into Paradise ; I'll be your Conductor, tho' a Christian, as well as yourself. I dress'd myself, with a Confusion of Thought I had never felt before. I follow'd my Conductress, without well knowing what I was about ; and entred into a lower Room of a Summer-House, at the bottom of the Garden, in the Dark, where I heard the sweetest Voice I ever heard in my Life (the Sound went quite thro' my Soul, and set my Body in a Tremble) bid the She-Slave make fast the Door, said the Lady, and light up Tapers. She instantly obey'd, and shew'd me the most amiable young Creature, my Eyes ever beheld. I stood like one chang'd into a Statue with Admiration, and I was not able to utter a Word for some time. I kneel'd down
before

before her, and kiss'd her Sleeve *. But she gently rais'd me up, with the most obliging Smile imaginable. What, Sir, said she, must I, against the Custom of your Country, declare my Passion for you, and not have a single Word in return? I reply'd, the Sight of such an unexpected Angel, might well take all my Faculties away. Come, said she, sit down, and partake of a small Repast I have prepar'd for you, and chear your Spirits with a Cup of Wine; tho' I drink none myself (not out of any Respect to the Prophet *Mahomet*, but that I never was accusom'd to it) I know you *English* Gentlemen make it your common Drink. I begg'd to be excus'd from either, neither could I indeed, for the Sight of her, fill'd my Soul with a Profusion of Delight. [And, dear Brother, you must love, like me, before you can guess at the soft thrilling Pleasure that ran thro' my Blood.] I won't detain you with the tender things we said to each other. But sure, Novels and Romances can't produce you a Heroe that ever was so much struck at the first Sight of his

* The Sleeves of the *Turks* and *Moors* hang down very low, and by Kneeling, and Kissing them, is express'd the most profound Submission, either to Man or Woman.

adorable Mistress ; 'twas then I wore the double Chains, of Love and Bondage. In short, we exchang'd our Hearts, and gave one another Assurances of eternal Fidelity, that can never be shaken on my Part, or I believe on hers.

I must beg Leave to recover myself from this Tenderness, not altogether becoming a Man, before I can pursue the Thread of my uncomfortable Story.

Several Evenings were past thus delightfully, during the Absence of her Brother. We had many Schemes to set us at Liberty ; and at last agreed, I should have a Sufficiency from her to pay my Ransom, tho' it shou'd amount to ten thousand Crowns ; and when I had got my Liberty, she wou'd find Means to make her Escape to me. I must own, tho' it was a Proof of the Sincerity of her Love, I made many Scruples of receiving Money from her ; but she assur'd me, she wou'd make use of none but her own. She had prevail'd on her Father to settle a sufficient Fortune upon her, tho' very uncustomary, that she might ever live a single Life ; tho' her only Reason was, she never wou'd join in Marriage with one contrary to her own Religion ; and her Father being infinitely fond of her (not know-
ing

ing her true Motive) gave into her Possession secretly, the Value of Twenty Thousand Pounds, *English* Money, besides several rich Jewels. The Thoughts of so much unexpected Happiness, gave another Turn to my Looks, which I could not hide; but I made the Servants and Slaves believe, the Absence of my Master occasion'd the Alteration.

A *Jew* was pitch'd upon to transact the Affair, who are a sort of People in that Country, us'd to all manner of Business, and of the utmost Secrecy, when Money ties up their Tongues. This *Jew* was to bargain with my Master for my Freedom, as cheap as he cou'd, and to have two hundred and fifty Crowns, when the Affair was compleated. He knew nothing of *Fatima* (that is the Name of my divine Mistress) for the Bargain was made by the old Woman.

One Day, when I was pleasing myself with the Thoughts of my coming Happiness, my Master arriv'd, even twenty Days before he was expected. The Moment he came in, I was order'd before him. Here, said he, in the *Arabian* Tongue (to a *Moor* that was with him) is the surly Slave I told you of, he's yours now, use him like a Dog, as he deserves! and take him from my Sight this Moment.

ment. Upon the Instant, I was loaden with Chains, and by several Slaves, forc'd to follow my new Master. I was in such a Surprise, that I had not open'd my Mouth, till we had got a good distance from the House. I then desir'd submissively, to speak to him. I inform'd him there was Money come from my Friends, and now in the Hands of *Ben Addi the Jew*, to pay for my Ransom. He told me, he would talk with me about it when he came back from his Voyage. I was thunder-struck at his Answer, and endeavour'd to soften him, but in vain, for we never stopt till we came on Board a Galley that lay in the Road of *Tunis*, and in two Hours afterwards put to Sea.

As soon as I came on Board, I was chain'd to an Oar, and if I did not do as I shou'd do, I was taught with many unmerciful Blows. I endeavour'd to put an end to my miserable Life, with my Irons, but was prevented with another Chastisement. The Thoughts of my dear *Fatima*, made me more outrageous, and I was resolv'd to starve myself to Death. I exclaim'd against Fortune, my old Master, and my new one, in the *Moorish* Language, in hope it might provoke the latter to put an end to my Life. But instead of that, he came

to me, desiring I wou'd have Patience; telling me, I'll treat with you for your Ransom now; and I swear by *Mahomet*, when I come back, and you pay me what I agree with you for, you shall that Moment have your Liberty. This Promise compos'd me a little, for the *Moors* never falsify their Words, when they swear by their Prophet. I begg'd his Pardon for the Rudeness of my Tongue, and promis'd to do my Duty quietly for the future. We agreed for Five Hundred Crowns, and I proffer'd him Fifty more if he wou'd release me from my hard Labour. He told me he cou'd not do that, because he should want one to supply my Place: He farther added, if I cou'd strike up a Bargain with any of the Sailors, and do what I could in the Room of the Person that wou'd undertake it, he wou'd freely give his Consent; but not one of the *Moors* would listen to the Proposal; at last, the Gunner's Mate agreed with me for Twenty Crowns, provided I wou'd reassume my Oar when we came to any Engagement. The Bargain being struck, my Chains were taken off, and I agreed with the Captain, my Master (who was a *Sicilian* Renagado) to eat at his Table for the other Thirty Crowns. This wou'd not have been comply'd with, had he

he been a natural *Moor*, for they never eat with the Christians ; but Renegadoes are not so scrupulous.

We were out two Months, before we met with any Ship of *Europe* ; but near the Coast of *Alicant*, we encounter'd an *English* Merchant-Ship, that prov'd too hard for us, disabling our Galley, and killing and wounding above Fifty of our Men ; so that at last, our Captain thought fit to give over the Attempt. He resolv'd to go back to *Tunis*, to refit. But the next Day, a violent Storm took us, which, lasting eight Days, we were drove out of our Course ; and when it abated, we found ourselves near the Island of *Corfica*. Several Renegadoes advis'd the Captain to make a Descent, and seize some of the Inhabitants, in order to better their Voyage, which he comply'd with ; tho' much to my Sorrow, to be so long absent from *Tunis*.

Turning a Point of Land, we discover'd a Galley of *Genoa*, preparing, in a great Hurry, to attack us ; we endeavour'd to get away, but to no Purpose, for they came up with us, and after a desperate Engagement, took us, tho' with great Loss on both Sides ; neither do I believe we had submitted, if our Captain had not been kill'd ; for, I think, I never saw a
Man

Man behave himself with more Courage and Conduct, when he found there was no avoiding the Engagement.

Thus, my dear Brother, I have gain'd my Freedom from the Chains of Bondage. And sure, never any Prisoner rejoic'd less at his Liberty, than I do; and if I had not met with you, that gives me all the Joy I am capable of feeling, without my dear *Fatima*, I believe my Sorrows wou'd have made an end of my miserable Life. Nay, as it is, I can never be happy without her. We condol'd with my Brother some time, at his melancholy Relation; and I must confess, I felt so much, that my Heart prompted me to think of attempting to bring off the Object of his Desires. When I communicated my Thoughts to my Brother, he was transported. We were several Days, before we cou'd light upon a Project that seem'd reasonable. At last, we determin'd to hire a *Tartane*, and engage about a Dozen resolute Men, who shou'd be all disguis'd in *Moorish* Habits. We got a broad flat-bottom'd Boat built on purpose, something like our Ferry-Boats in *England*, only with higher Sides, and not so heavy. With these, we intended to sail for *Tunis*, anchor

as

as near as we cou'd to the long Sand-Bank behind the Rocks, my Brother mention'd, where he was thrown out of the Long-Boat; then with our flat-bottom Boat, land as near the House of *Fatima's* Brother, as we cou'd, and bring her away by Force.

My Brother and Governor lik'd the Design very well, and wou'd make one in it, even with the Consent of the fair *Eliza*, who was resolv'd her dear *Clerimont* shou'd partake of whatever Fortune befell us; nay, it was hardly in our Power to prevent her going along with us. We hir'd a Vessel, and got our Boat ready, but we had much Difficulty to get Men; some of the Slaves were solicited (I mean, those that were set at Liberty with my Brother) but none wou'd venture near the *Barbary* Coast again, willingly. At last, by great Rewards, I pickt out Seven *Englishmen*, and Four *Genoese*, that promis'd to sacrifice their Lives for us.

We embark'd with a favourable Wind, and arriv'd in the Latitude of *Tunis* in twelve Days; but we did not think it proper to come too near till it was dark. When Night appear'd, we made for the Shore, and anchor'd within half a Mile of the Sand; then getting our flat-bottom'd Boat out, my Brother, my

Go-

Governor, myself, and Nine of our Men, got into it, every one arm'd with two Brace of Pistols, a Cutlass, and a short Dagger; but we were not got above half a Mile from the Ship, ere we struck on the Sands; tho' we suffer'd no Damage, because the Sea was very calm. But the Tide flowing, our Boat floated again in half an Hour. When we came near the Shore, we left off Rowing, and set her forward with Poles got for that Purpose, that we might not be discover'd by the Noise of our Oars. We soon landed at the Place my Brother purpos'd; two of our Men we left to secure the Boat, and keep her even with the Water, as the Tide ebb'd away. We then set forward, led by my Brother. When we came near the Place, a great Mastiff Dog open'd so loud, that he might be heard even to the City of *Tunis*. But my Brother being foremost, and knowing him, call'd him by his Name; but the poor Creature's Joy to see him, was almost as loud as his Barking.

In short, the House was alarm'd, for we cou'd see Torches waving too and fro in the Garden. However, we encourag'd one another, and went boldly on to the Gate. Just as we came to it, it flew open, and a young *Moor* flew from us like Lightning. We did
not

not care to lose time in pursuing him, but press'd in, still following my Brother, who led us into the very Court-yard. The first he met seem'd to be a Person of Distinction, by the Richness of his Dress. He was follow'd by seven or eight Servants. When he came up to my Brother, he made a Stop, and some Words passing between 'em, in the *Moorish* Tongue, the *Moor* immediately fir'd a Pistol at him. We thought we had no Time to lose, but fell upon 'em like so many Furies, kill'd two 'or three of 'em, and immediately dispers'd the rest. But as we were following my Brother into the House, we perceiv'd him faint, and fall Speechless upon the Ground. While we were examining his Wound, a lovely young Creature came running to us, all in Disorder, crying in *English*, If you are Christians, protect me. I did not doubt but this was the fair *Fatima*, by her extraordinary Beauty, and speaking *English*; therefore order'd my Brother, who was shot quite thro' the Thigh, to be put in a Wheel-barrow, and immediately carry'd to the Boat. We had put our Handkerchiefs into the Wound, and stopt the Bleeding, but he had not recover'd his Senses. We immediately follow'd, with the amiable Christian *Moor*, but were forc'd

forc'd to turn about to defend ourselves against the Person that fir'd at my Brother, and his Slaves that he had once more rally'd. He call'd to us in a prodigious Fury, but we understood him not. He made a Stroke at my Head with his Scimitar, that wou'd have infallibly ended my Days, if I had not receiv'd it on the Hilt of my Sabre; but I ended his Fury, by shooting him dead at my Feet.

The Slaves, seeing their Master fall, ran yelling back again into the Garden. I took up his Scimitar, and made the best of my way after our People. When we came to our Boat, we push'd away, as fast as ever we cou'd, for there was no Time to be lost; we cou'd easily perceive the City was alarm'd, by the firing of several Guns, and the Lights that gleam'd over the Points of the Rocks. We imagin'd the young *Turk* that rush'd out of the Garden, when we were going in, had given Notice to the City, which we suppos'd to be the young *English Mabometan*, my Brother mention'd in his Relation.

One of the Two, we left to look after the Boat, was a *Genoesè* Surgeon, who immediately dress'd my Brother's Wound, as well as he cou'd in the Dark, but he cou'd not assure me, whether there was any Danger or no,

till he came to have Light enough to examine it more circumſpectly.

The Confuſion we were all in, did not permit us to take Notice of a young *Moor* that was in the Boat with us. I ask'd the Surgeon, and the other *Genoeſe*, that were left to look after the Boat, how the Youth came there? He told me, not long after we landed, he walk'd after us, to liſten if he cou'd hear any thing, and perceiving this young Spark coming towards him, with a great deal of Precipitation, he thought it was his beſt way to ſecure him, for fear he might alarm the Country. I was loth, continu'd the Surgeon, to fire upon him, not knowing but there might be People near us, therefore reſolv'd to engage him with my Cutlaſs; but as I was going to aſſault him, he fell upon his Knees, and ſpoke in ſuch a beſeeching Accent (tho' I did not underſtand a Word of his Diſcourſe) that I cou'd not have the Heart to hurt him; therefore ſecur'd him in the Boat, and in the Hurly-burly quite forgot him; for, I think, his ſeeming Innocency, and his Tears, which have never ceas'd ſince he has been with us, wou'd have prevail'd upon me to have ſet him at Liberty.

I ſpoke

I spoke to him in *Lingua Franca* *, and *Italian*, all the Tongues I am Master of, but he did not understand me.

All this time my Brother lay Senseless, and his Condition almost brought me to Despair; but the Surgeon comforted me, by telling us, as soon as we came on Board, he had Cordials that wou'd restore him, for he assur'd me he was not dead. I comforted the Fair *Fatima* (as I thought her to be) as well as I could; but judge my Surprise, when she gave me such Answers, that assur'd me she was not her we had ventur'd our Lives for: The Knowledge of this, almost made me lose my Senses. I rav'd, and tore my Hair, and wou'd have thrown myself into the Sea, in order to swim back to the Shore, and recover her, or lose my Life: But it cou'd not be; for just as we got on Board our Vessel, we perceiv'd a *Moorish* Galley coming out of the Port; we cut our Anchor, and made all the Sail we cou'd to get from 'em; and, as if Heaven took our Parts, a brisk Gale arose,

* *Lingua Franca*, is a compound Speech, generally understood by the *Moors* on the Sea Coasts, as well as those on the Sea Coasts of *Italy*, *France*, and *Spain*, most Parts of the *Mediterranean*, the *Hellepont*, and adjacent Islands.

that was fair for our Purpose, so that when the Morning dawn'd, we lost Sight of her.

In the mean time, my Brother came to his Senses ; but when he learn'd that we had fail'd of our Purpose, he swoon'd again, and every body thought he wou'd have expir'd ; it was a full Hour before he open'd his Eyes, but then utter'd such Complaints, as melted us into Pity, that understood him. The Surgeon, my Governor, and I, were all standing about him, perswading him to be dress'd ; but he utterly refus'd it : No, said he, since my dear *Fatima* is lost for ever, 'tis in vain to think of perswading me to live. Immediately after this, we were surpris'd to see the young *Moer* rush into the Cabbin, and looking stedfastly on my Brother, give a great Shriek, and fall senseless at my Feet. My Brother, turning his heavy Eyes that way, cry'd out, Oh Heavens ! what do I see ? Why wou'd you use me thus cruelly ? We soon understood, by his Transports, that the disguis'd Youth was his lovely *Fatima*.

Our Joys were now as extravagant as our Sorrows were before. She soon came to herself, and running to the Bed where my Brother lay, fainted away again. No Words, I am sure, cou'd have the Force to discover so sincere

sincere a Passion; and we all wept for Joy, to see such Tenderneſs. It was ſome time before their Transports had Leiſure to mind thoſe about 'em; and it wou'd have continu'd longer, if the Surgeon had not let us know, it might endanger my Brother's Life. Therefore I prevail'd upon her to withdraw, while his Wound was dress'd. I then went to make my Compliments to the other Lady, who was ſtill upon Deck in the utmoſt Confuſion; for I muſt own, the Diſappointment we ſuppos'd ſhe had occaſion'd, made me entirely neglect her. I ſoon made her eaſy, and let her into ſome Part of our Story; and began to inquire, what ſtrange Fortune had brought her to thoſe Circumſtances we found her in. She related to us her ſhort Story, as follows :

Gentlemen, I am Daughter to an *Engliſh* Merchant, that has reſided upwards of Ten Years at *Leghorn*. My Father had contracted me to one of his Countrymen that liv'd at *Naples*: He came to *Leghorn* to ſee me, we lik'd each other, and were marry'd. My Husband being oblig'd to go to *Venice* by Land, I was embark'd in a *Felucca* for *Naples*; but a Storm came upon us, that drove us from

our Course. We were taken by a *Corfair* of *Tunis*, where I was sold to a young *Moor*, who intended me for his *Seraglio*. But I was resolv'd sooner to suffer Death, than yield to his Embraces. Last Night, he was resolv'd to force me, if I wou'd not comply willingly to his base Desires; and was going to execute his horrible Purpose, the Moment you enter'd the Garden; but the Cries of his Slaves alarming him, he ran to his Arms, and left me. I hearing the *English* Tongue spoke among you, hop'd you might be Christians disguis'd (as it prov'd) therefore resolv'd to put myself in your Hands, not knowing any thing of the Mistake, which Heaven has, I hope, brought to a joyful End. I shall ever acknowledge the Blessing I have receiv'd from you; and I am assur'd, both my Father and Husband will return you suitable Thanks for redeeming me from Infamy and Slavery; and if you think fit to put my Ransom at Ten Thousand Crowns, I'll engage it shall be paid, either at *Leghorn*, or *Naples*.

I let her know we were Gentlemen, above such mercenary Ends; and I shou'd think the Obligation sufficiently paid, by sending her to her Father, or Husband, which she thought fit,

fit, when we arriv'd at *Genoa*. I might have known indeed, reply'd the Lady, by your Countenances and Actions, you are not of the vulgar Strain; however, I hope you'll be so good to acquaint me who are my Preservers, that I may ever remember you in my Prayers, and wish you eternal Felicity in this World, and the next. I let her know, I wou'd take an Opportunity to satisfy her, when my Brother was out of Danger. His Hurt mended every Hour, and before we arriv'd at *Genoa*, he cou'd, with the help of a Cane, walk upon Deck in calm Weather. As we set out secretly from thence, we took care to be as secret in our returning back.

I rewarded our Men above their Expectation, tho' not more than I thought they deserv'd; for it must be own'd, our Undertaking was very hazardous, and the Success was far beyond, even my Hopes, neither had we any one that receiv'd the least Hurt, but my Brother. When I shew'd him the Scimitar of the *Moor* I had slain, he soon knew it to be that of his barbarous Master's, as he call'd him; and the fair *Fatima* cou'd not hear the Death of her cruel Brother (tho' born of different Mothers) without shedding Tears, which only shew'd the Excellency of her Na-

ture; for sure, she had Reason enough to wish his Death.

She told us, when she heard he had sold my Brother to the Captain of the Corsair, it gave her an infinite Satisfaction, for she knew those sort of Persons understood the Value of Money so well, they wou'd be easily prevail'd upon to part with any thing, for that shining Dross. I sent that very Night (said *Fatima*, relating her Story) to the *Jew*, an Account of what had befall the Slave he was to redeem, with a strict Charge to finish the Affair the next Day. The next Morning, as I was sitting alone, with all my Thoughts employ'd about my Love, and casting about my Escape, for I was assur'd of my dear *Vaughan's* Freedom, my old Slave interrupted my Meditations, with the fatal News of his being carry'd away the Night before. The Terrors I felt, took away my Senses, and I continu'd several Hours in a Swoon. When I reviv'd, my Tears flow'd incessantly, and my faithful Slave, with all her Good-nature, cou'd not give me any Consolation. It was two Days before I cou'd be prevail'd upon to take any Nourishment. But the *Jew* inform'd my old Slave, that the Corsair did not intend to make more than a Four Months Voyage; therefore
having

having some faint Hopes of seeing my Love again, I resolv'd to live till the Time was expir'd.

During that tedious Time, my Life was made more uneasy, by the barbarous Treatment of my Brother, who was resolv'd to wed me to one of his Acquaintance, that, as he often said, he might get rid of one he hated. He brought him to see me, though against the Custom of the *Moors*, and I had the Ill-fortune to please him too well. I need not tell you, that Brothers, among the *Turks* and *Moors*, have an absolute Command over their Sisters, and the Wives of their deceas'd Father. Therefore the Day was fix'd for our Nuptials, which was to have been three Days after I had made my Escape. After that barbarous Decree, my Brother gave me more Liberty than usual; therefore I had an Opportunity of conveying a *Turkish* Habit into the little Summer-House, where I had often convers'd with the Charmer of my Soul, the Key of which I had kept ever since the Death of my Father. By degrees, I carry'd all my Gold and Jewels there; and that very Night you came to relieve me, was the Night I had fix'd upon for my Escape, (first giving my old faithful Slave her Liberty, with a Sum

of Money, to make her meanly happy for the rest of her Life, even with my Brother's Consent.) I had but just dress'd myself, and secur'd my little Fortune, when I was alarm'd with a confus'd Noise of People in the Garden, and imagining they were coming to seize me, rush'd out of the Gate, and flew, as fast as my weak Limbs wou'd permit me; yet, in the Terrors of my Apprehensions, I knew not where I was going. I must own, I was very much frighted at meeting a Stranger, yet I thought it was better than falling into the Hands of any of the People of *Tunis*. I soon knew you were upon some clandestine Design; tho' every Body speaking *Italian*, I cou'd not understand what was spoke; and the Thoughts of what Fortune might attend me, gave me many terrible and uneasy Apprehensions.

The Appearance of a wounded Person, and the Sight of a *Moarish* Lady (as I took her to be, you brought along with you) soon convinc'd me you had succeeded in your Design. I did intend to discover myself to her, hoping she wou'd give me her Protection. I spoke to her in the *Arabian* Language, but was surpriz'd to find I was not understood. And immediately after, perceiving the Dis-

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content that spread itself over all your Faces, I cou'd not help endeavouring to find it out; imagining I heard *English* spoke among you, doubled my Curiosity. I need not tell you my Surprize, when I heard the Voice of my dear *Vaughan* repeat my Name, whose lov'd Accents were ever in my Ears. You saw the violent Working of my Soul, and brought me from Death to Life; a Life of Joy and Transport.

The unlook'd-for Happiness of these four Lovers, made me once more think of my own uncertain Fate, and of my dear *Isabella*, who was never from my Thoughts.

My Uncle's Intention, at first, was, that I shou'd make the whole Tour of *Italy*; but the unfortunate End of my dear Father, was the Cause of his desiring my immediate Return, as he mention'd in my last Letter; and I can't but own, maugre my Curiosity, which was very prevalent, I was pleas'd to think I shou'd see my dear *Isabella*, before the tedious Time prefix'd for my Return.

Finding no Vessel ready to carry us to *Marseilles*, where we had agreed to go by Sea, we embark'd for *Legborn*, and the rather, that we might return the Lady we had brought
from

from *Tunis*, safe among her Friends. We embark'd on Board a *Felucca*, but had the Mortification to find the young Nobleman in the Vessel, bound for *Leghorn* (the Relation of my Governor's, mention'd before.) Our Uneasiness was the more on the Account of the Fair *Eliza*, who never durst appear upon Deck, notwithstanding her Disguise, for fear of being known by him; neither wou'd my Governor once come in his Sight. And, to add to my Misfortune, I was oblig'd to share Cabbins with him, or lie upon Deck.

During our short Voyage, he seem'd good-natur'd, to a Degree; but was so officiously Talkative and Troublesome, he was hardly to be bore, ever plaguing me with Stories of his successful Amours.

I was (said he) desperately in Love with a Lady at *Genoa*, who, suspecting I had a Passion for another Woman, whom, I must own, I had an Affair with when first I arriv'd, wou'd not let me alone before I had wrote her a Letter, to convince her of my Coolness. But not understanding the *Italian* Language well enough to write my self, I was oblig'd to employ a Countryman of ours to write it for me, which I transcrib'd; and by the Consequence that follow'd (for I shou'd

thou'd have been murder'd, if I had staid any longer at *Genoa*) I believe I had not fair Play from my Friend, in the Translation. I know you are a Master of that Language, and I shou'd take it for a singular Favour, if you wou'd once more render it into *English*, that I may be a better Judge of my Countryman's Sincerity. I must own, I took it from him to translate, that I might be rid of his Company for some time. The Contents of this fine Letter were as follows :

M A D A M,

I OWN I have receiv'd Proofs of your Passion ; but what then ? Do you think a young English Traveller can be confin'd to one Woman ? No, no more than he can be satisfy'd with viewing one Country. I find myself like the Bee, willing to taste the Sweets of every Flower. And as I intend to visit the most celebrated Cities of Europe, I design to have a Mistress at every Place I come to, if it be only to learn the Difference of the various Race of Females. I own, I lik'd you the best of any Woman I ever saw, till I found one that pleas'd my Fancy better ; and now I despise you, as much as ever I lov'd you. Make yourself happy with the first Lover that addresses you, and
never

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never think of One that has forgot you long ago, till the Writing of this Letter. Time hung heavy upon my Hands; and another Reason was, I have so much Compassion for you, that I wou'd not have you think I'll ever wear your Chains again; therefore the troublesome Fetters may serve some other Fool; for none but Fools wou'd always sacrifice their Incense to one Idol, where there are so many amiable Divinities, to draw our Devotions one from another. Farewell! and be happy, if you can, without me; for I certainly am, and will be happy, without ever being

Yours, &c.

The Sense of this Letter, gave me a more despicable Opinion of the Fool that wrote it; and I must own, the Trouble I was forc'd to endure, in having his impertinent Company, gave me very much Uneasiness; for, during our Voyage, I was oblig'd to appear as a Stranger to my Brother, my Governor, and the Ladies, for fear he shou'd come to know 'em. But our Arrival at *Leghorn*, after a Voyage of Five Days, gave me some Repose; for as soon as he landed, he took a Post-Chaise for *Florence*, and rid us of his most troublesome Company: Tho' he return'd

turn'd in a Week, and went back in the same Vessel for *Genoa* again. I must own, Foreigners may justly have a Contempt for our Nation, when too many that travel, have the same Sentiments with this young Impertinent.

As soon as we landed, we conducted the Lady to her Father's House, where we found the whole Family in Mourning. We did not immediately discover her to him, but pretended our Business with him, was only to recommend us to a House, where we might reside, during our Stay in *Leghorn*. He told us, if we cou'd be contented with a melancholy Family, we might make use of his House, as if it were our own. We thank'd him for the Favour, and, by degrees, got out of him the Reason of his Mourning. My Brother, being a Man of some Mirth, told him, he believ'd, by the Art of Divination, he cou'd, in less than Five Minutes, inform him whether he shou'd ever see his Daughter again, and the Day and the Hour of their Meeting: But the Merchant express'd some Uneasiness, as imagining my Brother made a Jest of his Sorrows: Nay, Sir (said my Governor) don't look grave at what the Gentleman proposes to you, for I can assure you he
has

has an admirable Knowledge that way. What my Governor said, seem'd only to add to his Confusion. Pray, Sir, said I, tell me one Thing, is your Son-in-law here, or at Naples? Gentlemen (return'd our kind Host) I must own, you look like such, pray don't laugh at the Misfortunes of a mourning Family, whose Distress is never to be forgot; my unfortunate Son-in-law is now in the House with me, but such a Picture of Unhappiness, that cannot be look'd on without Compassion; and I fear his Death, in a very short time, will add to our Mourning. I began to think, the unexpected Sight of the Lady might be as prejudicial as their Sorrow; therefore told him, in a few Words, by degrees, the Adventure of the Lady, and fetch'd her out of a Room where she was conceal'd, and had heard all, to throw herself at his Feet. When she appear'd, he stood fix'd in Astonishment for some time; but when he was convinc'd it was his Daughter that knelt before him, the Tears of Joy gush'd out so fast, that stopt the Utterance of his Tongue. When his extravagant Transport was a little abated, he went up to his Son-in-law, and after staying some time, brought him down with him; he appear'd the very Shadow of a Human

man Form ; and notwithstanding he had been prepar'd for the tender Interview, as soon as he enter'd the Room, he sunk, speechless, into his Father-in-law's Arms. We thought it proper to retire into another Apartment, during this dumb Scene. It was some time before they came to us, but the Redundancy of their Gratitude had almost overwhelm'd us. We intended to stay but three or four Days at *Leghorn* * ; but we were press'd so obligingly

* *Leghorn*, is a Sea-Port, mention'd by *Polybius*, *Antoninus*, and the famous Roman Orator, *Cicero*. It formerly belong'd to the States of *Genoa* ; but *Cosmo de Medici*, Duke of *Florence*, exchang'd it with their State for *Serezana*. On the Key, stands that noble Statue, in Marble, of *Ferdinand I.* with four *Turkish* Slaves chain'd at each Corner of the Pedestal ; they represent an old Man, and his three Sons, who were put to Death in that Place, for attempting to run away with one of the Gallies of the State, in order to regain their Liberty.

Leghorn is a noble rich Town, of great Trade, well-fortify'd ; and a convenient safe Port, that freely opens its Arms to embrace the Merchandise of all *Europe*. Even the Outfides of many of the noble Buildings have Paintings too good to be expos'd to the Injuries of the Weather : And the Insides are so profusely decorated with Statues, Pictures, Intaglias, &c. that the Beholder wou'd imagine himself in so many Poetical Inchant'd Palaces. Their chief Trade consists of *Florence* Wine, Oil, and Anchoves. Tho' there are constantly small Vessels in the Port,

obligingly, that a whole Month pass'd away before they wou'd hear of our moving; and then with the utmost Reluctance.

We visited *Florence* *, and saw all the Rarities of the Great Duke's Repository, which

Port, laden with Wine of *Sardinia*, *Corfica*, and *Languedoc*, which is drank on Board, to avoid paying the Duty, so that each Vessel is a Public Tavern; and notwithstanding there are frequent Disorders committed, yet they go on with Impunity, and no Notice taken of 'em by the State.

* *Florence*, the Capital City of the Great Duke of *Tuscany*, was built by *Sylla* in the Year of *Rome* 673, Seventy-Six Years before the Birth of *Christ*, situated upon the River *Arno*. It justly carries the Epithet of *Fidrentia la bella*, by the *Italians* (*Florence the Fair*.) There is a noble Column, with the Statue of Justice on the Top, of which the meaner sort of Inhabitants say, *Justice is plac'd so high, that poor People cannot reach her*. By Computation, it contains 400000 Inhabitants. *Charles the Great*, in the Year of *Grace* 902, very much enlarg'd it, and built a new Wall, with the Addition of 150 Towers, 100 Cubits high: But its present Strength must consist of the Inhabitants, for the Fortifications seem more Ornamental, than Useful. A Council was held here in the Year 1439, to the Year 1442, to unite the *Greek* and *Latin* Churches. *Anno Domini* 1494, *Ferdine Savonarola*, a holy religious Man, was burnt by the *Populace*, for reprov'g the Vices of this City. *John Cimabue* was the first eminent Painter, in the Year 1200; that began to restore that noble Art, almost buried in the Ruins

is certainly one of the noblest Entertainments in the World, at least it appear'd so to me, and my Company.

When we came back to *Leghorn*, in order to prepare for our Journey, a violent Fever attack'd me, that confin'd me to my Apartment for near two Months, which I can attribute to nothing more, than the Anxiety of my Mind; and as most Fevers are attended with Deliriums, I was for ever crying out of the Infidelity of my dear *Isabella*; even when my Illness was gone, the Lowness of my Spirits gave Force to my Imagination, and those uneasy Thoughts retarded my Strength.

One Day, taking the Air upon the Water, the Master of the *Felucca* that brought us from *Genoa*, passing by in a Boat, told me, he believ'd I had left a Packet of Letters in my Cabin, which he wou'd bring me, if I wou'd give him a Direction. I did not remember I had lost any thing; however, I

Ruins of Time, which since has spread itself almost over Europe. The Trade of this Place is much decay'd, and seems now to center at *Leghorn*. The *Tuscan* Dialect is esteem'd to be the most refin'd *Italian*: but their General Pronunciation has occasion'd this *Italian* Proverb, *La Lingua Toscana in bocca Romana*: The *Tuscan* Tongue must have a *Roman* Mouth.

desired

desired he would send 'em where I lodg'd the next Day. When he brought 'em, they were seal'd up. Sir, said the *Italian*, I found they were in a Language I did not understand, and, not knowing the Consequence, I seal'd 'em up, and left 'em at my Lodgings, directed for you, or the young Gentleman that shar'd my Cabbin with you, imagining one of you wou'd search after 'em, before I return'd from *Genoa*, where I have been twice since I brought you to *Leghorn*; and if I had not met you accidentally Yesterday, I shou'd have committed them to the Flames, before I went back to *Genoa*. I thank'd him for his Civility; and opening the Packet, found they were directed for my *English* Companion, I had in the *Felucca*, against my Will. I laid 'em among my other Papers, not having any Curiosity to peruse 'em, with an Intention to give 'em the right Owner, if ever I should have the Misfortune to see him again. But when I told my Governor and Brother, at Dinner, of my Packet, they seem'd willing to know the Contents, that they might have a farther Occasion to despise the Gentleman, or at least to make themselves merry with his fine Epistles. After Dinner, we went to my Apartment, and taking

taking out the Packet, I gave it my Brother
to read. The first was as follows:

DEAR SIR,

*It is with infinite Joy I am inform'd of your
Health; and, to communicate some of that
Pleasure to you, I must acquaint you, my Father
is gone to visit the Residence of his Ancestors;
that is, in plain English, I have bury'd him
sumptuously. His Death, you know, has made
me Master of 12000 l. a Year, and the Li-
berty of pursuing my Pleasures without Restraint.
But I think it's a great Pity the Japan Law,
concerning Children, is not of Force in Eng-
land *. The old Put of a Pere, forsooth! in
his Life-time, talk'd to me of Virtue, Morali-*

* There is a Law in the Empire of Japan, or a Cu-
stom as strong as a Law, That all Fathers of any No-
bility, resign their Estates to their eldest Sons, when
they have reach'd their Twentieth Year, or Five and
Twenty at the farthest. The Fathers generally retire to
some Castle, and spend the Remnant of their Lives in
contemplating the Vanities of this World; but are al-
ways ready to give their Sons proper Advice in their
Worldly Affairs, if the Son thinks fit to ask it. Some
Fathers retire among the *Bonzies* (or Priests) and never
enter into Conversation with any of the World, despising
the Pomp and Splendor of it, ending their Days in mor-
tifying their Flesh.

ty, and I know not what Stuff. Dinning ever in my Ears, that Nobility, without Virtue, was like an eminent barren Mountain, seen, and slighted.

I have, once more, made my Addresses to Isabella, with all the glaring Equipage of Nobility and Fortune, but she's as cold as a Cucumber. But I have found out the Reason of that Coldness. It seems she's damnably in Love with that young learned Blockhead, Vaughan. I'll tell you how I came by that Knowledge. In one of my Visits at her Mother's House, I was told the young Lady had been some time in the Garden; I made no Scruple of following her. But, you must think, I was something surpriz'd to find her asleep in a retir'd Arbor, with a Letter in her Hand, from that wretched Coxcomb you and I have so often laugh'd at, who shou'd have been well whip'd by me for his Impudence, before he went from England, but that I thought it was beneath me to chastise a School-Boy.

I took away the Letter, without any manner of Ceremony, and shew'd it to her Mother and Aunt; but was very much surpriz'd, to find they had no Resentment against Vaughan, nor the Girl, for such a Discovery; tho' I found it was new to them. They both coolly told me,

Isa-

Isabella's Inclinations shou'd never be forc'd; yet
 I cou'd gain her Consent, theirs would soon
 follow. In short, there's nothing to be done
 with the young Girl; and I own, I think I
 wou'd like her, even for a Year or two. Now
 I have learnt, by Piecemeal, that Vaughan in-
 tends to travel the Way you design. If you
 meet with him, which is very likely, can't you
 recommend him to some Italian Man of Busi-
 ness? Or rather, find some Method, by Let-
 ter, to make Isabella believe, he has got him a
 Mistress in his Travels. Ay, that will do, in
 my Opinion, better. Then her Resentment may
 bring her to my Arms; for, upon second Thoughts,
 it is not quite generous to take away his Life,
 since, now I remember, he once was in some
 Danger in saving mine. Besides, if I could
 accomplish my Affair with Isabella, I don't
 know but he might be Fool enough, to hang him-
 self, and then my Revenge will be compleat. If
 you can think of some Way, you will very much
 oblige me. I shall find no Difficulty in deceiving
 Isabella. However, the sooner the better, for,
 in short, if I can't find some Method speedily, I
 must ev'n ravish her, I think, and make an
 End of the Business that way. Our Friend,
 Dick, is dead of the Surgeon; but it is his
 own Fault; I told him the Danger he was in,
 if

if he convers'd longer with the Lady you wot of in German-Street, without consulting a Surgeon; but he slighted my Advice, and therefore he has answer'd that Folly with his Life. My dear Friend, I wish you sounder Mistresses than Dick's, and hope you will remember

Yours, for ever.

The Reading of this Letter, gave me the most horrid Apprehensions my Soul ever knew. I call'd to mind the Letter I translated from the *Italian*, at the Desire of that Wretch, not doubting, in the least, but that was the Engine, made to destroy all my Peace. In the first Transports of my Fury, I said, and did the most extravagant things imaginable, to the Surprize of all the Company.

The first Letter was directed to *Paris*, and the second to *Genoa*. My Brother casting his Eyes cursorily over the second, I perceiv'd his Colour change, seeming very unwilling to read it. I snatch'd it out of his Hands, and, to my Surprize and Terror, found I was utterly destroy'd.

My

My dear Friend,

I Receiv'd your last Packet with more Transports, than I ever felt from the sweet consenting Embraces of a Mistress. I think your Policy in over-reaching that contemptible Coxcomb, Vaughan, exceeds even Machiavel, for Cunning; and I don't doubt but breathing the same Air, and being in the same Climate where that Prince of Politicians was born, inspir'd you. But I must tell you, how Fortune assisted me in carrying on the Deceit.

You know the Letter Vaughan translated, by your Instigation, was not seal'd. I, by good Fortune, was at Isabella's Mother's, where I met the Uncle of Vaughan: I took an Occasion to borrow his Seal, and with it seal'd that Letter intended for Isabella; their Arms being the same, you may be assur'd, it help'd my Design.

Two Days after this, I got trusty Roger, my cunning Dog of a Footman, to put on a Sailor's Dress, and deliver the Letter to Isabella, when I was present. I had order'd him to tell her, he receiv'd that Letter, with many others, from some English Gentlemen at Genoa. The young Lady blush'd, and trembled, when she receiv'd it, viewing the Seal very circumspectly; but the Hand of the Direction

not being the same that was expected from the Seal, she seem'd to be in the utmost Consternation: However, there was no one to make Observations upon her Looks, but myself, her Mother and Aunt being gone, some Moments before Roger came with the Letter, to dress themselves, in order to make a Visit, and Isabella was to go along with them. The young Lady went into the Garden, in order to read the dear Epistle with more Freedom, and staid so long there, that the Mother, with the Aunt, came down drest, order'd the Coach to the Door, and inquir'd after her. I told 'em, a Sailor had brought the young Lady a Letter from Genoa, from one, I suppos'd, she was very glad to hear from, for she chang'd Countenance several times, then went to the Garden to enjoy the Contents alone. The Mother and Aunt seem'd very much disturb'd at my short Story, and follow'd Isabella into the Garden, without giving me one Word in return. Some Moments after, I was a little surpriz'd, I own, to see the Aunt return in great Haste, calling to the Servants for Water, The House was all in an Uproar, and I soon understood Isabella was in a fainting Fit. This gave me some little Uneasiness, to think she lov'd another so well; yet I bury'd it soon, knowing violent Passions never last long.

Isabella

Isabella was brought in by the Servants, to Appearance, void of Life, with the Mother and Aunt weeping over her. They put her to Bed; but as fast as she recover'd out of one fainting Fit, she fell into another. In short, the Family was in so much Distraction, for several Hours, that I thought it proper to retire without Ceremony, feeding on the Hopes this Disturbance would produce.

I sent, the next Morning, to inquire of Isabella's Health, and was inform'd, she was in a violent Fever. The Messenger brought me a Note from the Aunt, that told me, her Niece was often troubled with a bad Digestion, and those fainting Fits were too common with her, yet that was the worst she ever had, &c. I own, my dear Ned, I cou'd not help smiling at the Note; but however, I found by it, they intended the true Reason should be a Secret, and, you know, it was my Interest, not to divulge it.

In about ten Days after this Affair, I ventur'd to make 'em another Visit, where I found Isabella so much alter'd, that, in reality, I pity'd her. She look'd as if she was going to her Grave; but, notwithstanding her Paleness, her Charms were as powerful as ever; and I own, I love her more and more, every time I see her.

One thing gave me infinite Pleasure at this Visit; I observ'd her Looks were not so full of Scorn, when she cast her Eyes upon me. I did not mention my Passion for several Days; but the Respect I treated her with, and the Tenderness I express'd for her melancholy Indisposition, seem'd grateful to all the Family.

When I once more mention'd my Love, Isabella only sigh'd, and shed Tears, but did not rally me, as she was wont to do. In short, I follow'd my Business so close, that the whole Family gave me their Consent, and Isabella now treats me as her future Husband. She has freely declar'd to me, the Passion she once had for Vaughan; and only begs our Nuptials may be delay'd, till she can wholly give me that Heart, the other so little deserv'd. This Declaration is no Secret, tho' the Cause is not known out of the Family. Vaughan's Uncle has been very much busy'd about some Concerns of his Brother's Family, who is lately dead, together with his Wife, and a Son of hers. And it is whisper'd in the Neighbourhood, as if some poisoning Work had been done in the Family by the Wife, tho' she has suffer'd herself. I only wish the Knowledge of it, when it reaches your raw Traveller, may prove a Mittimus to convey him into another World, for fear our Plot should

should be discover'd. However, when I have wedded Isabella, I shall take care to put Bounds to her Liberty, I mean, if my Love should continue after Wedlock, which I begin to think no impossible thing.

Vaughan's Uncle, this Morning, came to pay his Respects to the Family, as usual; but the Mother, the Aunt, and Isabella, order'd the Servants to say they were abroad. The old Gentleman return'd home, something chagrin'd. I suppose his Visits there, for the future, will be thought only a Trouble to the Family. My dear Ned, I shan't write to you any more, till our Nuptials are over, which I hope will be in two Months at the farthest. However, let me know where you intend to be, that I may be sure where my Epistle may find you. And I wish thee as happy with thy Italian Dames, as I hope to be in two Months in the Embraces of the charming Isabella: And, next to her, be assur'd to share the Heart of

Your obliged Friend and Servant,

Ec. Ec. Ec.

At the Reading of this villainous Letter, all my Fortitude, Resolution, and Philosophy left me; my disorder'd Soul whisper'd

my Heart to put an end to my wretched Being, which I had certainly done, if the Thoughts of Revenge had not bid me live. I immediately gave Orders for my Journey to *England*, but my impatient Fancy outran all Expedition ; Yet the Tumult of my Spirits, threw me into another violent Fever ; and tho' every one thought it would be certain Death, to remove from the Place where I was, yet I order'd a Litter ; and the next Morning pursu'd my Journey, attended with my Governor, *Eliza*, my Brother, the fair *Fatima*, and Servants.

Eliza, in our first Day's Journey, was taken with a sudden Indisposition, that prevented our going any further that Day. We were far from any Town, and it was with great Difficulty we found Accommodation at a little Village, a Mile from the main Road. I was agitated with so much impatient Passion, that my Friends found it a hard Task to persuade me from leaving them behind, and pursuing my Journey with my two Servants. The next Morning, *Eliza* was much better ; but, to my great Mortification, I was so weak, that I had not Strength enough to rise without Help ; yet, notwithstanding my Condition, I order'd my Litter to be got ready,

ready, but was inform'd, the Men went away with it back to *Legborn*, early in the Morning. I lost all Patience at the Disappointment, and fell out with my Friends; not doubting (tho' they deny'd it) but it was their Contrivance, to prevent my Journey during my Weakness. In short, my Illness redoubled its Attacks, and took such strong Possession of the Outworks, that it was the Opinion of every one about me, my Life could not hold out much longer. My Senses left me, and a strong Distraction seiz'd my Soul. But even in those Fits of Madness, Revenge was uppermost; for they inform'd me, when I came out of those Possessions, all my Ravings were upon *Isabella* and my Rival, threatening Death to Both.

The Place where we were, had but little Accommodation for us, even in Health, and much less for a Person in my Condition; therefore my Brother, unknown to me, apply'd himself to a neighbouring Gentleman, who freely granted us the Use of his House. I was remov'd there; and having the Advice of the best Physicians from *Florence*, my Distemper, by degrees, left me; but I still continu'd in such a weak Condition, it was impossible for me to remove, so soon as my

Impatience wou'd have me. I was well assur'd, the Time affix'd for the fatal Nuptials was elaps'd, therefore my Heart began to feel some Ease in the Resolution I had taken in the Revenging the Loss of my Love, by the Death of my hated Rival, or falling a Victim to my Misfortunes. This Hope gave me room to gather some Strength, which in a few Days increas'd so much, that I cou'd walk in the Garden, which was one of those noble ones in *Italy*, that surpass even many Princes in other Countries. But what was my Surprise! when, in a neighbouring Arbor, I heard the Voice of that Wretch, singing an *Italian* Air, who by his damnable Wiles, had prevail'd upon me to translate that Letter, which was the sole Cause of all my Misfortunes. My Fury gave me Strength enough to fly to the Place from whence I heard his detested Voice. As soon as I came near him, I could not help crying out, with the utmost Transport of Fury, Villain! thy last Moment is approaching! I never once consider'd I had no other Weapon than a Cane, to assist me in walking, which I thrust against his Breast with such Violence, that he fell backwards in a mighty Fright. However, finding it was no offensive Weapon I had

had in my Hand, he drew his Sword, and made several Thrusts at me, which I parry'd with my Cane for some time; and at last, with much Difficulty, disarm'd him. But the Violence of the Exercise being too strong for my weak Condition, I fell to the Ground almost Senseless. The Wretch seeing that, recover'd his Sword, and, with all his Strength, stabb'd me thro' the Shoulder; the Sword enter'd so far into the Earth, that he made several fruitless Attempts to pull it out again. I had just Sense enough to know what he was doing, without any Power to prevent him. But my Brother *Jonathan* coming upon the Instant, put an end to his vain Efforts, by laying him breathless at my Feet, with a Blow of his Sword. He then came to my Assistance, leaving the Wretch weltring in his Blood. The Family, and my Friends, were soon alarm'd; tho' no one cou'd come to the true Knowledge of this Quarrel for the present; but the Appearances seem'd strong against the other, because I had no Sword. However, the Gentleman of the House took care of him, as having some small Acquaintance with him. He inform'd us, that the villainous Wretch waited for a Servant that he had sent to *Leghorn* for a

Packet of Letters, which I too well knew were those the Captain deliver'd to me. When my Wound was dress'd, I inform'd the Gentleman of all that befell me. When he heard his barbarous Policy to undo my Peace, he exclaim'd against his Conduct, vowing never to give him any Countenance for the future.

My Wound was not dangerous, tho' the Loss of Blood contributed to my Weakness; but the Wretch that gave it me, seem'd in a very dangerous Condition; for the Blow my Brother gave him, had fractur'd his Skull, and the Violence of the Pain often took away his Senses. Yet, in his Intervals, he talk'd of nothing but Revenge, declaring to every one that came to visit him, my Brother's Blood should make Atonement for the Torment he suffer'd. As for myself, he had sufficiently punish'd me, in being the Instrument of robbing me of all that cou'd make me happy in this World. I must own, I was in some Fear for my Brother; therefore was for leaving the Place as soon as possible. But the *Italian* Gentleman, in whose House we were, advis'd us not to pursue our Journey by Land. He laid before me the many Difficulties we shou'd meet with, and convinc'd me we shou'd

shou'd make our Voyage sooner, by imbar-
king for *Marseilles*, and travelling thro *France*
by Land. The *Alps*, at this Time of the Year,
he assur'd us, were cover'd with Snow, and
many had perish'd by mistaking the Road.
The Consideration of the two Ladies, pre-
vail'd upon me more than any Danger I fear'd;
therefore we were determin'd, as soon as pos-
sible, to return to *Leghorn*, and procure a Ves-
sel to carry us to *Marseilles*.

My Wound was so well heal'd in six Days
after I receiv'd it, that the seventh, I resolv'd
with my Companions to venture on Horse-
back, in order to return to *Leghorn*. But
when the Time came, my Brother was not to
be found. We made all the Enquiry imagi-
nable to no purpose; but what gave me some
small Satisfaction, was, that *Fatima* assur'd
me he was gone to *Leghorn*, to provide a Ves-
sel for our Voyage. I own, I much won-
der'd he had not inform'd us of his Design;
but as the fair *Fatima* seem'd very easy, I
thought I had no Reason to be otherwise.

We took Leave of our friendly *Italian*;
tho', I must own, I parted with some Re-
gret from that infamous Wretch, who was the
Cause of all my Sorrows, without giving him
the Punishment due to his Crimes. How-
ever,

ever, I did not doubt but the Justice of Heaven would overtake him ; and I found some Consolation in overcoming my just Resentment.

We pursu'd our Journey for *Leghorn*, where we arriv'd the next Day, without any Accident ; but, upon Enquiry after my Brother, we cou'd learn no News of him. I began then to be very uneasy ; and observ'd a Gloom on *Fatima's* Countenance, notwithstanding all her Endeavours to conceal it. Several Days past in this Uncertainty, till *Fatima's* Fears began to be too powerful for her Prudence ; yet all my Persuasions cou'd not get the Reason of my Brother's Absence from her, tho' she confess'd to me, she knew it. My Governor, *Eliza*, and I, had many Conjectures, but none could give us any Consolation, especially since we observ'd *Fatima* began to be inconsolable, and confess'd, his Stay was beyond the Time prefix'd. We press'd her on all sides, to declare to us the Reason of his unexpected Absence, with this Persuasion, that it was possible the Knowledge of it might be of Service to him ; but all our Intreaties prov'd ineffectual : Yet she declar'd, if we had no Tidings of him in two Day, she wou'd confess to us the Secret.

We

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We went to Bed, full of Terrors, and for my own Part, Sleep was a Stranger to me. But, in the middle of the Night, I was alarm'd with a violent Knocking at the Gate; the Servants of the House not rising at the second Alarm, I slipt on my Gown, and with my Sword in my Hand, went down into the Court-Yard; but guess my Surprise, when, asking, *Who was there?* I heard my Brother's Voice. I open'd the Gate, and my Surprise was doubled, when I found my Brother on Horseback, at the Head of a Litter, with a sick Man in it, attended by four Servants: But, when I found the Person within it, was the Wretch that had wounded me in the Garden of the *Italian* Gentleman, my Wonder ty'd up my Tongue, and my Company (who by this time were come to us) stood like so many Statues struck with the Sight of *Medusa's* Head. At last, observing my Brother's Diligence in helping him out of the Litter, in a seeming Trance, we all, involuntarily, gave him our Assistance, without knowing what we were doing. We put him into Bed, and then follow'd my Brother out of the Room (leaving his Servants and a Surgeon with him, that came in their Company)

pany) without speaking a Word, so full of Wonder, that our Tongues seem'd of no Use to us.

When we came down into the Hall, my Brother tenderly embrac'd us all; tho' his dear *Fatima*, could not speak, yet the Tears of Joy that fell from her fair Eyes, convinc'd us all of the tender Love she bore him. When we were seated some time, gazing silently at one another, my Brother began his Story as follows.

My dear Brother, I must first beg your Pardon for concealing from you what I am going to relate; but my Reason for it was, that you wou'd not have given your Consent to what I design'd to do. Two Days before we intended to leave our friendly *Italian*, I receiv'd that Letter, (which he gave me to read,)

TO JONATHAN VAUGHAN, Esq;

YOU may, perhaps, imagine, I shall forget the Injury I suffer'd from you. But be assur'd, the Moment I have Strength enough to draw a Sword, I shall expect Satisfaction for your cowardly Treatment. In a Day or two
more,

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more, I shall be able to punish you for the Wound you gave me, if that Person can have Courage enough to look a Man in the Face, who would stab him behind his Back. The Gentleman of the House, my Friend, being impos'd upon by your false Legend, has withdrawn his Kindness from me; but I hope, by your Punishment, to let him see how you have slander'd basely, one that cannot forget the Injury, without washing off your Crime with your Blood. All I fear is, that this Notice will make you fly from my just Resentment; but no Place on Earth shall hide you from my Chastisement. My Rage shou'd correct your Brother for his Ill-manners, in reading those Letters, you were all well assur'd belong'd to me. But I know his Curiosity carry'd his Punishment along with it. Yet when I have, with my Sword, let out your Treachery and Baseness, I may think it worth my while to scourge him for that Folly, that can have no other Excuse than the childish Curiosity of a Boy, who left his School before he had been well whipp'd for his Impertinence.

P. S. The third Morning after receiving this, between the Hours of Five and Eight, I shall expect to see you alone, with a single Sword,

*in the Meadow by the River * Arno, a Furlong from the House.*

This Letter was given me (continu'd my Brother) by a Servant, who told me he was order'd by his Master, to wait the next Morning in the same Place, for an Answer. The Letter, I own, gave me much Concern. I advis'd with my dear *Fatima*, and with much Difficulty, got her Consent to send an Answer, in which I promis'd to meet him at the Time and Place appointed. I assur'd *Fatima* I would be with you in eight Days, at the farthest; and for that time, she gave me her Word to keep the Affair a Secret from every one. The Morning I parted from her, was with the utmost Sorrow. She took her Leave of me, as if she was never to see me more. I retir'd, with my Servant, full of Grief, to the little Cottage upon the Skirts of the Mead,

* The River *Arno*, or *Arnus*, the chief River of *Tuscany* in *Italy*, takes its Rise in the *Apennine* Hills, near the Source of the River *Tiber*, that runs thro' *Rome*. The River *Arno* washes the Walls of *Florence*, and is Navigable from thence to *Leghorn*, where it empties itself into the Sea.

where I gave myself up to examine my Conscience, and endeavour'd to make my Peace with Heaven ; tho' I own to you, I thought I was going to do a Deed, not in the least acceptable to God. As soon as the appointed Morning came, I arose, giving my Servant Orders to observe the Combat ; and if it was my Fate to fall, he shou'd immediately repair to you (after laying me in the Earth) and give you an Account of my End.

About Six o' Clock, I perceiv'd my Antagonist, coming slow and pensive along the Skirts of the Meadow. When he came nearer to me, I observ'd he had been weeping. Tears, said I, can make but poor Atonement for the many Injuries thou hast heap'd upon my poor Brother and Me ; therefore, betake thee to thy Sword, that I may chastise thy Perfidy. He made me no Answer, but drawing his Sword, I made a full Pass at him, which he, opening his Arms, receiv'd into his Breast, and fell towards me, upon his Face, with the Point of my Sword out at his Back. I was very much surpriz'd at his manner of Proceeding ; and calling my Servant, who waited at some Distance, we both rais'd him up. Forbear, said he, and think not of giving Assistance to a Wretch, that rather deserves

serves Death from your Hands, and who came on purpose to be punish'd for all those Crimes, the Heat of Youth, and want of Thought, have made me commit. I had no other way to recompense all those Ills I have done your worthy Brother, but to receive Death from your Hands. The Wound you formerly gave me, prob'd me to the Soul; my Illness gave me Leisure to think, and Thought was my Monitor. I knew what I had done, instigated by One, whose Nobility is a Stain to Virtue, was the basest Act I could have committed. I had no other Method to meet with the Death I desired, but by writing that Letter to you. I had not the Assurance to look your injur'd Brother in the Face. But I beg, by Honour, Virtue, and all the amiable Train of Goodness, to plead for me to your noble Brother, whose Virtues rank him above Nobility. I consider'd my Crime no more than a little Artifice, which would be approv'd by all the laughing Part of the World. But when I weigh'd it fully in my Illness, I found it the basest, blackest, and most inhuman Policy, that ever was committed by mortal Man. I often us'd to whisper to myself, What Anxiety have I felt, even for a Disappointment of a Day! But
 what

what must these two poor, virtuous, innocent, abus'd Souls suffer, even to the Separation of their Mortality! My Wound was never so dangerous as reported. But the Torments of my troubled Conscience, persuaded even the Surgeon, that I was often delirious, when alas! all my Madness was in my Mind, and not in the Brain. I purposely, when I was calm, threaten'd Revenge upon you; but it was only that you might be inform'd of my false Resentment against you, I well knowing, your Spirit would find some Means to seek me out, and punish me for my Crime as I deserv'd. Even the Letter I wrote to you, went to my Soul, because what I wrote was against my Conscience. All I desire of you, is, to bury me obscurely, and let my Faults be forgotten in the Grave. He endeavour'd to say more, but his Tongue falter'd, his Eyes clos'd, and, grasping me faintly by the Hand, he sunk to the Earth, in all Appearance never to rise again. We took him in our Arms, and, with the Sword in his Breast, carry'd him to the Cottage, and then sent my Servant for the Surgeon, that attended you both in your Illness. While he was gone, there seem'd no sign of Life in him. I must confess, his unhappy Condition had wip'd a-
way

way all Resentment in me, and I felt for him all the Tendernefs of a Brother and Friend, washing his Face with my repentant Tears, often cursing myself for the rash Act.

When the Surgeon came, he drew the Sword out of his Body, upon which he open'd his Eyes, fetching a deep Sigh, but clos'd 'em immediately again. However, the Surgeon prob'd his Wound, and gave me some Hopes it might not prove mortal. We undress'd him, and put him to Bed; but the Surgeon desir'd we might leave the Room, till the Evening he came again; for he confidently assur'd us, by that Time, he would either be past Cure, or out of Danger. I own I cou'd not obey his Orders, but sat by his Bedside till the Evening the Surgeon return'd; and all that time, I cou'd not perceive him to breathe; therefore, I was assur'd in myself, the Soul had taken her Flight for ever. The Surgeon, by his Countenance, seem'd to think as I did; but when he took off his Plaisters from his Wounds, he cry'd, Courage! Sir; we have Hopes, and great ones too. I own, those Words very much chear'd my drooping Spirits. When he had once more dress'd him, he forc'd open his Mouth, and pour'd in some Cordial, which upon the Instant caus'd him

to groan, and some Moments after he open'd his Eyes, faintly looking upon us, but did not seem to know us. In short, it was four Days ere he came to his Senses ; and then the Surgeon declar'd he was out of Danger, since in that time he had escap'd a Fever.

I was so much concern'd for his Welfare, that I had even forgot the Time I propos'd to meet you at *Leghorn*, was elaps'd ; therefore I sent my Servant to acquaint you with the Reason of my Delay, intending to follow the next Day. But we were very much surpriz'd last Night, to find the poor Fellow ty'd to a Tree in the Road, having been robb'd of his Horse, his Cloaths and Money, as also severely beaten into the Bargain.

Tho' the Gentleman's Wounds were almost heal'd, yet he continu'd so weak, that he could not get out of his Bed without Assistance ; yet, knowing the Necessity of my being with you, he would accompany me in the Litter that carry'd you a Day's Journey into the Country (that I had order'd to be conceal'd in the Village, to prevent, my dear Brother, your pursuing a rash Design, that must have ended with your Life, considering the Weakness of your Condition.) I'll wait on you, said he, to your worthy Brother, to obtain

obtain his Pardon, or die at his Feet. When he was inform'd we were near the House where you resided, the Thoughts of seeing the Face of the Person he had so heinously injur'd, took away his Senses, and he fainted away. But the Surgeon assur'd us, a little Rest and Quietness would soon restore him; therefore desired he might not be disturb'd for some Hours.

When my Brother had ended his Relation, Revenge, Hate, Fury, with all the Train of violent Passions, left my Breast; and in their room, soft Compassion, Tenderness, with Friendship, took their Place. Tho' I was undone thro' his Means, yet a gloomy Contentment took Possession of my Soul, so that I could freely pardon the Man who was the Cause of all my Misfortunes. I was overcome with an ardent Longing to embrace him. All the Company felt the same Sentiments with me; neither cou'd we prevent the Tears gushing from our Eyes, at my Brother's short Story.

We all return'd to Rest; and I must own, I had not felt the balmy Effects of Slumber so sweet, for many Days. Tho' the latter Part of it was disturb'd with a Dream of my dear *Isabella*; I thought she appear'd before me

me with those piercing Rays of Beauty, with which she first wounded my Soul. *Canst thou then forsake me (she cry'd) ungrateful Wretch? What have I done to merit such barbarous Usage? Are these the Vows and Promises thou madest me at our cruel Separation? Why didst thou betray my easy Heart, to feel the Torture of Despair for ever? But know, thou Wretch! tho' Death will soon overtake me, yet I will die another's, to punish thee.* When she had (as I thought) pronounc'd these fatal Words, she flew from me in a violent Rage, and the Agony I felt in my Dream, awak'd me in a cold Sweat, all o'er my Limbs. Tho' this was but a Dream, yet my Mind felt all the Tortures imaginable, at the Thoughts of my miserable Fortune.

The next Morning, my Brother inform'd us the Gentleman was better, and express'd a great Desire to see me. After Breakfast, we all went up together. At Sight of me, the Tears ran down his Cheeks, which choak'd the Passage of his Words for some time. For Heaven's sake, Sir, said I, do not add to my Sorrows, by making me bear yours. I know your Penitence, and it is with the utmost Candour I now declare, I heartily forgive what is past, and beg to be rank'd in the

Num-

Number of your virtuous Friends. This Goodness, he faintly reply'd, had overwhelm'd his Soul with so much Confusion, that it was more than his feeble Spirits cou'd stand under; and, upon saying that, his Speech fail'd him, and a deadly Paleness overspread his Face. It was a full Hour before we cou'd bring him to Life again, and I began to taste all the Bitterness of Grief for his Condition. When he cou'd use his Tongue, he said so many humane tender things, as plung'd all the Hearers in Floods of Sorrow, insomuch, that the Surgeon turn'd us all out of the Chamber, declaring he would, upon the Instant, leave him, if we offer'd to see him again, till he thought fit.

Just as we left him, a Packet was given me from *England*, which I knew to be my Uncle's Hand. I had not wrote him any Letter for near four Months, having indeed almost forgot (thro' my Brother's Affairs, my Sickness, and my own unhappy Love) I had any such Person in the World; and when I did call him to mind, the Intention of my Journey to *England*, made it of no Signification to write. I found, by the Date of the Letter, it was full ten Weeks since it was wrote.

My

My dear Child,

THE Torments I endure for thy Silence, are not to be describ'd. It never can enter into my Mind, that thou should'st forget me; therefore, what can I suppose? Is it unnatural to think thee out of this World, and that I am now writing to an Angel in Heaven? Good God! what Terrors does the very Thought invade me with! My dear Boy, should this Letter come to thy Hands, consider me as one, in this small Time thou hast been absent, full twenty Years older than when thou sawest me last. Grief has shook her Malevolence upon my Head, and I am become, from a facetious middle-ag'd Man of Fifty, an old decrepid Wretch of Four-score. Thy worthy Father's Loss, thy Absence, and my Fears for thee, have added to my Grey Hairs, which, I own, are multiply'd by the Mother and Aunt to Isabella. Would'st thou think it, my Boy? They are as strange to me, as Humility to a Priest; have broke off our Correspondence; and, to compleat all (O, my Child! arm thyself with Patience, if my Conjectures prove true) are speedily going to wed Isabella to that upstart Nobleman you formerly had some Words with: And all this, without assigning any Reason to me, for their Proceedings.

ings. 'Tis true, they have a Right to do as they think fit ; but it is very strange ! And I own, my Patience and Fortitude, thro' all these concurring Misfortunes, can but poorly bear up against them alone. Come then, my dear Child ! and, by thy Assistance, I shall be able to hold out against all the Assaults of Fortune, and, in thy Company, forget the ill Treatment of the World. But if I neither see, nor hear from thee, very speedily, my Gray Hairs will soon be brought with Sorrow to the Grave. Poor Betty's Fears for thy Welfare, almost equal mine. I have taken care of thy unhappy Father's Affairs ; come, and take Possession of that, and all that is mine : But be expeditious, my dear Child, or thou wilt come too late to close the Eyes of

Thy dear and loving Uncle,

W. VAUGHAN.

*All my Sorrows were renew'd, at the reading this melancholy Epistle ; and I began to curse my Stars, for my unthinking Backwardness in Writing ; and to write now, seem'd to me to be of no Use, because I intended to embark for *England* the next Morning. However, all my Friends advis'd me to send my*
Uncle

Uncle a Letter, for fear some Accident might retard our Voyage. I took their Advice, and sent him one, giving him a succinct Account of every thing that had befall my Brother and me, since my last; and of that fatal Letter, which had caus'd the Coldness of *Isabella's* Family, and my inevitable Ruin; with a Promise to be in *England* with the utmost Expedition.

The wounded Gentleman, hearing we were to embark for *Marseilles* the next Morning, was resolv'd to go with us, notwithstanding his weak Condition, and all our Persuasions to the contrary, cou'd not avail. The Surgeon inform'd us the Sea would rather do him Good, than Harm, and he was resolv'd to attend him to *Marseilles*. Therefore, the next Day, we left *Leghorn* with a prosperous Gale, and in eight Days we arriv'd safely at *Marseilles*, without meeting with any Accident by the Way. The hurt Gentleman mended every Day, and when we disembark'd, he was able to walk without Assistance. He had reconcil'd himself to my Governor, and *Eliza*. The Presents he made them were worthy the Gift of a Prince; and, unknown to me, he and my Brother, had settled my Father's Estate upon me, and had given my Brother an

Equivalent out of his own Fortune. When I complain'd to him of his profuse Generosity; For Heaven's sake, Sir, said he, accept this small Favour, in Recompence for all the Misfortunes I have heap'd upon you. And would to God, the rest of my Estate and Life cou'd but restore what I have robb'd you of, I would freely surrender both. Yet, who knows but Fate has still reserv'd the amiable *Isabella* to bless your Arms! I am strongly possess'd with that Hope. I have some Reason to believe you the Care of Providence: And such Wretches, as that perfidious Man and I, must surely be punish'd, in the Loss of all our unlawful Desires wou'd wish for, All my Days to come, shall be spent in begging Forgiveness from Heaven and you. Sure there must be the Seeds of some Goodness, even in the most profligate Heart, and repentant Tears may make them flourish, and kill those Weeds of Baseness, that shadow'd o'er our vicious Inclinations. I wou'd not be the Wretch I was some few Days ago, for all the gaudy Titles of State and Grandeur.

In short, there was such a virtuous Alteration wrought upon him, I cou'd not help esteeming him equal to my Brother. His Friendship was, in some sort, a Cordial for my

my disappointed Love ; for I had made a firm Resolve, after the Loss of my dear *Isabella*, to forget all the fatal Charms of the Sex, which, at best, enervate the Soul of Man, unbend his Mind, and render him unfit for noble Actions. I intended to dedicate my future Life to my King and Country : My new Friend strengthen'd me in that Resolution. Our Design was, as soon as we arriv'd in *England*, to buy us Posts in the Army, and make, for the future, War our Mistress! These Thoughts almost engross'd my whole Soul ; but the Idea of the charming *Isabella*, wou'd too often intrude, and fill my Heart with a Medley of Love and Arms.

We set out from *Marseilles* in Post-Chaises, for *Paris*, where we all safely arriv'd, healthful in Body ; tho', for my own Part, with a Mind full of cruel Disturbances. We were oblig'd to stay some time here, to dispose of a Casket of valuable Jewels that *Fatima* brought from *Tunis*, and procure Bills of Exchange for our Money, for fear of Accidents. But as soon as we arriv'd there, I dispatch'd one of my Servants for *England*, to acquaint my Uncle of my coming. Here my Fever attack'd me again ; but I was so impatient to

come to my Journey's End, that as soon as our Affairs were ended, we hir'd Post-Chaises for *Bulloigne*, where we safely arriv'd, tho' late at Night, but found the Gates shut against us. But having Recommendations to Mr. *Gordon*, a Wine-Merchant, a Gentleman just settled at *Bulloigne*, he prevail'd upon the Captain of the Guard to give us Entrance; and, thro' his accusom'd Good-nature, he wou'd accommodate us at his own House, where we were nobly entertain'd. He prest us so obingly to stay some time, that we appear'd almost guilty of Ill-manners; but Despair, and Love, seldom regard Forms.

He, finding our Affairs prest us to be gone, procur'd us a Vessel to carry us to *Dover*, and we embark'd the next Morning, at break of Day; but before the Sun was two Hours old, a general Darknefs o'erspread the Hemisphere, follow'd by a most violent Tempest, mix'd with Thunder and Lightning, that the Captain of the Vessel declar'd, he had never seen the like. The Helm was of no Use, therefore we were oblig'd, under a reef'd Foresail, to run before the Wind, trusting to the Mercy of Providence for three Nights and Days. Upon the fourth, the Storm retir'd, and gave us Leave to make an Observation; we
were

were greatly surpriz'd to find we had pass'd the *Lizard*. Upon this, we consulted what Course we should steer; but finding the Wind favourable for *Milford* Haven, the Captain was prevail'd upon, for a Sum of Money, to steer for that Harbour. The Night approaching, the Tempest (as if it abated only to fetch Breath) came on more violently than before, and all the Hopes we had of Life, was, to steer our Course for the open Sea. Our Vessel bore up against the Storm very well, for two Days; but on the third, the Master came into the Cabbin, with Looks that told us our Misfortune; he inform'd us, the Vessel had sprung a Leak, and, should the Storm continue a Day longer, we must inevitably sink to the Bottom.

The Tears of my Friends, I must own, shock'd me very much; yet, for my own Part, I sat in expectation of the last Moment, with the utmost Tranquillity. But in a few Hours, the Storm very much abated; yet, with all our Assistance, the Water gain'd upon us, and no Land appearing, we had no Hope of saving our Lives.

The Vessel was, once more, left to the Mercy of the Waves, whose frightful Swell, tho' the Wind was laid, ran Mountains high.

The Master order'd the Long-boat out, that we might endeavour all we cou'd to save our Lives: But the Mariners, as soon as it was in the Water, crowded so fast upon one another, that the Rope which held it to the Ship's Side, broke, and in a Moment after, the Boat was swallow'd by the Billows: Three out of thirteen of the Sailors, that were in it, sunk to the Bottom, never to be seen more alive. It was with the utmost Difficulty the rest were sav'd. The Sailors finding no Hope of escaping that way, began to throw overboard their Guns, Water-Casks, and Provision, and, by the Divine Providence, found out one of the Leaks, which they, with much Difficulty, stopt; and by continual plying the Pump, clear'd her of some Water: But the incessant Labour fatigu'd us all so much, that we began to despair again. Yet Life being sweet, every Person in the Vessel put forth their utmost Strength, and labour'd hard all Night. In the Break of the Morning, we discover'd Land, to the inexpressible Joy of the Sailors, and what Wind we had, pointed fair for the Place. But our Joy had like to have been more fatal than the Storm; for upon the first Notice of discovering Land, every Person ran upon Deck, like Madmen, to be confirm'd
in

in the pleasing News, never regarding the Pumps, till we found the Vessel almost sinking under us: Yet the Hope of Life, inspir'd us with new Strength. We work'd as hard, as if the Sight of Shore had been a Day's Rest from Labour. We had no Boat to land with, therefore the Captain made a Signal of Distress, and in less than an Hour, we saw several Boats rowing towards us. The Captain wisely consider'd, if these Boats should come on Board, every one would be for getting into them, and leave the Vessel to sink for want of Working; therefore he order'd Tow-Ropes out, that the approaching Boats might lend their Assistance that way. Accordingly, he acquainted the Sailors with his Intention, and they, with the Passengers, approv'd of it. The Boats, when they came near us, obey'd the Captain's Order, and in two Hours we arriv'd safe in *St. Aubin's Bay*, a Harbour in the Island of *Jersey* *. The noble

* The Island of *Jersey* (in *Latin*, *Cæsarea*, from *Julius Cæsar*, who gave it his own Name.) This Island, and *Guernsey*, are all that's left to *England*, of their mighty *French* Conquests. It appertains to *Hampshire*, under the Jurisdiction

noble Lord *Jermin*, the then Governor, came to the Harbour, and invited me and my Company on Shore, where we were entertain'd and accomodated as well, as if we had been in *England*. I shall decline mentioning those fine Qualities, so well known in his Native Country,

diction of the Bishops of *Winchester*, having for its Church-Government, a Dean and Twelve Ministers of the Gospel ; and for its Civil, a Bailiff, with Twelve of the chief Gentlemen of the Island, call'd *Jurors*, to administer Justice. Besides these, a Governor, Deputy-Governor, and Captains, for their several Garrisons. Yet the Complainant has still the Privilege to seek Redress from the King and Council, in most Cases of Wrong, or Difficulty.

This Island is famous for Cider and Perry : But its Staple Commodity is the famous *Jersey* Stockings, so well known in *England*.

The Air is mild, pleasant, and not unwholsome. The Soil rich and fruitful. The very Hedges produce Apples and Pears, without planting ; and the meanest Cottage can accommodate you with a Cup of Cider or Perry. Their *French* Wheat is equal to any in *France* ; and their other Grain as good as any in *England*. The Sea yields them Plenty of Fish ; and Wild-Fowl innumerable.

This Island, by a strict Calculation, contains 23000 Inhabitants ; and can raise in Defence of their Country (not including their Garrisons) upwards of 6000 Fighting Men. It is above 30 Miles round, 10 in Length, and 5 in Breadth. The Inhabitants have, to the last, been in the Interest of the Crown of *England*, and more than

Country, and only say, he is ador'd in his Government; the Inhabitants expressing the utmost Sorrow, when it occurs to their Memory, the Time must come for him to leave them.

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than once the Retreat of their distressed Princes. The Earl of *Richmond* (afterwards *Henry the Seventh*) first took Shelter here, and from hence went over to *Britany*, where he rais'd Forces sufficient to gain the Crown, and punish *Richard the Third* for his bloody Reign.

King *Charles II.* made this Place the first Stage of his Exile, during *Oliver's* Usurpation. This Island was the last Place that surrender'd to the Parliament-Forces. Nor would the then Heroick Governor surrender *Elizabeth's Castle*, till he receiv'd an Order for that Purpose from Prince *Charles*, then residing at the *French* Court; and, in consideration of their many Services, and unshaken Loyalty, it has had many Privileges and Immunities granted by the Crown of *England*; among the rest, a Silver Mace, sent 'em by King *Charles II.* in the Year 1663.

Thro' their watchful Courage, they have often repuls'd the *French*, who have made many vain Attempts to graft this Scien. to its ancient Stock. The greatest Inconveniency is, its want of Wood for Fuel; instead of that, they make use of a Sea Weed, by the Inhabitants call'd *Frau*. The chief Town of the Island is call'd *St. Hilaria*. But the strongest Castle, perhaps, in his Majesty's Dominion, is call'd *Elizabeth*, compleated in that Queen's Reign, built upon a Rock, in the middle of the Ocean, in the Mouth of Bay *St. Aubin's*. There is no Passage from the Island on Foot, but at low Water, nor then,

We were oblig'd to stay in this Place many Days, against our Inclinations, tho' the above-mention'd Nobleman did all in his Power to make the Time pass away as pleasantly as he could.

When our Captain had taken out his Lading and Ballast, to search for the Leaks, he inform'd us, 'twould be full Twenty Days before his Vessel would be in a Condition to put to Sea again. This Notice made us all very uneasy; but, for my own Part, I appear'd so very much dejected, that the noble Governor, out of his good Nature, seem'd to sympathize with me in Sorrow. I must own, tho' Life was a Burden to me, yet the Thoughts that my dear Uncle would imagine me no longer in this World, and with Sorrow break his Heart, added Pain to Pain, and Grief to Grief. The Consolations of my Friends were to no purpose, tho' their friendly Sighs were mingled with mine.

then, for above ten Men in-Front. Opposite, near the Town of *St. Aubin's*, is another strong Tower, surrounded by the Sea, call'd *La Tour*, or, *The Tower*. The Natives, in general, speak *French*, as well as *English*; and seem to be a courteous, good-natur'd, affable People, never better pleas'd than when conferring Obligations.

My

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My Lord Governor perceiving the Uneasiness we express'd, at our Stay in the Island, sent to *Guernsey* a small Vessel, to inquire whether there was any Ship preparing to sail for *England*. She return'd the next Day, and inform'd us, a Ship from the *East-Indies* had put in there, the late Storm, and intended to set sail for *England* in two Days.

This News reviv'd all my Company; therefore we took Leave of the Governor, with Thanks for his kind Usage, imbark'd in the same Vessel that brought us the News, tho' it was almost Evening, and about Midnight arriv'd safely in *St. Peter's Harbour*, in the Island of *Guernsey**.

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* *Guernsey* (in *Latin*, *Sarnia*) lies nearer *England*, a Seven Leagues, than *Jersey*. It is very Stony and Mountainous; yet there are fine Meadows and Pasture scatter'd up and down the whole Island. It is famous for the best of Butter, with which, and Fish, they drive a considerable Trade with *France*. *St. Peter's* is the chief Town, very well inhabited.

Situated upon a Rock, about half a Mile in the Sea, is *Cornet Castle*, a Place of great Strength, commanding all Parts of the Harbour, which is generally the Residence of the Governor.

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Inquiring for the Captain of the Ship in the Harbour, we found him at a Tavern; but I was agreeably surpriz'd to find it Mr. *Brooks*, and his Ship the *Elizabeth*, which he worthily fav'd for his Cousin, Mr. *Bridgford*, that marry'd the Widow by a Wile. He hardly knew me at first; but when I came to his Remembrance, he seem'd as much transported, as if I had been his own Son. He was confounded to find me with such Company, in a Place so little expected; but I soon let him into as much of my Story, as I thought proper. I must own, said he, when I receiv'd a Letter from the Governor yesterday, desiring it as a Favour, to give Passage to *England* to some Gentlemen, Ladies, and their Servants, I did not intend to comply with it, through the Inconveniency

In the Reign of King *Charles II.* the Magazine of Powder was fir'd by Lightning, in the Night, when the Governor (Lord *Hatton*) his Lady, Children, and Family were in their Beds. The Governor was forc'd out of the Window in his Shirt, thrown upon the Wall of the Castle, several Paces from the Chamber where he lay, and receiv'd no Hurt. But his Lady, and several of her Maid-Servants, were kill'd by the Accident. His Child, an Infant, was found the next Day in its Cradle, under a Beam, sleeping in Safety.

it would put me to ; therefore gave Orders to set Sail early in the Morning, knowing there was another Vessel now in the Harbour, that sails for *England* in a few Days: Neither could the Governor take it ill, as he only directed his Letter to any Captain that shou'd chance to be in the Bay. But if I had known my Passengers, I wou'd have staid a Fortnight, to oblige them, and myself too. I return'd him Thanks for his Civility, and begg'd him to set Sail with the soonest. Why then, this Moment, if you please, answer'd the Captain.

Upon the Instant, he took Leave of his Company at the Tavern, and (tho' we were all very much fatigu'd) went on Board his Ship, where he gave immediate Orders for weighing Anchor; and we were under Sail before Break of Day. The Captain resign'd the great Cabbin to the two Ladies, and accommodated every Body as well as he cou'd.

I retir'd to mine, hoping I shou'd meet with a little Repose, being something calmer in my Mind, knowing a few Days wou'd put a Period to my Misfortunes, by Death; for I had made a firm Resolution to punish the Perfidy of *Isabella's* Husband, or fall by his Hand;

Hand; or if I surviv'd, to find a way to die beneath her Feet.

These Thoughts lull'd me to taste the Pleasures of refreshing Sleep. But my Senses were hardly lock'd up, before I was awak'd with the Groans of a Person, not far off, in one of the Cabbins. I arose up in my Bed, and listen'd; when I heard a Man cry, For Heaven's sake! take off my Irons, that I may die at Liberty! Another answer'd, You know I dare not do it, without the Captain's Order, and he is now gone to sleep; as soon as he is up, I'll go and acquaint him. Dear *Tom*, reply'd the other, take Pity on the Miseries I feel, and step to him now; I know he does not want Humanity, or Good-nature; and tho' I deserve not the least Favour from him, yet, when I am going to give an Account to Heaven for all my Crimes, I am assur'd he will release me from these heavy Irons, that even a Man in Health can hardly bear.

I own, I was touch'd with the Person's deep Sighs, therefore call'd for my Servant, put on my Gown, and went to enquire into the melancholy Affair. When I came to the Cabin where the Wretch lay, I was shock'd

to see a Man stretch'd at his Length, upon a poor Flock-Bed on the Ground, without any Covering, meagre and pale, with at least a hundred Pounds Weight of Irons about his Body; to me, he seem'd as if his last Moments were approaching. Compassion took Possession of my Soul, tho' I was convinc'd, by his own Discourse, he deserv'd but little.

A Sailor that was walking upon Deck, came up to me, and judging, by my Countenance, that I seem'd to pity the unfortunate Wretch, cry'd out, What, is he going? let him go, and be d---n'd! Friend (said I) let this poor Creature's Crimes be what they will, I must own, I think his Condition deserves Compassion; therefore, I shall be very much oblig'd to you, if you will free him from his Irons, that his Soul may take its Flight with the more Tranquillity. Sir (reply'd the Sailor) if you were acquainted with that Rogue's wicked Heart, you would believe no Punishment in this, or the next World, could be bad enough for him. O Sir! cry'd the unfortunate Wretch, I deserve every thing that Man says; but I have heartily repented of all the ill Actions I have committed, and only beg to die without this Load upon my Body. Some of these Irons have eat my Flesh from
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the Bones ; and, as I wear the Form of a Man, don't let me be treated in my Dying Moments, worse than a mad Beast ty'd to the Stake.

I us'd so many Persuasions, with the Rhetorick of a Guinea, to the Person that seem'd to have the Guard of him, that he was going to awake the Captain, and acquaint him with the poor Wretch's Condition, and my Request to have him releas'd from his Fetters ; but the Captain that Moment came out of his Cabbin, being disturb'd with our Conversation, and, at my Intreaty, order'd his Irons to be taken off. As soon as he was freed from them, he gave me Thanks for the Service I had done him, and rising slowly from his Bed whereon he lay, seiz'd upon some of the Irons he was releas'd from, and struck the Sailor (that was talking to me before the Captain came out of his Cabbin) with such Violence, that we all believ'd he was kill'd ; then made a Blow at the Captain, which he happily avoided, by starting aside ; but perceiving the Sailors running from all Parts of the Ship to seize him, he threw himself overboard maugre all they could do to prevent him, crying, he had in some measure satisfy'd his Revenge, and was never seen more.

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All this was done so suddenly, that I stood quite confounded, imagining I was in a Dream. But when we began to recollect ourselves, we went to see if the Sailor was alive or dead. We took him up, and I must own, I was very well pleas'd to find he was only stunn'd with the Blow. In a little time he came to his Senses; and the first Words he spoke were, G--d D---n him, for a Son of a B--h! who wou'd have thought he had so much Strength left? But I'll prevent him giving another Blow! Upon saying this, he ran up and down the Deck, with his Cutlass drawn (he being one of the Centries at the great Cabin Door) to seek for him, to make an end of him, but when he was inform'd of his rash Catastrophe, he seem'd to be uneasy that he had not the killing of him with his own Hand.

By this time, my Brother, *Clerimont*, and the Ladies, were alarm'd, and came about us, to know the Cause of the Disturbance. I told 'em, 'twas the first time I ever found Compassion a dangerous Virtue. We begg'd of the Captain to let us into the Affair. He told us, at Dinner it shou'd be our Desert, instead of Fruit. While this Combustion happen'd, the Man at the Helm had disregarded the

the Steerage, so that the Sails clap'd to the Masts, and the Ship staid some time; but even this seem'd the Providence of Heaven, for, had we continu'd our Course, it being a very hazy Morning, we shou'd have run upon the Shallows of the *Great Sark* *.

Thank Heaven! said the Captain, this Wretch, after endeavouring to frustrate our Voyage by the most wicked Designs could ever enter the Mind of Man, seems intended by Providence to be the Means of saving us, and, like *Jonah* in the Ship of *Joppa*, now he has abandon'd our Vessel, we shall have all Dangers cease.

When the Ship had her true Way again, the Captain order'd the Wretches Bedding and Cloaths to be examin'd, and thrown over-board: In searching the Pockets of an old pair of Breeches, they found a written Paper, with a Pencil, which he read to the Company, as follows:

* The *Great Sark*, is a small Island about three Leagues from *Guernsey*. It formerly belong'd to the *French*, but the *English* took it from them by Stratagem. There is but one small Town, and three or four little Villages, on the whole Island. It was given by the Crown to the *Carteret* Family, who are Lords of *Sark*.

IF Heaven forsakes me, Hell will receive me with open Arms. I have endeavour'd to repent, but still find my Mind bent on Revenge, and I will hazard my Body and Soul to accomplish it. If ever I can, by any cunning Method, get rid of my Irons, I will, if I have Strength, be the Death of Captain Brooks, Tom Burges, Tom Wingfield, Dick Hammond, and Robin Norton, for using me so ill. I write this to leave behind, that if I should die in my Confinement, those Villains may know what I intended to do. But if I fail of my intended Purpose, it will grieve me in my State of Perdition,

This terrible Declaration, made me very much repent my Good-nature. I could hardly think there had been such a wicked Villain in the World.

After Dinner, we begg'd Captain Brooks to relate the History of this Wretch; which he did in the following manner :

Sir, said he (directing his Discourse to me, having some small Knowledge of him) you know my Cousin *Bridgford*, the old Acquaintance of your good Uncle, made me Captain of the *Elizabeth*, in consideration of some
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Services he was pleas'd to own I did him. This Wretch, who is gone to the other World, to answer for his Crimes in this, through my Intreaty, was made chief Mate; and behav'd honestly as such, during our Trading-Voyage to the *Indies*. In our Return, near the Latitude of *St. Helena*, where we were bound for some Refreshment, in the middle of a dark Night, we heard some Guns fir'd, that seem'd to us as if some Vessel was in Distress; I order'd our Ship to steer the Course from whence the Fire came; but in an Hour afterwards, we heard such a terrible Report, that we all concluded the unfortunate Vessel was blown into the Air. However, I kept on my Course, to see if I cou'd assist any of the unfortunate Wretches, that (no doubt) had either got into their Boat, or had thrown themselves into the Water, to avoid the Flames, hanging out Lights about several Parts of my Ship, that they might see where to come for Succour.

In less than an Hour more, some of our Crew cou'd perceive a Boat rowing towards us, full of Men. As soon as they came up with us, they begg'd for Heaven's sake, to be taken on Board. I, who had no other Intention, mov'd by Compassion, considering

it might have been our own Case, invited 'em kindly on Board. When they were a little recover'd from their Fright, they inform'd me, they belong'd to a Ship bound for *Cork* in *Ireland*, from the Coast of *Coromandel*, and had, by a violent Storm, been drove out of their Course; that in the beginning of the Night, a Fire broke out in the Gun-Room, burning with such Fury, that all their Endeavours to extinguish it prov'd fruitless; therefore they hoisted out their Long-Boat, and with one Barrel of Water, and two Casks of Bisket, abandon'd their Ship; and in half an Hour after they left it, they saw it blow up, several Pieces of the Vessel falling within twenty Yards of 'em.

There were seventeen Men in the Boat, their Master being one of them, whose Name was *Cox*; but observing he was very much wounded in the Head, I order'd our Surgeon to dress him immediately, who inform'd me his Skull was fractur'd, and he thought it seem'd to be a Blow with a Cutlass: But the Sailors that came with him in the Boat, told us he arose up hastily, at the first Noise about the Fire, and hurrying down the Ladder that goes under Deck, fell with his Head on the Edge of a Bucket. When he came
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to his Senses (for the Pain of Dressing had flung him into a Swoon) he told us the same Story. Yet still, the Surgeon insisted it cou'd be no such thing, and began to instil, I know not what Notions, into my Mind, that these Men might be Villains. I own, he a little stagger'd my Faith at first; but when I consider'd their Condition, I thought it impossible. However, I determin'd to leave 'em all at *St. Helena*, because, indeed, there were too many Mouths for me to maintain in our Voyage for *England*. I gave 'em all the Refreshment my Ship cou'd afford, and they return'd me Thanks in so sincere a manner, that quite obliterated those Notions the Surgeon had of them. The Captain I put in my own Cabbin, using him, as I thought an honest unfortunate Man, in his Condition, deserv'd, and such as I should have been pleas'd to meet with, upon the like unfortunate Accident.

In two Days after this, we arriv'd safe at *St. Helena* *, where I put all the unfortunate Sailors

* The Island of *St. Helena* was discover'd upon *St. Helen's Day*, in the Year 1502, by *John de Nova*, a *Portuguese*; it is now in the Possession of the *Englsh*. It

Sailors on Shore, with this Reason, that my Ship was too deep laden to be incumber'd with so many superfluous Men.

I went to wait on the Governor on Shore, and contracted with him for what fresh Provisions I wanted, intending to set Sail in eight Days ; but the Governor advis'd me to stay longer, assuring me, that several Ships would arrive before that Time, that would accompany me in our Voyage home. On that Account, I resolv'd to take his Advice. I sent on Board for some Necessaries, because I intended to take a Lodging in the Valley for a

is almost surrounded with Rocks ; and reckon'd the farthest Island from the Continent, of any in the known World. It is about 15 Miles in compass ; and though Mountainous, is very fruitful. There are four very pleasant Vallies, and as many Springs of good Water ; all sorts of Poultry, Sallading, Roots, and Fruits, as well as Hogs Flesh, are so cheap, that it is almost a Miracle, when we consider the many *East-India* Ships that touch there every Year. It is very well inhabited, but they dwell in the Vallies ; except when the Ships arrive, when they repair to the Fort with their Provisions for the Ships, every Trader having a Warehouse in the Town, where they barter with the Sailors for Necessaries, seldom any Money passing between them. When the Ships are gone, the Planters retire to their Houses in the Vallies, that are delightfully situated, breathing a healthful Air, and subjected to few Diseases. They are govern'd by the same Laws as in *England*.

Fortnight, to enjoy the Air of the Country. But my Surgeon being inform'd of my Intention, came with my Servant in the Boat, with the Things I had sent for, importuning me so strongly not to lie out of the Ship, that I return'd on Board with him, purely to make him easy; for, I must own, his Apprehensions did not give me the least Inquietude.

Homes (the Name of the Wretch that is so lately gone to Perdition) complain'd he was very much troubled with the Scurvy, therefore intreated the Favour of going on Shore for a few Days. I cou'd not refuse him; neither had I any Apprehension of an ill Design from him, having ever behav'd in the Voyage, like a downright honest Man, entirely in our Owner's Interest. We staid twenty Days in the Harbour, without the Appearance of any Ship from the East, therefore I made a Resolution of pursuing our intended Voyage, if no Vessel arriv'd to bear us company, in four Days: Accordingly, I gave Notice to the Governor of my Intention, as usual, that the Inhabitants, if they had any Demands, might be satisfy'd before we set Sail.

I went to rest that Night with a Tremor upon my Spirits, and an unaccountable Melancholy,

lancholy, that seem'd a foreboding ill Omen. About Midnight, the Surgeon came into my Cabbin, and awak'd me, with a very great Surprize in his Countenance. His Looks, I own, very much alarm'd me. What's the matter with you, Mr. *Westwood*? said I (that's the Name of my Surgeon) you seem in some Disorder! Sir (reply'd Mr. *Westwood*) here's a Man has swam from Shore, in the middle of a stormy Night, to give you Notice of approaching Danger; and, I must own, I have been in such a continual Lowness of Spirits, that I am well assur'd some ill Designs are hatching against our Welfare; therefore pray rise, and hear what the Person has to say, for he will not communicate it to any one but yourself. I arose upon the Instant, and desired him to bring in the Man. He brought him into the Cabbin, naked as he was. As soon as I saw him, I knew him for one of the Persons that came to us in the Boat. Sir, said he, I have something to inform you of, that requires your private Ear. My Friend (I reply'd) this Gentleman is one whom I can entirely trust, therefore what you have to communicate to me, he may hear. If so, Sir, reply'd the Man, I shall proceed. However, Sir, said I, I beg the Favour

(since you came naked for my Service, as I suppose) that you will put on this Nightgown. Sir, return'd the Man, I'll accept of your Favour; tho' I feel nothing of the Inclemency of the Weather, because my Concern for you has fill'd up all my Thoughts: I therefore will proceed to tell you what I know, that you may be prepar'd for the Event. Mr. *Homes*, your chief Mate, has form'd the blackest Design, that cou'd ever enter into the Soul of the most Profligate. In less than two Hours, he will seize your Ship, and put to Death You, and Mr. *Westwood*, with every Sailor that will not come into his black Design. I own myself one of the Confederates, but with no other Motive, than to use my utmost Endeavours to prevent it, if Heaven will permit: Therefore acquaint your Men with the Danger approaching, arm 'em immediately, and prevent 'em, if possible; at least, sell your Lives like Men that have deserv'd a better Fate. I was eager to enquire about this Affair; but the Man told me, I had no Time to lose; first arm your Men, said he, and when you are in Readiness to receive them, I'll acquaint you with the Conspiracy against you,

I then

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I then order'd the Watch to awake those that were gone to Rest ; and when they were all upon Deck, with their Arms in their Hands, I call'd the Man, and desired he would communicate the Story to the whole Crew, which consisted of Fifty-four Men. We made a Circle round him upon the Quarter-Deck, and he began as follows :

Gentlemen, you all know me (I believe) to be one of those Men, whom the Humanity of your Captain sav'd from imminent Death, therefore I think he has a Right to my Life and Fortune. Every Person, beside myself, that his Compassion gave Means of Life to, have deserv'd the Halter more than once. Their Number was much greater, their Crew consisting of 120 Men, when they set out from the Coast of *Guiney* ; but the Day before the Night you sav'd us from the devouring Waves, we had a terrible Engagement with a *Dutch* Man of War, in which we lost above half our Men, *Homes*, the Captain, mistaking her for an *Indian* Trader, that we had Advice of from the *Guiney* Coast. Our Ship taking Fire, by what Accident, I know not, the *Dutch* Man of War's Men that had boarded us, and wou'd have cer-

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tainly taken us, left us; fearing, as we suppos'd, they might suffer by us, if we blew up; and sail'd away: The Fire was so sudden, that we had but a small time to hoist out our Long-boat. The Captain, and sixteen of us got into it; but many other of the Wretches endeavouring to get in, were barbarously murder'd by the other Sailors. We row'd as fast as we cou'd from the burning Ship; but the Cries of the Wretches we left behind, methinks, are still in my Ears. It was no small Joy to us, when we perceiv'd your Lights hung out. But the Wretch, the Captain, tho' so dangerously wounded, declar'd, if he thought he shou'd have met with a Ship so soon, he wou'd have taken all the Men he cou'd, that he might have been able to have taken the Ship that was coming to his Rescue. But since it is as it is, said he, we must make the best of a bad Market, and wait for some Opportunity to get another Ship. Then we consulted how to impose on you with a false Story, and trump'd up That they told you; for the Wound the Captain has upon his Head, was given by a *Dutchman* in the Fight. Pray, said the Surgeon, how came you among such a Crew of Villains? Why, Sir, I'll tell you, reply'd the

the Man; I belong'd to a Coast Sloop in the River of *Gambo*, where all my Crew were murder'd, but one, by the Negroes, who had inviegled them up into the Country. The poor Man that made his Escape, had but just time to tell me the fatal News, ere Death overtook him, from the Wounds he had receiv'd. I had scarce time to cut my Cable, and drive out to Sea, favour'd by the Wind and Tide of Ebb, when I perceiv'd about twenty Boats coming down the River, in order to seize my Sloop, and, no doubt, to make me partake of the same Fate with my unfortunate Men; which I certainly should have done, for they would have overtaken me in a couple of Hours, if both they and I had not perceiv'd a Ship in the *Offin*, which prov'd to be this Wretch and his Crew. I made them a Signal of my Distress, which they perceiving, made up to me, and took me on Board; but the Negroes left their Pursuit, as soon as ever they discover'd the Ship.

I soon found, to my Sorrow, what Company I was got into; but it was to no Purpose to complain, for the Captain seiz'd my Vessel, took out every thing that seem'd useful, and sunk her, with this Pretence, He

tear'd his Men might take it into their Heads to leave him, and set up for themselves; tho', I must own, he promis'd to pay me for my Cargo, and give me my Liberty the first Opportunity; but those were but Words, and what I verily believe he never intended to perform.

I often observ'd your Mate, during the time we were sailing to this Island (after you kindly took us in) caballing privately with our Captain, and several of our Men; but had no Notion of their wicked Intention to seize your Ship, till Yesterday Morning, being at a Planter's in the *South Valley*, where I was treated with some Palm Wine, and not being us'd to drink in a Morning, it got into my Head; finding myself inclin'd to sleep, I laid myself down under a Hedge, but before I had clos'd my Eyes, I was interrupted by the Voices of our Captain, and your Mate. By their Discourse, I found out their black Design; and their Business to that Plantation was, to communicate the Affair to me; but I understood, if I did not come into it, it was their Intention to murder me. I immediately arose from the Place, full of unquiet Thoughts, which brought me out of my drunken Fit. I took care to get as far from
the

the Hedge as I cou'd, that they might not suspect I had overheard 'em. It was a full Quarter of an Hour before they found me out, and in that time I had compos'd myself, as well as I cou'd. When they came up with me, they ask'd me, if I wou'd take a Walk to the next Plantation, where two of them lodg'd. I answer'd, very willingly, Yes.

When we came to the Bridge that was built over the River, they stop'd, and open'd the whole Affair to me. I made no Hesitation, but enter'd into their Design with a seeming Joy; for if I had not, I don't doubt but it was their Intention to throw me into the River. Nay, their very Looks declar'd as much.

At Three o' Clock this Morning, your Mate, with the rest, are to board you, arm'd every Man with a Cutlass, and two Brace of Pistols, secure the Watch, and kill every one that will not take part in their villainous Undertaking; then weigh Anchor, and sail for the *Bermudas*, where they will dispose of the Cargo, and then set out upon the Pirating account.

When he had finish'd his short, but terrible Relation, the Sailors cry'd out, they

wou'd have the Long-boat, and meet them with such a Reception, that shou'd make 'em repent their Undertaking: But the Surgeon and I perswaded them, it would be better, and safer, to counterwork them. We therefore agreed to charge all our Guns with Musket-Ball, and if they offer'd to come on, when we order'd them to return, the Sailors shou'd fire upon 'em. However, eight of my Men prevail'd upon me to have the Long-boat ready, to pursue them, and bring 'em Prisoners, in order to be punish'd for their treacherous Intention.

In short, we provided against every thing, and in half an Hour after we were prepar'd to receive 'em, we heard their Oars in the Water. We let 'em come within three Ships Length of us, and then call'd to 'em to proceed no farther. As they (I believe) did not expect to be hinder'd in their Boarding us, they lay upon their Oars, and ask'd me what I was afraid of. *Homes* was the chief Speaker, who I soon gave to understand, I knew his vile Intention. If it be so (he cry'd out) we have no Time to dally. Come, my Lads, we'll soon see who are to be Masters, they, or we. Upon that, they row'd towards us with all their Strength, with their Cutlasses drawn, and

and Pistols in their Hands. But before they reach'd us, we fir'd upon 'em with our Double and Round, which kill'd four of their Number, and wounded several. Their Confusion was so great, at this unexpected Reception, that they row'd a-head of us, where our Guns cou'd not bear upon them. While I was ordering my Men upon the Forecastle to fire upon them, I perceiv'd the Ship driving, for that Wretch, *Homes*, had cut my Cable.

The Tide, by good Fortune, was ebbing; for had it been Tide of Flood, we must have drove upon the Rocks, before we cou'd have cast another Anchor. In the Confusion, the Boat row'd to board us; but my Men fir'd upon them once more, in the same manner as at first, which put 'em in much Disorder. Our Ship still driving, I order'd 'em to cast Anchor. However, they took so much Time in doing it, that we were a Quarter of a League from the Pirates, before the Anchor fell. In the mean time, our Long-boat, with the eight Men, got up to the Pirates, and a desperate Engagement follow'd. What troubled me was, that I cou'd not assist 'em, for if I had fir'd my Guns with Ball, which cou'd easily reach 'em, I might have destroy'd my Friends with my Enemies. My Men
were:

were swearing, cursing, and banning at this unforeseen Accident ; nay, some of 'em were for stripping, with an Intention to swim naked to help 'em, never once considering the Tide of Ebb wou'd prevent 'em. But what was the more extraordinary in this Confusion, not one of us, for some time, thought of our Yawl upon the Booms. But as soon as I mention'd it, they got it into the Water in a Moment, threw themselves into it with so much Precipitation, that their Haste had almost overset it, and row'd away with so much Strength, that they soon got up to the Assistance of their Comrades in good time, for two of 'em were kill'd, and the other six very much wounded. Their Firing (we observ'd) had ceas'd some time, having discharg'd all their Fire-Arms ; and if the Yawl had not arriv'd as it did, the other six of my Men had certainly been cut to pieces ; but this Reinforcement soon put an end to the Fight, by the Death of all the Pirates but two, and *Homes*, who were very much wounded.

When they were brought on Board, my Men were for tearing them to pieces, especially *Homes* ; but I pacify'd them a little, by telling 'em they shou'd be reserv'd for the Punishment due to their Crimes, when we arriv'd in *England*.

My

My Surgeon dress'd their Wounds, and, by good Fortune, all my own Men recover'd; but the two Pirates dy'd in our Voyage home. The vile Wretch, *Homes*, while his Hurts were healing, us'd to utter such blasphemous Imprecations, that shock'd all the Crew. When he was fully recover'd, I order'd him to be manacled, leaving his Legs at Liberty, with two Men to guard him. He often attempted to throw himself overboard, and was as often prevented.

About a Month ago, as he was walking upon Deck, with his two Guards, he observ'd Mr. *Mullart*, (the Person that swam on Board to give us Notice of their Design) standing upon the Gunnel of the Ship, to look at a dead Whale that was floating near us. He goes up to him, unobserv'd, and push'd him into the Sea. As it fell out, the Sea was very calm, tho' we had Wind enough to fill our Sails; otherwise, tho' a good Swimmer, he might have perish'd. We brought to, with all the Celerity imaginable, and not without some Difficulty, sav'd him.

One of the Sailors upbraiding him for the Cruelty of the Action, he struck him in the Face, broke his Jaw, and beat out three of his Teeth, with his Hand-Cuffs. I seeing
this.

this vile Proceeding, order'd him to be seiz'd and fetter'd ; but it was with much Difficulty, for he laid about him with such Agility and Vigor, that a Carpenter was oblig'd to knock him down with a Hand-Spike. When he came to himself (for the Blow had stunn'd him for some time) he swore he was sorry for nothing, but that *Mullart* was not gone to Hell by Water.

As I was giving Orders how he shou'd be us'd for the future, he grinn'd at me, gave me several hearty Curses, and spit in my Face, which, I own, provok'd me to strike him. He was then laid in the manner you saw him this Morning.

About a Week ago, he began to think of his Crimes, and seem'd so penitent, that I order'd his Irons to be taken off, had him bath'd, shift'd, and clean'd. When his Cloaths were on again, Mr. *Mullart* being upon Deck, he very submissively approach'd him, telling him, he was very sorry for what he had done to him ; but as soon as ever he got within his Reach, he flew upon him, got him down, and in his Fury wou'd have strangled him, if he had not been taken away by main Force.

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We all thought it high time to make him as secure as possible, for such an infernal Wretch never more cou'd deserve Compassion. For these last three Days, his Centries have thought him near his Death; but it was only his Artifice, to get clear once more, that he might do more Mischief in his last Moments.

When Mr. *Brooks* had ended his Story, we all thought it impossible Nature should furnish out such a Villain. And yet, said the Captain, this Wretch has made more than one Voyage with me, and ever seem'd a Man of Integrity; an open and free Countenance, that discover'd no Rancour or Baseness in it. But, as *Shakespear* says, *There's no Art to find the Mind's Construction in the Face.*

We sail'd on with a favourable Gale, bending our Course for the *Bristol* Channel, where Captain *Brooks* was bound. On the fourth Day after our leaving *Guernsey*, we discover'd the chalky Cliffs of our Native Country, which gave a sudden Alteration to the Features of every one of the Company; all but myself, wore a pleasing Contentment on their Countenances; but, for my own part, my Mind felt so many Vicissitudes, that the wisest
Phyfiog-

Physiognomist, I believe, wou'd have been puzzled to have known my Thoughts; but no Wonder, for I knew 'em not myself. All the Passions of Love, Duty, Hatred, Jealousy, Revenge, and Death, mix'd in such a general Tumult, that all within was wild Anarchy and Uproar. The Thoughts of seeing my Native Country, which fill'd every one else with the utmost Transports, gave me no other Satisfaction, than the Hopes of Death, to put an end to Thought, and all my devouring Sorrows.

In two Days more, we came to an Anchor near the Landing-Place of the Island of *Lundy* *, where we found a small Vessel bound for *Monmouth*. As that Place was but a Day's Journey from most of our Dwellings, we took Leave of Captain *Brooks*, and embark'd in that Vessel for *Monmouth*. The Captain parted from us with very great Regret, but with a Promise to see us in a few Days after

* The Island of *Lundy* is an Island five Miles long, and two broad, surrounded with Rocks, in the middle of the *Severn* Sea, near the Coast of *Cornwall*, thinly inhabited; and altho' seated in the Salt Ocean, yet there are many Springs of excellent Fresh-Water, and prodigiously stock'd with Wild-Fowl.

his Arrival at *Bristol*. We weigh'd Anchor together, and kept Company, till we arriv'd at the Mouth of the *Avon*, that leads to *Bristol*, and then parted, after receiving several Guns from the *Elizabeth*, by way of Salute. We arriv'd that Night at *Chepstow*, upon the River *Wye*, where all the Company desir'd to be set on Shore, for they were very much fatigu'd, particularly the Ladies.

As soon as ever we landed, I sent one of my Servants to acquaint my Uncle with my Arrival, and of my Intentions to wait on him in three Days, at the farthest; with Orders to my Servant to meet me at *Monmouth* the next Day, where we arriv'd by Noon. I found my Servant waiting for me, who inform'd me, that my Uncle and Mrs. *Betty* had been gone to *London* four Days before, to wait my Arrival there. I own, I was both griev'd, and pleas'd; griev'd, that I should not see my dear Uncle so soon as I expected; and pleas'd, to know that he had receiv'd my Letters, and had Strength and Health enough to travel.

Now Despair, with all its black Train of Horrors, fully possess'd my Soul; yet gave me Light enough to see, I shou'd never possess my dear *Isabella*! All Hopes were banish'd,

nish'd, and the nearer I drew to the Residence of my adorable Fair One, the farther I drew from all Thoughts of Happiness. What Pains, what Miseries, what Anxieties, and what inexpressible Tortures, was my broken Heart torn with ! Treading upon the same Earth, and breathing the same Air with my dear Love, for ever debarr'd my Arms, only added to my various Torments.

I went to Rest, but alas ! the Fatigues of the Sea, the Weakness of my Body, and the want of Sleep, were over-balanc'd by the Tortures of my Mind.

I arose in the Morning, without ever closing my Eyes, which had made such an Alteration in my Countenance, that I was hardly known by my Friends : They were too well acquainted with the Cause, yet, notwithstanding, endeavour'd to comfort me. But alas ! they might as well have stopt the Fury of a Tempest, or the swiftest Current in its rapid Course, as give Advice to heal my wounded Soul.

My Friend was inconsolable, well knowing my Ruin was the Work of his unlucky forming ; and maugre my ill Fate, I was compell'd to smother my Heart-breaking Sorrows, in order to comfort him, who now

was

was dearer to me than any thing on Earth, since I had lost all Hopes of my Divine *Isabella*.

The Tortures of my Mind prey'd so violently on my Body, that I was once more hurry'd to the dark Confines of Death. A special Messenger was sent to my Uncle at *London*, to inform him of my unhappy State, and my new-converted dear Friend wou'd accompany him, maugre all my Intreaties to the contrary. I was so very weak, it was dangerous to remove me to my Uncle's, tho' but a short Day's Journey from *Monmouth*. As I thought my last Moments approaching, I took a Resolution of writing the following Letter to *Isabella*.

WHAT envious Stars, divine *Isabella*,
have wrought this Murder on my Love!
But why do I tax the Stars, when it was the
Work of false Malice and Treachery. You, I
know, thro' the Excellency of your Soul, will
love the Man you have given your Hand to, and
bury all your Vows to me in Oblivion; pray Heaven,
for your Peace of Mind, you may! This
is, I firmly believe, the last Pen I shall ever
take in Hand. The Hours I have to live, I
hope, will not be many, since I have lost all in
this

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this World I wish'd to live for. Wilt thou, when I am dead, water my Grave with one pitying Tear, and lament my unhappy Destiny? I have no Wish now remaining, but that, if it was possible, thou wert present to close the Eyes of the Heart-broken, unhappy

VAUGHAN.

P. S. *I have sent you a few Trifles, that I hope you will accept, since they were purchas'd in my unfortunate Travels for you: It can be no Breach of Duty to your happy Husband, sure, to look upon 'em sometimes. Oh, how happy shou'd I have been, if I had never embark'd from my Native Country! But 'tis Heaven's high Will it shou'd be so; and I wish I cou'd not complain; it wou'd have been too great a Happiness, to have been blest'd with thee. I cou'd dwell for ever on this melancholy Theme, but my Weakness obliges me to leave off, and gives me just Strength enough to say,*

Farewell for ever.

My Spirits, with my Tears and Sighs, had left me, and it was some time ere I had Strength enough to fold the Letter, and direct it To the Divine Isabella.

I order'd

I order'd my Servant that had accompany'd me in my Travels, to find her out, and if it was possible, to give it into her own Hands. Observe (said I) her Countenance; tell her the unhappy Condition of thy Master. I will, if it be possible, keep Life till thy Return, that I may have the Pleasure in Dying, to hear she has dropt a Tear for all my Misfortunes. He promis'd to execute his Commission with the utmost Diligence.

The next Day he return'd, with a dejected Countenance, and inform'd me that *Isabella*, her Mother, and Aunt, had been gone some Days from their House, but none of the Servants cou'd inform him whither. He also inquir'd of the Neighbourhood, but to as little Purpose.

This struck me into the last Depth of Despair, insomuch, that I resolv'd to put a Period to my Life. I refus'd all Physic, Nourishment, and Rest, and despis'd the Intreaties of my Brother and his Friends. I inform'd 'em, no one upon Earth, not my dear Uncle, shou'd destroy my Resolution of Dying, if he arriv'd before I expir'd. They press'd me with their Tears and Sighs, but all in vain: Till at last, they prevail'd upon me to hear the Prayers of a worthy Clergyman, who

who so effectually cur'd me of Despair, by laying before me the never-forgiven Sin of Self-Murder, that I submitted to all their Desires. The Physicians prescrib'd, I took their Medicines, receiv'd what they intended for Nourishment, and address'd myself to Sleep; yet all to no purpose. Death glar'd me full in the Face, tho' all his Terrors cou'd not fright me. I look'd upon him as the only Cure for a broken Heart. The Conversation with my good Priest, had, I thank Heaven, settled my Conscience. I expected Death's Approach, as that of my best Friend, and hop'd to see him before my Uncle, that I might not be a living Witness to all his Heart-rending Grievs. They gave me Medicines to make me sleep; but, alas! the Agonies I felt, in what the Apothecaries call *Composing Draughts*, and that seem to lock up the Senses to soft Slumber, are hardly to be express'd. The Mind was still awake, tho' my Body seemingly was at rest; and Fancy represented to me my hard Fortune, with redoubled Terrors.

I was ten Days in this languishing deplorable Condition, fluctuating between Death and Life, when News was brought me of my Uncle's Arrival. Tho' I wish'd to sink to the silent Grave, for the Reason I just now mention'd,

tion'd, yet my Heart felt some Gleam of Pleasure, that he was come to close my Eyes, and bless me ere I died. When my Uncle enter'd the Room where I lay, he ran to me, tenderly embrac'd me, and wept over me. O Heaven, said he, is this the Joy I propos'd to myself, in thy precious Conversation? No, my dear Boy, thou shalt not leave me. Forget *Isabella*, and turn thy Eyes to another Beauty I have brought with me, that loves thee for thy Virtue and thy Merit; and, if that can have any effect upon thee, she is the very Picture of thy lost *Isabella*. Since she is now another's, turn thy Eyes upon this Lady, and let her Charms cure those Wounds the other gave. Alas! Sir, said I, Fate is not to be controll'd, and my Passion is as irrevocable. Wilt thou not live (reply'd my Uncle) to comfort my feeble Age, who have no other Joy in Life, but thee? I have been industrious to provide this Match for thee; and, contrary to the Rules of the Sex, have prevail'd upon her to accompany me. Do not let thy hopeless Passion make thee forget good Manners. Thy Sights will break her Heart. Never poor Wretch had such a Conflict in his Soul. I thought it wou'd be the highest Ingratitude, not to see a poor young Lady, that had given me

me her Heart, without seeing me. After much Argument, I told my Uncle, if he pleas'd, he might bring the Lady to see what a Wretch she had plac'd her unhappy Love upon, and all the Satisfaction I cou'd give her was, to expire before her; for I told my Uucle, I found Death approaching.

He immediately went out, and return'd with my Friend, who led a Lady by the Hand. I then call'd to mind (weak as I was) he had often told me of a beautiful Sister of his, that he wish'd I cou'd love, that he might make me some Recompence for the Loss he caus'd of my *Isabella*. And I, out of good Manners, seldom said any thing against it.

Madam, said I, your good Brother has brought you to see a Wretch, tho' young, old in Misfortunes; one who is flying to the Grave, to seek a Refuge from 'em; one, who ——— What! interrupted the Lady, and has my dear *Vaughan*, in reality, forgot his *Isabella*? The Chamber having but little Light in it, I could not distinguish the Features of my *Isabella*; but I knew, full well, that soft Voice, whose Tone was ever in my Ears. It had such an Effect upon me, that I cou'd only pronounce her dear Name, then sunk down speechless in my Bed. It was a full
half

half Hour, ere they cou'd restore me to Sense.
But when I saw the dear Image tenderly weeping over me, that I ever carry'd in my Heart, I cou'd not help crying out, Am I awake, or do I dream of such imaginary Bliss? Art thou indeed my *Isabella*? Mine! really mine! and not wedded to that Wretch, who wou'd rob me of all my Soul can love in this World! I am thine (reply'd the charming *Isabella*) ever will be thine, nor ever was, or ever will be any others'. I have my Mother's, my Aunt's and thy good Uncle's Consent, to join our Hands, as well as Hearts together; and they are here to ratify what I say. Upon this, the Mother and Aunt enter'd, who tenderly embrac'd me, calling me their dear Son, and Nephew.

These tender Transports were too strong for my weak Frame, and Joy was near doing what my Griefs wou'd soon have done. My Speech forsook me, and every one about me thought I was gone for ever. It was many Hours before I was brought to Life; and when I recover'd, I found my dear *Isabella* almost in the same Condition. But kind Heaven, that is watchful over those that tread in the Paths of Goodness, in a few Days, recover'd us to taste the Bliss of happy, virtuous

Love in our chaste Conversation. It was some time before I had Leisure to enquire concerning my unbounded Joy; when my Friend inform'd me of it in this manner.

When I saw you, my dear *Vaughan*, plung'd in Sorrow by my means, I had often Thoughts of putting an end to my wretched Life. But reflecting it wou'd be a nobler piece of Justice to punish the Villain that was the Cause of all our Misfortunes, I was resolv'd to seek him out, to take away his Life; or give up mine, to pay for the Injustice I had done you thro' his Wiles. I found a fitting Pretence to leave you, when you suppos'd I was going with your Servant to *London*, in order to acquaint your good Uncle with our miserable State. But I parted with the Messenger the Morning we set out, giving him Directions to call upon me in his Return with your Uncle, to receive Advice from me, if Fate had ordain'd I shou'd not fall in the Attempt; or, if they heard no News of me, to conclude I was no longer in this World. When I came within a few Miles of the Residence of *Isabella*, a violent Storm arose, which made me take Shelter in a neighbouring Village. But guess my Surprize, when I saw a Coach and Six

Six stop at the Church Door, which, by the Liveries, I knew belong'd to that vile Man, Sir *Eustace*, I formerly call'd Friend. The Sight, at first, almost took away my Senses; but recollecting my scatter'd Reason, I set my self to observe all Passages. The Wretch came out, dress'd like a foppish Bridegroom, leading the lovely *Isabella*, trembling, pale, and wan, follow'd by the Mother and Aunt. I enquir'd of a Stander-by, if he knew that Gentleman and the Ladies? He answer'd, No; but that they came to be marry'd at their Town for more Privacy. Hope then began to revive in my Soul; for I was resolv'd to put a Stop to the Wedding, or lose my Life.

I follow'd 'em into the Church, where, as soon as Sir *Eustace* saw me, he cry'd out, in a Transport of Joy, Fortune, I thank thee! thou hast sent the only Friend I have in the World, to be Witness of my Joy. Upon that, he come forward with open Arms to embrace me. Hold, said I, pushing him from me, I abhor all Friendship with a Villain; and kind Heaven has sent me at this happy Moment, to prevent thy imposing upon this betray'd young Lady, and her Relations, thro' thy Villainy, and my mistaken Folly.

But know, the Hand of Heaven, by me, shall punish thee for all thy Villainies. He stood like one aghast ; while I had time to go up to the young Lady : Madam, said I, if you ever did love the unhappy *Vaughan*, love him still, for he is innocent, and ever was so, but betray'd by that Wretch, who is more eminent in Vice than Title.

The lovely *Isabella*, I thought, seem'd to listen with an eager Transport in her Eyes, at what I declar'd. I gave her my Hand, and led her out of the Church, follow'd by the Parson, who seem'd in the utmost Amazement at this wonderful Proceeding ! But I told him his Disappointment shou'd be no Loss to him, for I wou'd pay him as well, as if he had finish'd the Marriage. For Heaven's sake ! Sir, reply'd the Parson, don't imagine I am such a mercenary Wretch, to think of the Loss of what I might expect, for doing the holy Office I am ordain'd to by Heaven, and my Superiors ? No, I am, I own, very much surpriz'd at such an Adventure, that never happen'd to me before, or any one of my holy Function, that I ever heard of. Yet I am convinc'd there is something very extraordinary in your Proceeding ; and I own, I think by your Appearance, and the Confusion of
the

the other Gentleman, you are in the Right. I took a Dislike against him the first time I saw him, when he came to me about the Licence. What a brave Trade you would have, Doctor (said he) if you cou'd grant a Licence to undo, what you have done this way, in your Time! Ah, how happy should we young Fellows think ourselves, if such a Thing cou'd be brought about! But when I reprimanded him for his ludicrous manner of speaking, he cry'd, Pr'ythee, old *Tackum*, don't be so musty; I warrant you have had many a Wench in your Time. I own, I was so very much offended with his ridiculous Jest, that I told him, the Lady he was going to marry, I fear'd, wou'd have but an indifferent Time with him, and if I had the Happiness of her Acquaintance, I shou'd think it my Duty to inform her of the Poorness of his Imaginations. When he found I was a little scandaliz'd with his mean Notions of Marriage, he began to excuse himself, and beg my Pardon.

I forgot to tell you, as I led *Isabella* out of the Church, my false Friend stood like one thunderstruck in his Amazement. Villain! said I, as I pass'd him, if thou think'st I have injur'd thee, in the Discovery I shall make to

this Lady and her Relations, thou know'st where I may be found in a few Days, where I will be ready to chastise thy Perfidy to this Lady, and the Infamy thou hast thrown on me. He gave me no manner of Answer, but let me pass on without Interruption.

When we came to the Parson's House, I related (not without blushing) the base and infamous Contrivance between Sir *Eustace* and me, my Repentance, and the terrible Effects it had on you; also the History of your Brother and the fair *Fatima*, with *Clerimont* and his Lady, as I had learnt 'em from your own Relations. The charming *Isabella* shed a Torrent of Tears at the Repetition of all your Sufferings: It was easily seen, she lov'd you with an unbounded Passion. The Mother and Aunt seem'd as much transported with Joy, as the fair *Isabella*. How shall I punish myself, (cry'd the Fair One) for so easily believing my dear *Vaughan* false! His good Uncle too, what shall we say to him to excuse our ill Treatment. I comforted 'em, by telling 'em, the Proofs were too artful and plain to be doubted for Truths. In short, never were any Persons elevated from dismal Sorrow, to the extremest Pitch of Pleasure, as these Ladies and myself were rais'd to. But that Joy

was

was temper'd with Fears, when I inform'd 'em of your cruel Indisposition and Sorrows. We resolv'd to set out as soon as possible to the Place appointed, to meet your Uncle; and if we found him not there, immediately to repair to *Monmouth*; but upon Enquiry, we cou'd get no Coach to carry the Ladies; therefore a Servant was order'd to *Isabella's* Mother's for hers.

While we were mingling our Tears, Hopes, Sorrows, and Joys, together, the Clark came to inform me, the Gentleman beg'd the Favour of speaking one Word with me in the Church-yard. I did not doubt, but he had muster'd up Courage enough to call for Satisfaction for his suppos'd Injury. I therefore took my Sword, and maugre the Intreaties of *Isabella*, her Mother, and Aunt, went to meet him. When I came near enough to him to be heard, I told him I was ready to repair the Injuries I had done him, with my Sword, if he had Spirit enough to require it. No, Sir, said he, I have had time enough to recollect myself, and find I have been to blame in my Conduct; but notwithstanding, I find Love, like Fate, is not to be controll'd; therefore I conjure you, by our former Friendship, to forget what is past, and assist me honestly to gain the fair

Isabella. I love her more than Life, and wou'd even part with it to gain her Heart, and your Forgiveness. Hearing him talk so reasonably, I began to lose some part of my Resentment, but yet laid before him the Impossibility of his ever gaining his Desires. We argued some time, and our Discourse had insensibly led us out of the Churchyard, along a narrow Lane that led to a Gate in the Fields, which I observing, was for turning back. Hold (said he) you are not to return so soon as you imagine. Upon saying this, he whistled thro' his Fingers, and I was upon the Instant surrounded by six of his Footmen, who immediately seiz'd and bound me. Now take that Hypocrite, and do as I order'd you. Know, thou Fool (cry'd he, looking me full in the Face) I have taken all the Time I had, before I sent to thee, to think how I shou'd punish thee for thy Breach of Friendship, and the Loss of *Isabella*. With that, taking a Whip from one of his Servants, he gave me several severe Lashes; then spitting in my Face, order'd his Footmen to tie me to the Gate, and leave me. Fury and Shame had ty'd up my Tongue, at this indignant Usage; therefore I cou'd not utter a Word; and if the Tears had not gush'd from my Eyes, I believe my Heart wou'd

wou'd have burst with Passion. My Struggles to get loose were to no purpose, and my Strength fail'd me with my fruitless Efforts. Which the Villain perceiving, repeated his Indignities. I know you will endeavour (cry'd he) to seek me out, in hopes to revenge this Affront; but be assur'd, Fool, whenever thou com'st in my way, expect to meet with the same Chastisement. Upon this, he and his Fellows left me, almost dead with boiling Rage. It was not long, however, that I continu'd in this Condition; for *Isabella* sent the Clark after me, to observe our Motions, who on the other side of the Hedge, heard how I was us'd, but durst not appear till the Villain was gone, for fear of tasting the same bitter Cup.

As soon as I was at Liberty, I ran, without speaking a Word, got upon my Horse, and flew after the Villain; but my Rage had so blinded me, I had not put the Tongue of the Buckle of the Girt, as I suppose, firm in its Place (for I got ready my Horse myself, not having Patience to wait for any one) so that I came, with the Saddle between my Legs, upon the Ground, over the Crupper of my Horse, tho' without any Hurt. But it was so late ere I cou'd catch him again, that I was

well assur'd the Wretch had reach'd his Dwelling, tho' thirty Mile from the Village where I had left *Isabella*. However, I went on with my Pursuit, not considering the poor Beast, till he was so tir'd, I cou'd hardly get him along; therefore I went into a little by Ale-house, resolving to stay till the Morning. I never went to Bed, for my furious Passion was too violent for Rest. My Time was spent in casting about how to be reveng'd on the injurious Villain. At last I fix'd on this Expedient: I procur'd a Disguise, ombred my Face, and appear'd as a Gypfy. I got, the next Day, to the Villain's Castle, which is seated upon an Eminence that overlooks a Plain of two Miles round, and not one House but his own in that Circuit. It was a good while ere I cou'd see any of the Family; but at last a little black Boy came out, with a Bow and Arrow, to shoot at a Mark he put up against a Tree; but as soon as he perceiv'd me, he ran back as if in a Fright. While I was looking after him, I saw the Villain meet him, who took him by the Hand, and encourag'd him to come towards me (first looking circumspectly about him.) When he came to me, he cry'd, Here, you Gypfy, tell this black young Devil his Fortune. No, Villain,

I re-

I reply'd, I am come to tell thee thy Fortune; behold this injur'd Face, disguis'd as it is. He knew my Voice, and was for running back, but I got between him and the House, drew my Sword that I had conceal'd under my Great-coat, and intercepted his Passage. He seeing no Hopes of escaping, drew his, and, as Despair makes Cowards valiant, he made several violent Thrusts at me, but to no purpose, for at last I sent him breathless to the Ground, with my Sword thro' his Body. As soon as he fell, I flew over the Plain without being pursu'd, took off my Disguise, wrapping some Stones in it, and sunk it in a Pond on the Skirts of a Wood as I pass'd along, unperceiv'd by any one. I got to the Alehouse in my own Person, and that Night came back to *Isabella* and her Relations, who spent the time of my Absence in great Inquietudes. I have not let them yet into the whole Affair. Neither have I consider'd with myself, whether to own the Deed or not. Pursuit, I know, has been made after the Gypsy, but no Enquiry after me. If I surrender myself to the Law, I do not fear a Pardon, for the flagrant Usage I receiv'd from that bad Man, will plead for me. The Clark, nay, even his own Servants, will be sufficient Witnesses of it. How

wou'd you advise me to proceed, my dear *Vaughan*? I told him, I thought it wou'd be time enough to ward against it, when he was call'd upon to answer; but it was my Opinion, he wou'd not have any farther Trouble about it, since he was not suspected.

We had scarce ended our Discourse, when a Servant came in, very much surpriz'd, and told us, there were several Officers of Justice, with a great Crowd of People with 'em, arm'd, enquiring for my Friend, crying, they had a Warrant to apprehend him for Murder. I own, I was rash enough to advise the opposing 'em. But he declar'd he wou'd surrender without Resistance, and rely upon his Innocence and Provocation. While I was arguing the Affair with my Friend, the Officers came into the Room where we were, accompany'd by my Uncle, my Brother, and *Clerimont*. My Friend surrendred, without the least Shew of Resistance. As I was going down Stairs, to accompany him to Prison, he stop'd me, begging it as a Favour I wou'd not go with him: Consider, said he, you have not recover'd your Strength, and I know your Friendship so well, that it will but disorder you to see the Place where I am going. My Uncle join'd with him, Come, come,

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come, *Billy*, said my Uncle, the Sick must be us'd like Old Age; you and I will stay behind, and fear nothing. I have Interest enough in this Country to have your Friend well us'd; and I have not the least Fear he will suffer, for an Action no Man of Honour cou'd avoid. Think of the happy Moment that is now approaching. *Isabella*, my Boy, the charming *Isabella*, will be your own in a few Days. My dear Uncle, I reply'd, tho' I think every Minute an Age, till my Angelick *Isabella* is mine; yet, I can't think of that Happiness, while my dear Friend is in Misery. Thy Friend (reply'd my Uncle) will be free from Trouble before the Marriage-Ceremony can be finish'd. There are Writings to be drawn, Settlements made, and several things to be in Order, before we can enter upon that Affair. Besides, I wou'd not come too abruptly into a Business that must last for Life. You must approach your Happiness by degrees.

My dear Uncle, I reply'd, the Thought of my coming Bliss is so great, that was it not qualify'd by some Fear, I cou'd not bear my Transport. I have felt the Malevolence of that blind Disposer, Chance, so often, I must own, I am still in doubt; even when I am in
full

full Possession of all my Joy, I shall tremble for fear of losing her. Sickness and Death visit the Youthful, as well as those sunk in the Vale of Life; and if that grim Tyrant, who rudely thrusts even to the Beds of Monarchs, shou'd intrude with his Icy Dart to that of my divine *Isabella*, alas! with what Terrors must I bear the remaining Hours of Life, since my Religion will not suffer me to put an end to it!

These imaginary Ills, reply'd my Uncle, wrong thy Understanding. Wou'd you think of Shipwrack in the Port; or refuse refreshing Sleep for fear of melancholy Dreams? No, no, the World of Happiness is in thy View; the lovely Prospect stands before thee, free from the Storms of Fortune.

Whatever my good Uncle cou'd say to me on the joyful Subject, gave me but a gloomy Satisfaction. My dear Uncle did all in his Power to settle my Thoughts in Joy, and by degrees my Heart was so full of it, that my Eyes o'erflow'd with Transports, and I appear'd all Air and Spirits.

My dear Uncle, said I, be so good to relate some Passages of the unfortunate End of my good Father, and wicked Mother-in-law, that the Sorrow may alleviate this mighty Joy.

My

My Letter, reply'd my Uncle, inform'd thee of every thing concerning that never-to-be-forgotten Catastrophe. But searching that evil Woman's Cabinet, I found this Copy of a Letter she sent to *Wigmore*, with his Answer to it, which convinces me that he was not that Penitent he pretended to be. Upon this, my Uncle took a couple of Letters out of his Pocket, and gave 'em me to read. The first was that of my vile Mother-in-law's, as follows :

My dear, dear *Wigmore*,

I HAD counterfeited Repentance so well, for our past Loves, that I almost believ'd I cou'd forget thee : But alas ! that is not in my Power. Why should we not love on ? Am I the only Woman in England, false to her Husband ? The Court, and the City ; ay, every Town, Village, and Hamlet, in this wealthy Island, have sufficient Numbers to keep me in Countenance.

Nay, my Love is a Virtue, if Constancy's a Virtue ; for I can love none but thee. You ever reign triumphant in my Heart, and ever shall. What are these Bonds of Matrimony, that tie two People together against their Inclination, but the imaginary Line that crosses the Globe ! 'Tis true,

true, we are coupled together by Law, like two Hounds in a Slip, often tugging different ways; but their Joys are unbounded when those Couples are unbuckled that keep 'em together. But what Law does Love obey?

I have read somewhere, it is a Law, or Custom stronger than a Law, even in many Nations at this Day, That when a Man, even a Stranger, comes to stay all Night in a Place, the good-natur'd Husband civilly abandons his House for that Night, leaving his new Guest in full Possession of his House and Wife, as the greatest Compliment he can pay him. Oh! if that Custom was but in use here, I shou'd wish my Husband abroad for ever, and my dear Wigmore, my amiable Traveller, every Night in the Year in my Arms.

I need not tell thee, that the Romans were the Conquerors of the Universe, and the wisest of all Nations; and yet one of their greatest Orators lent his Wife to his Friend, and receiv'd her again to his Bosom, without any Stain to Virtue. However, I have some Hopes my Household-Plague is upon his Journey to Heaven, for he has been long ling'ring with a happy Illness. I own, I have some Thoughts of providing him Post-Horses to carry him to his Journey's End. Oh, how happy shou'd I be then,

then, in the Possession of my belov'd Wigmore, without the Fears and Terrors that imbitter my Life of Love and Joy, in thy endearing Company.

I have, with great Difficulty, prevail'd upon the old Woman to continue our Emissary; but if I had not inform'd her my Son-in-law, William, was gone upon his foreign Travels, she wou'd never have consented.

I'll meet you this Evening in the Summer-House, and let you in myself. I have provided you a Key of the Back-Garden Gate, that after to-night, you may take all Opportunities of seeing me, without Danger of being discover'd: Our Gardener is turn'd away, thro' my means, who, I thought, began to be a little too observing. My Husband's Illness (Curse on that Name!) will prevent his coming into that Part of the Garden; and I shall take care of every body else, by locking the Door after me.

I shall think Time has no Wings, till I am happy in thy lov'd Embraces; yet, tho' I see thee not with my corporal Eyes, thou art ever present to my Mind; and shalt ever possess the Body and Soul of

Thine entirely,

J. V.

When

When I had read the Letter, my Uncle cry'd, Surely, this Woman had Impudence enough to bestride the * *Black Ram*, without changing Colour. Heavens! how were we deceiv'd with this vile Woman's false Penitence! Whenever I think on't, I am pierc'd to the Heart. But come, let us, after these Letters are destroy'd, bury all Thoughts of this pernicious Woman, and all her vile Machinations.

But to the other, and then commit them both to the Flames. *Wigmore's* Answer was as follows:

* There was a Custom in the Manor of *East and West Raborn*, in *Berkshire*, call'd *Free-Bench*, that is, If the Husband dies, the Widow shall have his *Free Bench* in all his Copyhold-Lands; but if it is prov'd she has had, during her Widowhood, criminal Conversation with any Man, she forfeits her Estate; but if she will come into the Court of Justice, riding backwards on a *Black Ram*, with his Tail in her Hand, repeating the following Lines, she may have her Estate again.

*Here I am,
Riding upon a Black Ram,
Like a Whore as I am;
And for my Crincum, Crancum,
Have lost my Bincum, Bancum;
And for my Tail's Game,
Have done this worldly Shame:*

*Therefore, I pray you, Mr. Steward, let me have
my Land again.*

My

My Adorable,

I AM prevented seeing you this Evening, by the violent Attacks of an Ague and Fever. Your Epistle pleases me, and vexes me. Your Continuance of Love compels my Heart to adore your Goodness; but the Thoughts of using Violence towards your Husband, raise such Indignation in my Breast, that any future Thoughts upon that Subject, will, I am assur'd, make me hate you, for I have lov'd too well to despise you; Do we not injure him enough in our criminal Conversation? My Soul and Conscience, those dreadful Monitors, tell me 'tis criminal, tho' my Heart, fill'd with Love, has no room to entertain the terrible Idea.

I promis'd your good Brother-in-law, and that worthy young Gentleman, that once detested us in our Crimes, to go to some other Part of the World, but was disappointed against my then Inclination. But our fatal Loves (pray Heaven they do not prove fatal) hang upon me worse than my Ague; and I must submit to their all-powerful Force. But if you wou'd have me love you long, banish all Thoughts of injuring your Husband, farther than our Loves; the very mentioning of it in your Letter, made my Body shiver, and my Blood run cold; and, I am

con-

convinc'd, brought this Fit of the Ague upon me, which prevents my seeing you till to-morrow Evening, if I have any Intermiffion. My Body is yours; but do not load my Soul with any farther Guilt; for shou'd you mention that horrid Deed again, I wou'd fly you, as I wou'd the most spreading Contagion, whatever my Heart wou'd suffer, never to see you more. Weigh well what I here write, for 'tis the Advice of a Friend, and one whom irresistible Fate has made

Your intire and affectionate Lover,

WIGMORE.

P. S. Send the Key of the Garden by the Bearer of this, seal'd up, that she may not know all our Secrets.

If you have any of the Cortex by you, pray divide it into eight equal Parts, and send it me; that, I hope, will prevent the Return of my Fit.

These two Letters, said my Uncle, when I first met with 'em, gave me infinite Pain, when I consider'd, our Credulity in trusting that vile wicked Woman, had drawn this fatal Sorrow on our Heads.

I thought

I thought it Wisdom to conceal this Tragical Story from the World; therefore gave it out, thy worthy Father dy'd a natural Death, his long Indisposition giving it Credit. But there was no concealing the End of that miserable Woman; therefore, to screen her Ignominy, we reported she had given her Son *Johnny*, by mistake, Physic so strong, that had purg'd him into another World. This, with the Loss of her Husband, we gave out, had turn'd her Brain, so that she was forc'd to be secur'd in her Closet; but in endeavouring to get out of the Window, met her Fate. Tho' many, I fear, judg'd the true Cause of her Death.

But now, my dear Child, turn thy Thoughts from every melancholy Subject, and look upon the lovely *Isabella* (who was then entring the Chamber) who shortly shall be thine. I was ever his, reply'd the Charmer of my Soul; and if I had wedded that ridiculous Wretch, whose End has brought us into some Trouble, it was only out of an obstinate Revenge for your suppos'd Falshood; but that Revenge wou'd have fallen upon myself, for Death wou'd in a few Days have ended my Miseries.

In

In the Letter the base Sir *Eustace* sent to your converted Friend, concerning the fatal Consequence of your Perfidy, he told him of my being brought insensible out of the Garden: But he cou'd not describe the terrible Agonies, Heart-breaking Sighs, and dark Despair, my Soul was fill'd with. I read the fatal Letter a thousand times over, examin'd well the Hand, and tho' the Direction was not in the same Character, I found the Seal and the Letter were yours.

Nothing gave me greater Proof of your Infidelity, than your Silence. I wou'd often cry, *Ungrateful Man, hast thou then forsaken me!* I even study'd Means to excuse you, but cou'd not find one. No, I cou'd not find the least Glimpse to hope the contrary.

I discover'd to my Mother and Aunt the Progress of our young Amours, whose Goodness never rebuk'd me for my Weakness, but thought as I did, that you were false. My Mother remov'd me to a neighbouring Lady's, of her Acquaintance, that I might not have in mind even the Place where you first utter'd your false Vows.

With much Persuasion of your Rival, and my Friends, I fix'd the Day of our Nuptials; and, to say the Truth, his Behaviour

was

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was much mended, he seem'd to wear a more solid Air, and express'd his Love with so sincere a Freedom, that I often wish'd I cou'd give him that Heart you held so fast.

The Night before the Morning intended for my Nuptials, was spent in the utmost Grief of Heart; and when my Mother and Aunt came in the Morning, to dress me for the Solemnity, I had not Strength to rise without Help. I was seiz'd with a violent Fever, which confin'd me to my Bed for near three Months. The intended Bridegroom spent his whole Time at my Chamber-Door, and appear'd inconsolable. I must own to you, I began (from his Behaviour) to give him some part of my Esteem; but my Heart was not in my Power to give him, tho' I often wish'd it had. I thought it was a most unbecoming Weakness, to lament one who paid my Sufferings with Disdain. Therefore, once more the Day was fix'd; and if all-judging Heaven had not sent your Friend that very Moment, what but my Death must have follow'd, when I had understood that my dear *Vaughan* was innocent?

O Heavens! I reply'd, the very Thought fills me with the utmost Agony. Well, well, reply'd my Uncle, when you are once wedded, you'll

you'll begin to talk like your reasonable People; at present, your Senses are in a Hurry, and every Faculty bewilder'd in a Maze of I don't know what. But Time and Marriage will restore you to your Understandings.

We were interrupted by my Man's telling me Mrs. *Betty* was arriv'd, and beg'd to see me. When she came in, she look'd wistfully upon me, and burst into Tears. What, *Betty*, said I, are you griev'd to see me again? She cou'd not utter one Word, but ran up to me, took me about the Neck, and almost drowned me with Weeping. The poor Creature's Love fill'd my Heart with a grateful Tenderness. When she had found the Use of her Tongue, she cry'd, O my dear Master, the Sight of you gives me more Pleasure than ever I did feel, or can feel. I have not known one Moment's Joy since your Absence. She said so many kind things, that I cou'd not refrain kissing her tenderly.

My dear *Isabella*, said I, you must allow Mrs. *Betty* some small Share in my Heart with you, whose faithful Friendship, tho' a Servant, I shall never forget, and will make it my future Study to recompense her uncommon Fidelity. That, Sir, reply'd my Uncle, shall be my Care; one Woman is enough

for one Man to take care of. You are in the right, reply'd the divine *Isabella*. But, now I think on't, I have left *Fatima*, and *Eliza*, preparing to follow your Brother and *Clerimont* to the Prison, and I came to you, my dear *Vaughan*, to lay my Commands upon you to stay with your Uncle till our Return. My Uncle, myself, and *Betty*, were uttering the Fulness of our Hearts, with the utmost Contentment; when a Person that belong'd to the Inn, came running up Stairs in the utmost Confusion, For Heaven's sake, Sir, said he, run into the Garden, and lend your Assistance to a Lady that some Villains are hurrying away into a Boat, against her Will.

My Uncle and I ran down upon the Instant, with our Swords in our Hands; but, O Heavens! what was my Terror and Surprise, when I discover'd my dear *Isabella* in a Boat, held by Force in the Arms of a Person, a Stranger to me, and six Men rowing down the Stream with their utmost Force. The unexpected Sight took away my Senses, and had I not lean'd my Back against a Tree, I must have fallen to the Ground.

There was a small Boat, at the Landing-place in the Garden, which (when I could recover my Strength) I got into so suddenly,

that my Uncle cou'd not prevent me. When I had push'd it off with my Foot, I found, too late, I had neither Oar nor Pole to manage her, so that she drove down the Stream, without my being able to stop her.

My Fury and Impatience almost took away my Senses. The Boat drove for two Hours before it stopt against a Bank, and then it was so dark, when I got out of it, I cou'd not see my way. I thought it to no purpose to put off the Boat again; and, notwithstanding my Impatience, I was forc'd to grope about to find some Path, but all to no purpose; therefore I was wandering about till Day-light, and then had the Misfortune to find I was got upon a little Island in the River *Wye*. I then endeavour'd to find the Boat again, but all to no Purpose.

I was now plung'd into the utmost Despair. A thousand times I form'd Resolutions fatal to my Life. I accus'd Heaven, Fortune, and unlucky Stars. I cou'd not help saying to myself, What Sins have I committed, that my Punishment in this World must be beyond Human Nature to bear! How happy did I think myself (after all my Misfortunes) but twelve Hours ago! Cou'd mortal Man imagine, after running thro' so many various
Scenes

Scenes of unfortunate Incidents, and then to have the Cure of all my Sorrows within my reach, to have her snatch'd from me in my own native Soil, a Country fam'd for her wholsome Laws, by a Stranger? for I own, I cou'd not remember I had ever observ'd the Face of the villainous Ravisher. I sometimes imagin'd it was all a Dream; but, to my cruel Grief, I was too well assur'd I was awake.

I waited till the Sun had made a full three Hours Course, upon the Island, in hope my Uncle, and my Friends, wou'd find some means of following me, but to no purpose. I cou'd hear People talk upon the Shore, behind the Willows, but when I call'd to 'em, for their Assistance, cou'd get no Answer. My Mind was so disturb'd, that my Reason seem'd to fly me; and my Spirits were so low and faint, that I had not Strength to walk. However, I took the Resolution of plunging into the Water, to swim to the opposite Shore; but the Weight of my Cloaths, the Rapidity of the Stream, and my Weakness, hurry'd me to the Bottom; and if I had not been assisted by two Fishermen, who were mending their Nets on the Shore, and saw me throw myself into the Water, I must have inevita-

bly perish'd. They drew me into their Boat (depriv'd of Sense for some time) and carry'd me to their Cottage, strip'd me of my wet Cloaths, and put me to Bed. When I came to myself, I bewail'd my Misfortunes in such a manner, that the Fishermen imagin'd I had thrown myself into the River, to put an end to 'em. Upon that Supposition, they began to comfort me, and inquir'd into the Cause of my Sorrows. But when I had inform'd 'em, one of 'em cry'd out to the other, As sure as can be, the Woman we heard last Night calling for Help! was the very Person this Gentleman is in quest of.

They told me, about an Hour after Day was shut in, last Night, they heard a Lady cry violently, and a Man comforting her; but the Boatmen row'd so fast down the Stream, they were soon out of Hearing. This Knowledge rous'd up my Spirits, and the Thoughts of Vengeance gave me new Strength. I got my Cloaths dry'd with the utmost Expedition, and dress'd myself; but inquiring after my Hat and Sword, they reply'd, they knew nothing of them. I did not doubt, but I had lost 'em when I was in the Water, yet was distress'd how to get more. The Fishermen offer'd to carry me in their Boat to *Chepstow,*

stow *, where I might accommodate myself. I accepted of their Offer, and we got into their Boat upon the Instant. However, I borrow'd a Hat of one of 'em, and an old Pair of Horse-Pistols, the only Arms that belong'd to them. The Boat was a very old sluggish one, that did not answer my impatient Desire of getting to the Town, and it was with much Persuasion I did not go on Shore to walk. They told me, about a Mile farther, there was a little Creek, where I might land, and walk to *Chepstow* sooner than the Boat cou'd get there. When we came into the Creek, we perceiv'd a Boat, with a Man asleep in't, and I strongly imagin'd it was the very Boat that the Ravisher had row'd away in, with my dear *Isabella*. My Blood, at that Thought, thrill'd thro' my Veins, and I was just ready to shoot the poor Wretch, as he lay asleep in the Boat.

* *Chepstow* in *Monmouthshire*, a Market-Town, seated upon the River *Wye*, very near where that River falls into the *Severn*, with a large wooden Bridge over it. There is a natural Fortification of Rocks and Mountains, tho' it has been formerly fortify'd. There is still the Remains of an old Castle, built by *Julius Cæsar*, (as the Inhabitants will have it.) The Tide flows here fourteen Yards high.

I order'd my two Fishermen to row up close to the other Boat; but the Noise of our Oars awak'd the Man, who started up to look at us. As soon as I came near enough to lay hold of the Fellow, I seiz'd him by the Throat, and clap'd a Pistol to his Head. The Man was so scar'd at my manner of Proceeding, that he was ready to die with Apprehension. Villain! said I, if thou dost not this Moment declare where thy vile Master has carry'd the young Lady he took away by Force Yesterday, this Moment is thy last. For Heaven's sake, reply'd the Fellow, don't murder an innocent Man, that has done nothing but by the Command of his Master, whom he is oblig'd to obey. As for the Lady you mention, I know no more where she is gone, than you do. All that I do know, I'll tell you with all my Heart.

Sir *Eustace* landed at this Place, late last Night, with the Lady and his Servants. My Master, the Owner of this Boat, attended him, telling me he wou'd return by Break of Day this Morning, and ordering me to take care of the Boat in the mean time. I own, I am very much in fear some Accident has befallen him. I do suppose he went last Night to *Chepstow*, with Sir *Eustace* and his Lady, whom

whom he seiz'd at *Monmouth* *. He inform'd my Master, that the Day he marry'd her, she ran away with a young Gentleman, which I suppose to be yourself. But, dear Sir, blame not me, I am, as I told you before, but a Servant to the Owner of the Boat. Sir *Eustace* ! I cry'd, is that Villain still living? or do you abuse me? Really, reply'd the Man, I know no more than that my Master call'd him so; and if it is the same that you mean, he is lately recover'd of a dangerous Wound he receiv'd about a Month ago, by a Gentleman in Disguise.

I cou'd not help crying out, with the utmost Transport of Fury, Yes, it is the same, and Heaven has permitted the Wretch to live, that I, with my own Hand, may take sure Vengeance on such a Villain, for all the Misery he has heap'd upon my Head. I then inform'd the Man (in short) of the Vil-

* *Monmouth*, the Capital of *Monmouthshire*, seated upon the River *Wye*, is an old Town of great Antiquity, as appears by the Ruins of its Walls and Castle. It is surrounded with Hills. This Place is famous for the Birth of our *Henry* the Fifth, who conquer'd a great Part of *France*; as also for our *British* Historian, *Geoffrey of Monmouth*, tho' a Writer full of the Monkish Tales of those Times.

lainy of that infamous Traitor, Sir *Eustace*. My two Fishermen, and he, seem'd thunder-struck at the Relation. My Fishermen were afraid to assist me any further; they did not doubt, they said, if such a base Man should hear of it, he wou'd not stick to have them murder'd; for they had often heard of his vile Actions in the Country. But when I inform'd 'em my Uncle (naming his Name) had as many powerful Friends in that Country, as he had; one of the Men cry'd, What, Sir, are you the Nephew to that worthy Gentleman? When I answer'd in the Affirmative, he told me, he wou'd run the Hazard of his Life to serve me, upon his Account; nay, and answer for his Companion: We owe both our Lives to him. Notwithstanding my own unhappy Condition, I cou'd not refrain asking the Man, which way my Uncle had been so serviceable to them?

Sir, reply'd the Man, my Companion and I were taken up for a Murder and Robbery, and tho' innocent as yourself, yet the Jury found us Guilty; Nay, we must own, the Appearances were strong against us. I'll give your Honour the Story in as few Words as possible.

About

About three Quarters of a Year ago, as my Partner and I were fishing in this River, we perceiv'd a Hat floating down the Stream, which we took up. We waited some Hours, imagining some Body wou'd come to claim it; but no one appearing, my Partner gave me half a Crown for my Share, being in more want of a Hat than myself. He wore it generally Sundays and Holidays, without any one claiming it. About the Time we found the Hat, a young Fellow frequented a by Ale-house in the Neighbourhood, for two or three Days, where my Companion and I us'd often to drink. One Day, while we were there, he offer'd to pawn a gold Medal to the Landlord of the House; he not having Money enough to spare, came to me, and desired I wou'd lend him three Guineas upon it, the Medal weighing, at least, five Guineas: I made no Scruple, but let the young Man have the Money, with this Agreement, that if he did not redeem it in a Fortnight, I wou'd dispose of it, for I told him, I cou'd not be out of my Money for a longer Time. He consented, and the next Evening disappear'd of a sudden.

The following Day, as we were drawing our Nets, we perceiv'd something very heavy;

but we were very much surpris'd, when dragging it ashore, to find a murder'd Body in it, with several Wounds upon the Head, in a light-colour'd Suit of Cloaths, trim'd with a small Silver Edging. We acquainted the Country with it, and the next Day it was own'd to be an old Lady's Son, who had been missing some time. The Corps was bury'd by the sorrowful Mother, and no Enquiry cou'd find out the Murderer.

A few Days after this, the *Easter* Holidays came on, and my Partner and I went to see some Friends at *Monmouth*; but my chief Reason of going, was to dispose of my gold Medal. My Companion went to have his Hat done something to; while I went to a Goldsmith's to dispose of my Medal. When I offer'd it to the Man of the Shop, he examin'd it very narrowly, then looking me wistfully in the Face, ask'd me, how I came by it? When I had inform'd him, he reply'd, Very well, I'll carry it to a Person in the Neighbourhood, that perhaps will give more than the Weight of it. I seem'd very well satisfy'd.

The Goldsmith went out, but return'd in a Quarter of an Hour, with the Constable and several Assistants, and, in short, charg'd me

me with the Murder and Robbery of the Widow's Son. I was instantly carry'd before a Justice, and examin'd; and before my Examination was over, my Partner was brought in by the Hatter, who swore, the Hat he brought to him, he sold to the young unfortunate Gentleman that was murder'd. These Circumstances meeting thus together, it was agreed on all Hands, that we were guilty of the Murder; and what confirm'd People's Opinion was, that the Landlord of the Ale-house, where I had the Medal, deny'd the Fact.

Upon this, we gave up ourselves for lost. I having some small Share of Education, drew up our Case, to be presented to the Judges, but it did us no good, for we were condemn'd to die, for the Guilt of another Person.

Your good Uncle was at the Trial by Accident, and whether by our Countenance, or some Proceedings in our Trial, I can't tell, but he seem'd to think us innocent. He examin'd us strictly about the young Man I had the Medal from, as to his Age, Shape, Size, and what Dress he wore. When he had done that, he left us, desiring us to recommend ourselves to Heaven, tho' he own'd, he thought

we dy'd for an Act we had never committed.

We prepar'd ourselves for Death, not having the least Hopes of Life. The Morning that was intended for our Execution, your good Uncle enter'd our Room in the Prison, first preparing, by degrees, our Spirits, to receive the unlook'd-for Change in our Condition. He inform'd us, we were at our Liberty, and brought a Surgeon with him, whom he order'd to let us both Blood.

I was (said your Uncle) convinc'd of your Innocency; but what made me more assur'd of it, was, that I had seen a young Fellow taken up at *Hereford*, where I had some Business, for offering to sell a gold Watch, that he cou'd give but a slender Account how he came by it. I came into the Court at *Monmouth*, just as your Trial came on. After you were found Guilty, I inform'd the Judges of my Suspicions, and I thought it the Duty of every Gentleman to use his Endeavour to clear the Innocent. I immediately return'd to *Hereford* (after enquiring of you all the Circumstances of your Defence) and dealt with the Prisoner so effectually, that he confess'd every thing. He inform'd me, that he had been long a Companion to the Widow's

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dow's Son, and both living a disorderly Life, he prevail'd upon him to rob his Mother of a Sum of Money, and imbark for the *West-Indies*; but the Devil put it into his Mind to murder him, which he did, by first stabbing him with a pointed Hanger; and after cutting him over the Head with the same Weapon, for fear his Groans might be overheard by somebody by Accident, he took from him a Purse of sixty-four Guineas, the fatal Medal, a Diamond Ring, and the gold Watch he was taken up for, in endeavouring to sell it at *Hereford*. The poor Wretch was assur'd that Heaven wou'd not let Murder be hid; for, as he intended for *Ireland*, he might have dispos'd of both Medal and Watch with Safety there. But he knew the Devil insatuated his Mind.

Your good Uncle (continu'd the Fisherman) made him sign his Confession, and he took such farther Measures with the Judges, that he procur'd our Liberty; and not only that, but made a Gathering for us among the Gentlemen of the Country, that amounted (with his own Bounty) to an hundred and thirty five Pounds.

Now, Sir, since you are Nephew to that noble Gentleman to whom we owe our Lives
and

and Fortunes, command us what you please, as far as Honesty and our Power may carry us, and we will instantly obey you.

While the Fisherman was relating this short Story, his Companion spy'd a Hat floating against the Bank of the Creek, which I knew to be my own, but both the Men were so very much startled at the Sight of it, that neither of 'em wou'd take it up. However, I got the young Fellow in the other Boat, who was not so scrupulous, to get it for me, who, understanding the villainous Treatment I had receiv'd from the Wretch that hir'd the Boat of his Master, was resolv'd to join with the other two.

While we were consulting how to proceed, the Owner of the Boat came down to the Creek. My Blood rose at the Man, tho' I knew he had been impos'd upon by that base Villain, Sir *Eustace*. However, I resolv'd to be silent, in hope I shou'd learn something from him. As soon as he came near enough, his Man ask'd him, how he could leave him all Night in such a Place, without Victuals, Drink, or Rest? Z-----ds ! reply'd the Man, you have had more Rest than I, I dare swear. Never was poor Wretch so ill us'd, as I have been. When I came within a Quarter of a
Mile

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Mile of *Chepstow*, the Villain order'd his Servants to bind my Hands and Feet, and throw me into a Ditch, which, by good Fortune, prov'd a dry one. The Reason why, my Friend (cry'd the Brute) I part with your good Company, is, because I wou'd not have you know where I intend to lie to-night; perhaps, in a little Time, I shall find some Method of satisfying you for the Trouble you have been at, upon my account. And so, Friend, I wish you a good Night's Rest!

Upon saying this, he, and his wicked Crew, walk'd away, although I begg'd to be releas'd, promising I would return to my Boat, without following them. But he reply'd, No, no! that is one Reason why I would have you lie there all Night.

Pray Friend, said I, in what Condition was the poor young Lady, that he forcibly carry'd away? Why truly, Sir, reply'd the Man, I can't well tell, for she had mourn'd so much in the Boat, that when we landed, she did not utter a Word, but suffer'd herself to be led by her Husband, without any Resistance.

I soon undeceiv'd him in that Particular, by acquainting him with the Truth of the
forrow-

unfortunate Affair! And is it so? reply'd the Master of the Boat. If I had known that, no Recompence, or Threats, should have prevail'd upon me to have lent him any Assistance in such a base Action.

After a short Consultation, I resolv'd with the Master of the Boat, to go by Land to *Chepstow*, while the two Fishermen, and the other Man, carry'd the Boats there.

Accordingly, we parted: But as soon as we enter'd the Town, the first Persons I saw were, my dear Uncle, my Brother, my Friend, and *Clerimont*, with four Servants, all well arm'd, in search after the Ravisher and me. They hir'd a Boat at *Monmouth*, with all the Expedition imaginable, thinking to overtake me at least, and, as we all suppos'd, mist me when the Boat I was in, fell in with the little Island, where I remain'd all Night. They were going, when we met 'em, down to the Creek, to endeavour the finding the Man that was bound, and thrown into the Ditch, being inform'd of it by the very Person that had releas'd him in the Morning.

We came to a Resolution of separating: My Brother and I, with two Servants, to get Horses and go into *Wales*, in pursuit of them;

them; my Uncle, my Friend, and the other two Servants, to follow by Water; my Governor to stay at *Chapstow*, or *Monmouth*, just as he thought convenient.

My Brother and I, with two Servants, set out well arm'd for our Purpose, without taking any formal Leave of my Uncle and the rest; for I was too much concern'd, to mind Ceremony. As we pass'd the Mountains that environ *Chapstow*, the Horse of one of my Uncle's Servants fell down-right lame, which gave me some little Uneasiness. But the Fellow being Running-Footman to the last Master he serv'd, told us, he would be at the next Town before us, and provide himself another Horse. Accordingly he left the lame one at a Cottage in the Road, and flew away as swift as a Greyhound. The Roads were so bad for our Horses, that he was soon out of Sight. After riding about four Miles, we came to a small Inn, where I was surpriz'd to find him drinking with a Footman at the Door. As soon as we came near enough for him to be heard, he call'd out to me, Sir, for a small matter, I can have a Horse of this Man, who is a Servant to Sir *Eustace*; and as we are to go within a Mile of his Master's House, I am to leave
the

the Horse at a Place where he has appointed, his Business not being urgent, he says he will walk the rest of the Way.

The Name of that Villain, Sir *Eustace*, and the manner of the Servant's speaking to me, convinc'd me there was something to be understood by it. I therefore endeavour'd to compose myself from the Ruffle the Villain's Name had caus'd in my Soul. I soon observ'd the Fellow was very much gone in Liquor, therefore was in some Hope of learning which way my dear *Isabella* was forc'd. He did not seem to have any Notion of us, or our Business, therefore I told him, I intended to make a Visit to his Master at my Return. Hark ye, Sir, reply'd the Fellow, to tell you the Truth, if you do, you'll lose your Labour, for my Master is not at home at present, neither can I tell you when he will be at home. Nor does he much care, interrupted my Uncle's Man, for I find his Master and he don't set their Horses together.

I must own I did tell you so, return'd the Man, but you are to blame to let all the World know it. There's no Harm done, I reply'd; he knows I want a Servant; therefore, if you intend to leave Sir *Eustace*, and
he'll

he'll give you a Character, I'll take you into my Service. A Character, Sir! (cry'd the Man, hastily) I am afraid his Character will be but small Encouragement for me to get another Master. I must conceal, if possible, my ever living with him. Sir, I must beg your Pardon, when I tell you (as one of my Masters Acquaintance) he is so wicked a Man, that I think no one, that is not as wicked as himself, would live with him.

In short, I soon found the Fellow was too honest in his Principles, for so impious a Master. And yet, one wou'd think (continu'd the Servant) he shou'd take Warning. It is not above six Weeks ago, when a Gentleman he had ill us'd, in Disguise, run him through the Body. We all thought he wou'd have breath'd his last; but he recover'd in less than a Month, the Wound not being through any Mortal Part. He order'd his Servants and the Surgeon to conceal his Recovery from the Country: But we were soon let into the Meaning of it; for he went disguis'd, two Days ago, to *Monmouth*, under Pretence to take up the Gentleman for his supposed Murder; but it was only to take his Opportunity of running away with a young Lady, whom he says he's contracted to;

to; which he did, and is now gone to *Bristol*, for more Secrecy and Security, where he intends to force the Lady to marry him, or perhaps worse.

I was so much disorder'd with what the Man said to me, my Passion overcoming my Reason, that I declar'd aloud, I wou'd be the Death of him. The poor Fellow began to suspect something; and the Apprehension of some Ill Usage threw him into such a Fit of Trembling, that he soon became sober. He begg'd for Heaven's sake, he might not suffer for the Evil Deeds of his Master.

No, my Friend, said I, I have some Regard for thee, for thy Honesty, because I think, by thy Discourse, thou dost not approve the wicked Designs of that base Villain. Therefore, if thou wilt receive me for thy Master, be assur'd it is in my Nature to use every one well, that has any Dependance upon me.

Sir, reply'd the young Fellow, you seem so far different in your Behaviour from my present Master, that I shall think myself got out of Purgatory into Paradise. We soon made an Agreement, to the Satisfaction of us both.

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He then inform'd me, his Master had dispatch'd him to his Castle in *Wales*, for several Necessaries for himself, and the Servants that were gone with him to *Bristol*, which were privately to be brought in a Waggon; for he apprehended it was not safe to bring the Lady home immediately, not doubting, in the least, but the Gentleman that wounded him before, wou'd pursue him, with the Company he had so much exasperated by his villainous Proceeding.

Upon the Knowledge of this, we return'd back to *Chepstow*, in order to get to *Bristol* with the utmost Expedition. When we came back to *Chepstow*, we were inform'd, my Uncle, with his Party, had hir'd a Vessel to go for *Bristol*, which made us imagine he had gain'd some Knowledge of the Place where they were gone.

We only staid to give our Horses some small Refreshment, and set forward by Land for *Bristol*; tho' we were two Hours ferrying over.

When we arriv'd at *Bristol*, my new Servant told me, his old Master was at Captain ——— in *Radcliff* Street, over-against the Church. My Brother and I disguis'd ourselves in our Servants Cloaths, and
went

went to the House where we were inform'd Sir *Eustace* and my dear *Isabella* were. The Door was shut some time; but after half an Hour's waiting, we saw the Villain coming out with a Gentleman, that we suppos'd to be the Master of the House. My Blood flew with such Violence thro' my Veins, that it was with much Persuasion of my Brother, I had not shot the Villain through the Head. But he advis'd me to use Stratagem.

Let us, said he, send for your new Servant, and by the time he comes, we'll think of something to compass our Ends, without Bloodshed. When the Servant came, we instructed him to go to the Lady, as from his Master, and with a Ring as a Token for his Passport, which I gave him, which was my dear *Isabella's*, I did not doubt but she would know it again, and come more willingly.

My new Man did his Business dexterously. He found the Chamber of *Isabella*, guarded by two of his old Fellow-Servants, who made no Scruple of letting him pass, when he acquainted them he had Orders to conduct the Lady to his Master, in order to be marry'd that Night.

THE

When

When he came into the Room, where the divine *Isabella* was lamenting her Condition in Tears and Sighs, upon the Floor, he, without Ceremony, gave her the Ring, telling her, the Owner of it waited for her in the Street; if she cou'd give Credit to that Passport, she might be in the Arms of her devoted Husband in a few Minutes. She look'd upon the Ring some time, with the utmost Transport of Joy (as the Man told us afterwards) and at last said, Though my terrible Misfortunes make me suspect every thing, and every Person, yet, whatever Hands I fall into, I can't fear worse Usage than from those I have the Misfortune to be in at present.

She then gave my new Servant her Hand, who led her down Stairs, telling the two Centuries at the Door, to order a handsome Supper, for their Master wou'd be back in less than an Hour.

When we perceiv'd him coming with the divine *Isabella*, I trembled so much, I had not Power to stand; but my Brother, fearing my Transports might discover us, led me some distance from the House. But when my lovely *Isabella* came up to me, neither of us cou'd utter a Word. My Brother
wou'd

wou'd not let us stay to open our Hearts, but took hold of my dear *Isabella*, and hurry'd her along, while I follow'd, not knowing what I was doing.

As we were crossing the Bridge, we met my Uncle and his Parry, they not expecting to meet us. By the Light of the Shops upon the Bridge, knowing *Isabella*, they drew their Swords; and had not my Brother discover'd himself that Instant, some of my Friends had probably lost their Lives; for, in the Heat of my Fury, I mistook them, as they did us, and drew my Pistols; but the first flashing in the Pan, prevented my doing an Action that I should have for ever repented.

We had not time to congratulate each other, upon our unexpected meeting; but my Uncle and Friends, finding we had regain'd *Isabella*, led us back to the Boat they came in, and, notwithstanding the Darkness of the Night, we set out from *Bristol*, so eagerly, that we forgot my Uncle's two Servants at the Inn, who were found watching about the House where *Isabella* was confin'd by Sir *Enstace*, who, by Threats, got out of them, who they belong'd to. A Fellow that saw our Rencontre upon the Bridge, had follow'd

us to the Boat, and hearing Sir *Eustace* threatening my Uncle's Servants, declar'd what he knew concerning us.

Upon this, he got his Men together, took a Boat, and follow'd us with such Imprecations, that the two Servants of my Uncle's were so frightened for my Safety, not knowing their Master was with me, that they got a Guide to conduct them along the Water-side, to give us Notice of our approaching Danger, as they told us afterwards.

While we were in the Boat, my dear *Isabella* and I, mingled our Tears of Joy together. She told me when the hated Villain first seiz'd her, she had Recourse to Tears, Sighs, and Reproaches, which drew nothing but Threats from the worthless Wretch: But at last, she thought it wou'd be more to her purpose to dissemble her Sorrows; therefore she seem'd, by degrees, to dry up her Tears, and listen more favourably to his odious Love.

This Method deceiv'd him so effectually, that he did not doubt but she wou'd give her Consent to the Marriage in a few Days. She had prevail'd upon one of his Men to bring a Letter to me, and he was to set out on the following Morning.

We landed at *Weston*, and order'd our Boat to meet us at *Thornbury* the next Day, where we were oblig'd to go altogether, in a Waggon, not meeting with any better Conveniency. But having the Company of my lovely *Isabella*, with my Uncle and Friends, I was in as much Joy, as if we were riding in our Coach and Six.

When we came within half a Mile of *Thornbury*, the Fields being pleasant, we all got out to walk. I, with my charming *Isabella*, led the Way, full of the delightful Hope of possessing for ever that Beauty, who was the Treasure of my Soul.

Just as we cross'd a Stile that led into the Horse Road, I observ'd four or five Men run into a Thicket, that led into the Fields, on the other Side of the Road. This alarm'd me very much, and I made a full Stop till my Company came up.

By ill Fortune (expecting no Danger) we had left our Pistols in the Waggon, and the shorter Cut being over the Fields, the Waggon was a Quarter of a Mile behind us. While we were disputing what to do, the five Men came running cross the Road, with that infamous Villain, Sir *Eustace*, at the Head of them. My Friend knowing him,

ran

ran to oppose him, unarm'd as he was. The Villain fir'd a Pistol at him, which brought my Friend to the Ground. The Sight rais'd such a Rage in my Soul, that I rush'd upon him, just as he presented a Pistol to my Breast, and so opportunely, that I clapt my Hand between the Flint and the Lock, just as he drew the Trigger, and, with struggling to wrench it from him, the Flint cut the Back of my Hand very much. I at last, with much Difficulty, wrung it from him, and shot him through the Head with his own Pistol.

As soon as he fell, his Companions in Villainy ran away, without once looking behind them; and I flew to my Friend, who, thank Heaven, was only wounded slightly on the Temple.

This was all done so suddenly, that it look'd like a Dream. When the Confusion was over, we went to examine that impious Wretch, who, notwithstanding his Villainy, I wish'd in my Soul he had Life enough left to repent. But alas! he was gone for ever, with all his Sins about him.

When we came to *Thornbury*, our Boatmen met us, with a Croud of People, arm'd with several Weapons, coming to our Assist-

ance. The unfortunate Sir *Eustace* overtook them in their short Voyage to *Thornbury*, and by Threats made them (though unwillingly) confess where they were to take us up. As soon as Sir *Eustace* parted from them, to put his wicked Intentions in Practice, the Boatmen alarm'd the Town, which we met coming to our Assistance, tho' too late.

I went to a neighbouring Justice, and declar'd what had happen'd, who took Bail of my Uncle for my Appearance at the Sessions: But I was never troubled about it. His Servants were found, who took up the Body, which was interr'd privately by his younger Brother, a worthy Gentleman, that prov'd as much an Honour to the Family he sprung from, as the other strove to disgrace it.

The next Day we embark'd for *Chepstow*, and the same Evening arriv'd safe at *Monmouth*, to the Comfort of my Governor, *Elvira*, and the amiable *Fatima*. From thence we set out for my Uncle's.

In a few Days after, my Brother with the fair *Fatima* (after receiving at the Font the Christian Name of *Maria*, at my Uncle's Request) *Clerimont* and his *Eliza*, and my dear *Isabella* and I, join'd those Hands, with the
Assist-

Assistance of the Priest, whose Hearts were united long before. And that we might be witness to each others Happiness, all dwelt in the same House with my Uncle.

Thus, after so many Storms of Fortune, we arriv'd safe in the Harbour of Delight, and [tasted Joys beyond Expression. Long may our Years continue, in all the Harmony of connubial Love! All our Wishes are, to go Step by Step together; and when the hoary Winter of our Age approaches, to sink Hand in Hand into the Grave, and rest in Peace.

F I N I S.



William & John Youngman Esqrs
Affiance of the British, whose families were
united long before. And that we might be
witness to each others happiness, all dwell
in the same House with my Uncle.
I have since to many a series of
we arrived late in the harbour of
and called for my Uncle. I long
my own Year, the harmony
of comforted. I have since
goes by the name of the
happy Village of our Age, approaches to this
place in Hand into the Cave, and rest in
place.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

F I W I S





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